

RADIO • VIDEO • PUBLICATIONS • MUSIC TECHNOLOGY • RECORDS • CASSETTES

MARCH/APRIL 1985

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A² ISSUE

OPTION

MUSIC ALTERNATIVES

AUSTRALIA

ABECEDARIANS

LINDA ALBERTANO

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ANCIENT FUTURE

A. PRODUCE

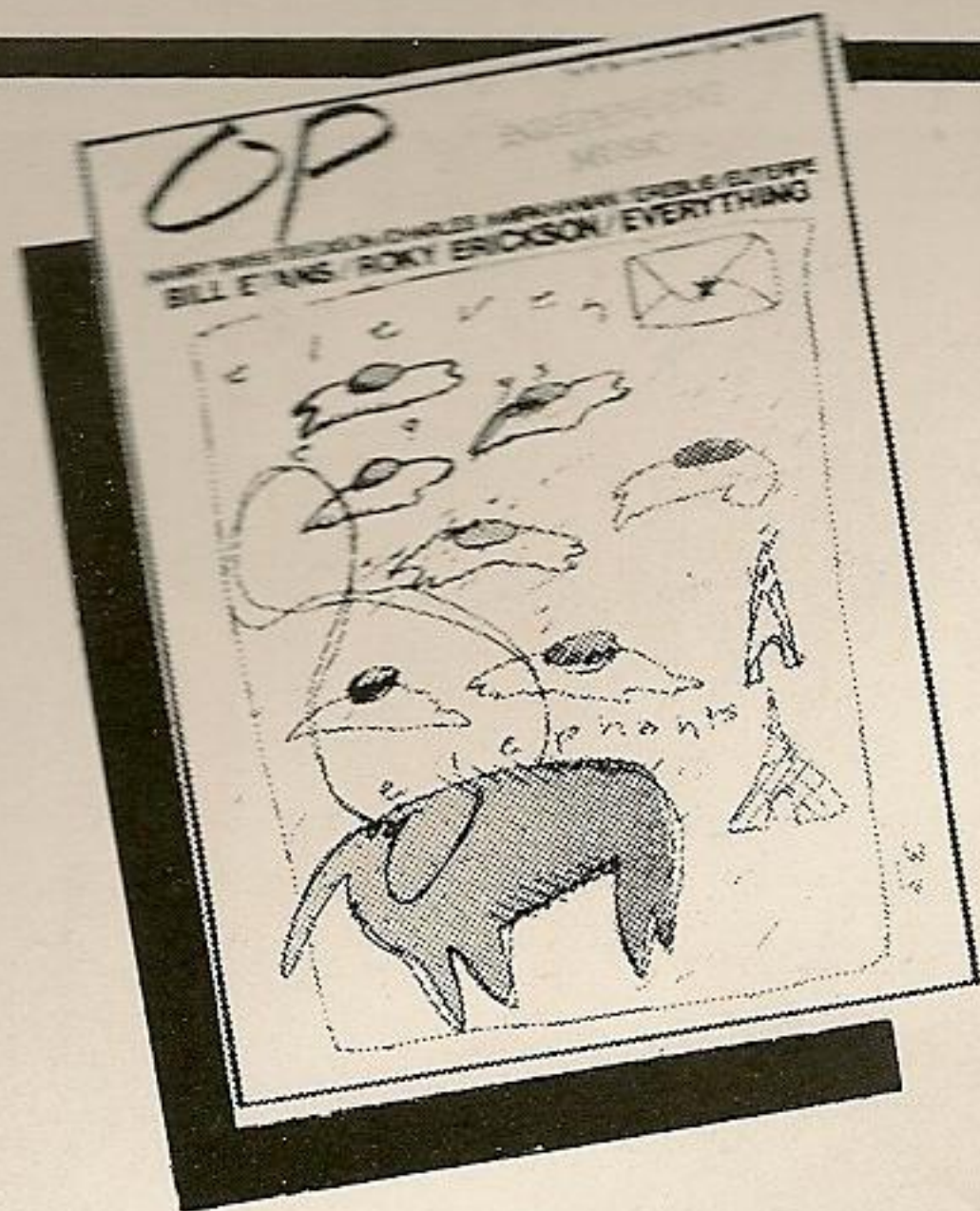
TEXAS ALEXANDER

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AUNT DONALD

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ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO



GOING, GOING...GONE?

Get 'em while they last.
The following back issues of Op
are still available,
but won't be for long:

A □ Summer 79. 24 page tabloid. Design: rubber-stamped A's and alligators, "A" words in bold throughout. Random Radar interview, Free Music in Alabama, Laurie Anderson, Avengers by Calvin Johnson, "A" movie list. SPECIAL PRICE: \$1, \$1.50 overseas surface, \$2.50 air.

B □ Spring 80. 24 p. tab. Design: basketball and baseball instruction photos, "Betty" cover drawing by Dana Leigh Squires. Anthony Braxton interview, classical B's. SPECIAL PRICE: \$1, \$1.50 overseas surface, \$2.50 air.

I □ Jan.-Feb. 82. 32 p. tab. Design: everything in alphabetical order, drawings of obscure "I" things. Charles Ives cover drawing by Tim Braun. INDEX of issues A-H, Indiana, Ives anecdotes, reggae group Israel Vibration. SPECIAL: \$1, \$1.50 overseas surface, \$2.50 air.

L □ July-Aug. 82. 48 p. tab. Design: leaves. Llama cover drawing by Brad Clemmons. Contributing writers' favorite L's, Jim Finnigan on Arto Lindsay and Lydia Lunch, Bill Laswell interview by Fred Frith, Harvey Kubernick's Los Angeles, interview with Steve Reich.

O □ Jan.-Feb. 83. 88 p. magazine (stapled & trimmed with glossy cover). First in present format. Design: ocean currents. Pauline Oliveros, Orthotonics, microtonalists Other Music, women's label Olivia Records, l'Orchestra Cooperativa di Milana by Fred Frith, the Latin jazz of Obrador, Olympia rock, Ohio section ("Ode to Ohio," Cleveland, Necros and Auburnaires interviews).

P □ March-April 83. 80 p. magazine. Papua New Guinea tribesman cover print by Tim Braun. Design: color-in the "P" animals. Harry Partch, Gabby Pahinui, polka overview, Greg Prevost & 60s punk, Philip Perkins, Papua New Guinea, Palace of Lights, Larry Polansky, Pell Mell...

Q □ May-June 83. 80 p. magazine. "Quantum" cover by Dana Squires. INDEX of issues I-P. Lost Music Network member pictures and descriptions (great fun) plus QQQQ Records, Quixotic String Ensemble, conductor Eve Queler, and the story of the Quantum Feline.

R □ July-Aug. 83. 80 p. magazine. Raincoats cover photo by Diane Repp. Design: fancy borders. Interviews with Jonathan Richman, Russian jazz pianist Sergey Kuryokhin, Rova Sax Quartet, Shuggie Rodelle, Raincoats, and Rank & File. In-depth story on Rocket from the Tombs—precursor to Pere Ubu & the Dead Boys. New Jersey regional report, rap music intro, jazz clarinetist Perry Robinson, Rhino Records, Replacements, CRI.

T □ Nov.-Dec. 83. 80 p. magazine. Jamaaladeen Tacuma cover photo by Bob Adler. Design: animal tracks, tools. Interviews with Maureen Tucker, Mark Tucker, Theatre for your Mother, XX (20) Committee. Three Day Stubble, Toots & the Maytals, Cecil Taylor, percussionist Mashiko Togashi, Richard Thompson, bassist Tacuma, Jim Tenney, Tucson report, Telluride Film Festival.

U □ Jan.-Feb. 84. 80 p. magazine. Cover: Upper Volta village scene. Critics faves of '83 lists. Interviews with reggae DJ U-Brown and composer for computers David Rosenboom, plus Uncle Bonsai, 60s band United States of America, Underheaven, cassette label Udder Sounds, UK Subs, Ussachevsky, Ultima Thule (Iceland), Uruapan Mexico Fiesta, uilleann pipes, where U.S. Op subscribers live.

V □ March-April 84. 88 p. magazine. Cover story: Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson. Interviews with V-Effect, tambourinist Geln Velez, Vancouver's 54.40, Velvet Monkeys, folk-blues growler Dave Van Ronk, & C.W. Vrtacek, plus Virgin Prunes, video report, jazz guitarist George Van Eps, performance artist/percussionist David van Tieghem, hardcore band Void, Finnish percussionist Edward Vesala, Edgard Varese, & Velvet Underground tapes.

W □ May-June 84. 88 p. magazine. Cover story: Louisiana R&B pianist Katie Webster. Interviews with jazz pianist Randy Weston, improviser Jack Wright, Wipers, Western Eyes, Bronx scratch-master Whiz Kid, Barence Whitfield & the Savages, Eddie Walker. Classical music of Turkey, Woodland Pattern arts center, Washington DC, Wig Torture, Patty Waters, Word of Mouth Band, Kathey Wordsworth, Wildweeds, Robert Wyatt, Widemouth Tapes, Walls of Genius, Bert "Wheels" Wilson, Anton Webern, gay songwriter Tom Wilson Weinberg, Mal Waldron discography, Western Massachusetts.

X □ July-Aug. 84. 88 p. magazine. Cover story: Japanese underground contacts by Calvin Johnson. Japan's Honeymoons interview by Fred Frith, David Thomas interview, Xenakis, X-mal Deutschland, Xena, tribute to Ken Eglin, Paul Haines on Stuart Broomer, Fred Mills' North Carolina, Carl Ruggles, the Fostex X15, Slim Gaillard, rockabilly women.

Y □ Sept.-Oct. 84. 96 p. magazine. Cover: Yabby You by Kate Simon. Interviews with French folk-rocker Gabriel Yacoub, hip hoppers Crash Crew, garage rockers Yard Trauma, Artless Time, Karin Berg, David Hykes of the Harmonic Choir. Composers La Monte Young, Isang Yun, & Kathleen Yearwood. German electronic duo You, Young Tradition, Youth Hostel.

Z □ Nov.-Dec. 84. Last issue. INDEX of issues Q-Z, John Zorn, Zager & Evans, much more.

Issues which have sold out are already sought-after collector's items. Quantities of some issues are VERY limited so don't delay. Prices are \$3.00 each, \$5.00 overseas. Make all checks or money orders payable to: Sonic Options Network, P.O. Box 491034, L.A. CA 90049. Payments made for issues which have sold out will be refunded. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

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 clearinghouse for information about independent music.
 Our articles and reviews come unsolicited from volunteer
 contributors worldwide. We aim to cover as wide a
 spectrum of independent music as possible, and would like
 to encompass producers of such music from as wide a
 geographical, cultural, social, and stylistic background as
 possible. All written material intended for publication must
 be typed and double-spaced. We can't return
 manuscripts/photos/graphics, so please try to make copies
 of all material submitted to us. Deadline for the next (B²)
 issue is March 15—which means it should be in the mail by
 March 7. Deadline for the C² issue is May 15.

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"Daniel Lentz . . . one of the premier harmonists in new music." — Harold Budd

" . . . a sound world wonderful and mysterious in its richness." — John Adams

"It is a music that appeals to the intellect and the senses . . ." — Charles Shere
 The Oakland Tribune

" . . . the amplified piano's rich colors seemed heated to a shimmering haze, creating an almost cinematic sensation." — Edward Rothstein, The New York Times

"Entirely powerful . . ." — Der Tagesspiegel

POINT CONCEPTION

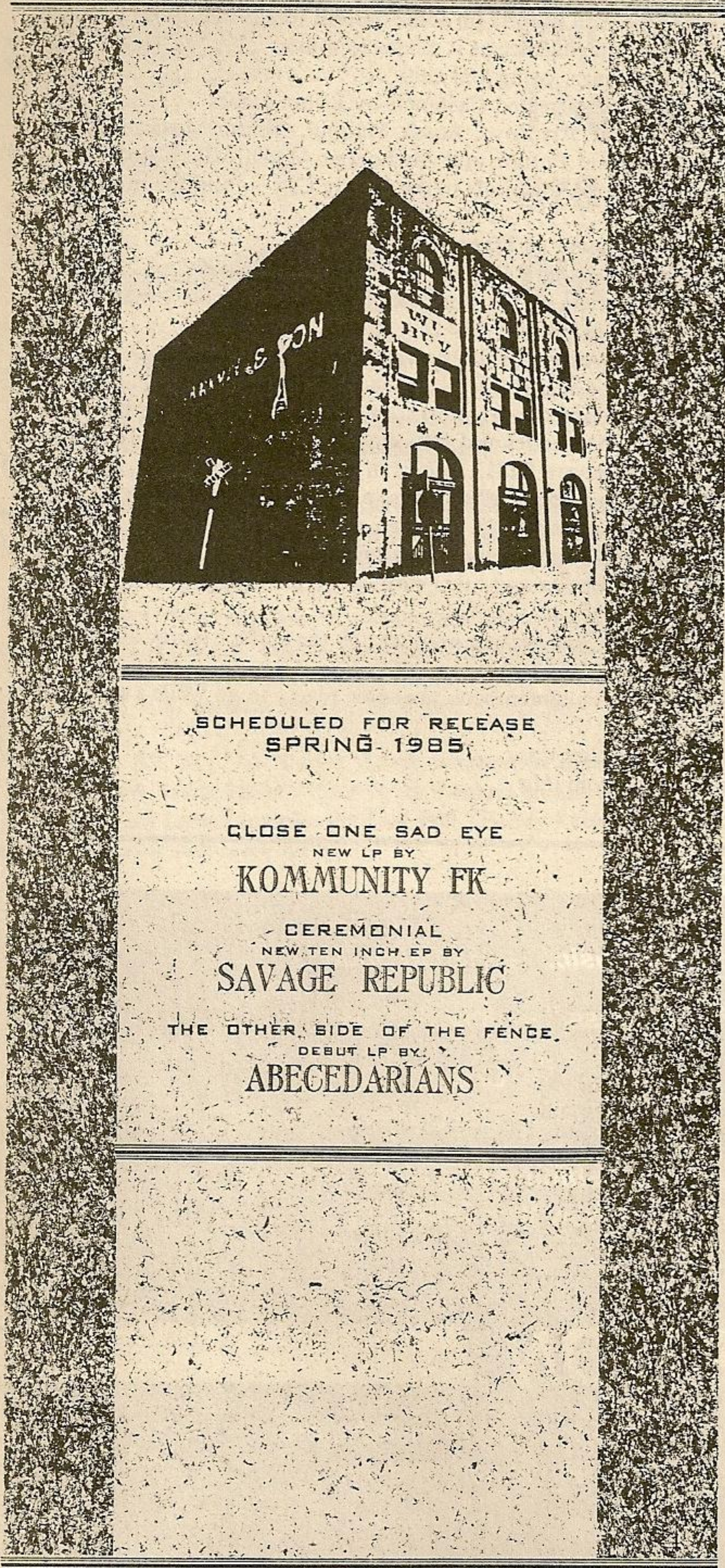
POINT CONCEPTION, a work by Daniel Lentz for nine pianos or, as performed on this recording by Arlene Dunlap, solo piano with an eight-part cascading echo system.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Dear Reader:

At last.

The magazine you now hold is the result of seven months of planning, meetings, scheming, dreaming, and more than a little idealism. But mostly, *OPTION* was born out of a commitment to this widely-held belief: that the independent music community deserves a quality publication which addresses the whole spectrum of music activity.

If we've learned anything so far, it's that we've taken on one hell of a big job.

The good news is that the initial response to *OPTION* has been tremendously gratifying. With subscribers from Maine to Hawaii, from Alaska to Florida, and from over a dozen countries, we're both pleased and awed. And scared to death—responsibility was never my favorite flavor.

So far we've tried (imperfectly) to answer all of your questions, return all of your calls, reply to all correspondence. If we can't take a personal interest in what's going on out there, then what's the point? But please be patient with us when writing, as it's becoming increasingly difficult to keep up with everyone. (Another thing we've learned is how inefficient the postal service can be.)

Fortunately, thanks to an incalculable amount of work by many, many talented volunteers, we've hit the ground running. We've done our best and we intend to do better. I only hope that this debut issue can serve as the basis for constructive criticism and a healthy discussion of what a magazine like this should be all about.

Still it must be stressed that while aesthetic debates are well and good, we need more than emotional and moral support. The long-term health of this magazine depends on two very simple things: advertisers and subscribers. Without resorting to a lot of hype, I think advertisers trying to reach an active and involved music audience will find no more efficient place for their advertising dollar; and the rest of you will find that for less than the price of a pizza and a six-pack, a veritable treasury of music info can be sent to your door every other month.

To put it tactfully, your financial "input" is crucial to our growth and to our ability to serve the community we think we're addressing. Currently, we do have the requisite red tape on file to obtain non-profit status; this project was not designed to make anyone fat (we all have "real" jobs). But if you believe in this a fraction as much as we do, we think you'll find that monies sent our way are mutually beneficial. So pay up.

Lastly, I must thank as many of those who have given what they can to make this go. Let's see...the Lost Music Network, the whole staff, the advertisers, the subscribers for starters. Then there's everyone who helped make our benefits and *OPTION*-sponsored shows successful: the Anti-club, McCabe's and all the bands: Skeleton Crew, the String Trio of New York, the Apes of God, Savage Republic, the Minutemen, Dogma Probe, Rhythm Plague, Jon Wayne, Richie Haas & the Beatniks, 3 Teens Kill 4, Earth Dies Burning, Bruce Joyner & the Plantations, Marina LaPalma, Brent Wilcox, Randall Kennedy, the Motor Totemist Guild, Debt of Nature, Entropy, the Blue Daisies, Radwaste, Spencer, Stutterwest, Fun, Pearls Before Swine and anybody I've forgotten. Mostly, thanks to all of our readers—you're the ones it's all for.

Scott Becker

LETTERS

Hello OPtion,

With the demise of OP—A new light has appeared on the horizon—OPtion!

Concerned about the future of alternative music through networking—Thank God!

Please sign me on to a one-year membership (check enclosed).

Best of luck and thanks for continuing to make new music available out in "Big Corporate America"! We need you!

Sincerely,
George O'Sullivan
Morris Plains, NJ

Hi:

Above all, let me to introduce myself: I am Eduardo Hernandez, a citizen of Guadalajara (Mexico).

For the past four years I was a subscriber of OP magazine, the best magazine that I have read (I really waited anxiously the next issue of OP). In October 29th I received the last issue of OP (the "Z" issue), and I was a little sad for the demise of the Magazine. But then, in the inside pages of this last issue I saw your invitation to subscribe to OPtion.

My economic situation is not very good, the Mexican peso is devaluating 13 cents daily and therefore, everything has a very high price in my country: the food, the clothes, the rent of the houses, etc., etc. In this moment I need a new pair of shoes (the only pair that I own has holes in the soles) and also need new clothes.

But after read your invitation to subscribe to your magazine, I join all the money that I had, and borrowed a little more from some friends of mine and bought 20 dollars in the black market (the price of each dollar in the black market is very HIGH) for my subscription to OPtion.

The Mexican banks don't sell foreign currency in Money Orders or Checks, that's the reason because I am sending to you 20 dollars in cash. I hope that with these 20 dollars I will pay my subscription to OPtion for one year and by FIRST-CLASS MAIL. And I hope also that the offer of the first issue free will be valid also for Mexican subscribers.

That's all for the moment. Good luck to the Sonic Options Network and OPtion magazine.

P.S. I hope that you can understand my english (?).

Sincerely,
Eduardo Hernandez
Guadalajara

Dear Scott,

Thanks for the OPtion to subscribe to your new magazine. However, I do not think I will take you up on it.

I always felt, and most of my friends agree, that OP's "trash masher" approach to music was intellectually lazy. Most, I'd say, of the "discoveries" dredged up by OP deserved their obscurity and OP did not do the world any favors by exposing them.

One of the few praiseworthy things OP ever did was to promise to disappear after Z. Unfortunately, for whatever reasons—whether financial, habitual or actually humanitarian—you will not let it die.

Good luck on your endeavor. I wish you the best in spite of my personal feelings about the role model.

Sincerely,
Robert Carlberg
Polyphony
Seattle, WA

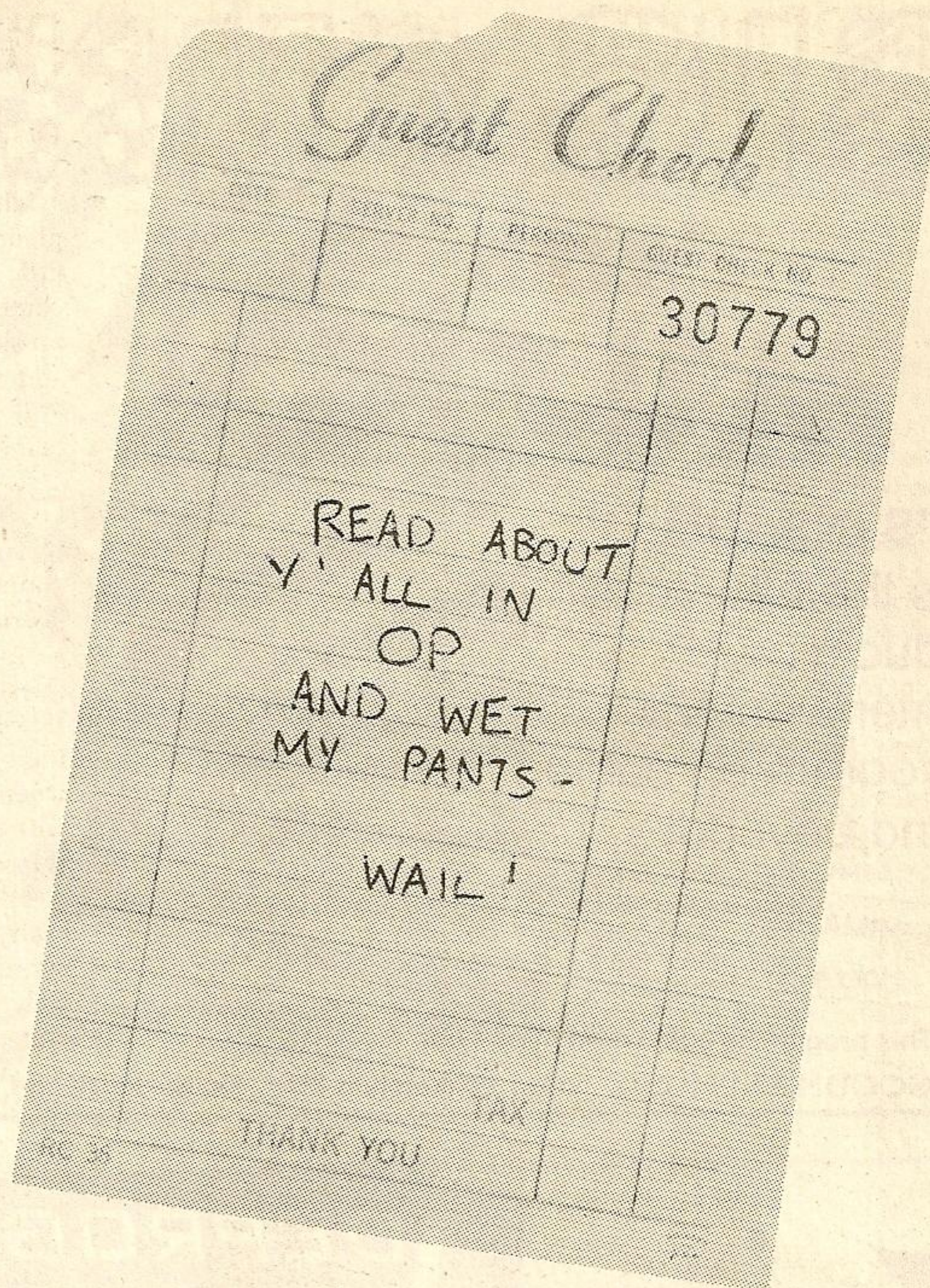
Dear folks,

Still "fed" and excited by many articles and hints of OP. I'm very pleased about your decision and strong activity to "OP ON"!

I wish you all enough spirits and energies to become that important and necessary 'clearinghouse' of today's independent music scene.

I'm looking forward to the first issue of OPtion...may the long sound drone upon you...

Greetings,
Pirmin Bossart
Basel, Switzerland



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New Music

AUDIO-VIDEO

by Bob Morris

*With all that's happening in video now, this column will hopefully become an integral part of **OPTION**, but we need your support to do it. We're looking for any news, reviews, magazines, videos and information on video programs featuring independent music and related subjects. What is listed in this column doesn't even scratch the surface, so let's hear from all of you. Especially needed are names and contact addresses of video shows that are looking for submissions by independent artists. Please note that videos sent for review cannot be returned.*

Real George's Backroom (Box 724, CP, NY 12065) is becoming a major force in indie video everywhere, and not just in upstate N.Y. They encourage, want, and foster any and all experimental, garage, art and non-mainstream video. Send him yours. Also publishes a newsletter which is available for a SASE.

The Scott and Gary Show is based in NYC and can now be seen in Boston, S.F. and Ohio as well. Recent shows have had Butthole Surfers, 1/2 Japanese and R. Stevie Moore. Direct mail and videos to Scott Lewis, 1585 E. 14th, Brooklyn, NY 11230.

T.V.C. (Stephen Connett, 13 The Street, Tongham Farnham, Surrey GU10 1DG U.K.) wants unusual and challenging videos on the subjects of experimental music, Dada/Surrealist performances and Soul/Jazz/African music. Videos should be on "low band" U-Matic or equivalent. [*Anybody know what that is in American?*—ed.]

Jamie Lee Rake wrote in mentioning the **Fast Lane** on SPN (13423 Saticoy, North Hollywood, CA 91605). They feature a lot of mainstream independent videos but, as they promise "something for everyone," all you experimental industrial punks might give them a try and send them a demo cassette.

Video Guide (261 Powell St., Vancouver B.C., V6A 1G3 Canada, \$2) is an established magazine covering all facets of independent/artistic video-making. #30 was devoted to women in video. Lots of contact addresses in addition to the well-written articles.

Videofile (27 E. 21st St., NYC 10010) is a glossy industry tipsheet, much like radio station tipsheets, but it covers video instead of vinyl.

Rick Theis produces TV and video projects, and will help bands interested in producing videos for cheap if he likes the group's sound. Contact Rick Theis, 1368 Forsythe Ave., Columbus, OH 43201.

Big Fun With Music (6546 Hollywood Blvd. Suite 201, Hollywood CA 90028) is a new half-hour music education program on Group W and channel 18 (VHF) in Southern California. No band videos, but lots of psychedelic hijinks and guest interviews: Earl Mankey, Randall Kennedy, Hunt Sales, others.

reviews

BIRTHDAY PARTY: Pleasure Heads Must Burn (address needed) This video features two live performances from 7/22/82 and 2/24/83. See Nick Cave groveling onstage, see him howl and sing (howl, Nick, howl). Unlike other videos that just show the band performing live, this one is really enjoyable, including favorites like "Sonny's Burning," "Hamlet," "Six Inch Gold Blade," and "Junkyard." The centerpiece is "Nick the Stripper." Not only does it have Nick Cave cavorting in a loincloth across a fire-lit landscape, but it uses (or abuses, it really depends which way you look at it) the Christian imagery of the Crucifixion (quite effectively too). Mick Harvey, Phil Calvert, Tracy Pew and Rowland S. Howard also manage to share the limelight. This is one to save for the grandkids! (Factory NY Ltd. 325 Spring St. Rm. 233, NYC 10013)—Maria V. Montgomery

NICK CAVE & THE BAD SEEDS: Live Nick Cave is a monster—he puts out more energy in a single song than most singers do in their whole damn careers. In this astonishing live show, he belts out covers of "In the Ghetto" and "I Put a Spell On You" with such fervor that he takes over their ownership from Elvis and Screamin' Jay Hawkins hands down. He steals all the fire of the Birthday Party when he pummels the audience with their "Mutiny in Heaven." He does "Avalanche," "From Her to Eternity" and "Box for Black Paul" from the new LP as well. And there's a fantastic interview in which Nick swats flies, calls the interviewer a cunt and generally acts his shy, humble self. The video is clear as a bell throughout and the sound is excellent. One warning: order right away; the tape's in

limited edition on a small label and sure to be a hard to get collectible sooner than you think.—B. Tripp (Radio-Free Music, POB 24068, Columbus, OH 43224, \$39.95 postpaid)

THE C*NTS: Live '80s garage rockers with a psychedelic edge perform a Halloween night concert at their (haunted?) Erie St. warehouse. This rare live appearance features original songs from their 5 classic singles and their just released first LP (**The Fires of Spring**) along with a couple of garage covers. There's a great interview with the boys as well. 60 minutes of exploding excitement that you don't wanna miss.—B. Tripp (Radio-Free Music, POB 24068, Columbus, OH 43224, \$29.95 postpaid)

THE RESIDENTS: Mole Show/Whatever Happened to Vileness Fats **The Mole Show** video is not the entire show, but it is a good deal of it. Taped in both Washington D.C. and Madrid, the show displays the Residents' powerful non-presence on stage, as well as stunning lighting and props. The story of the age-old struggle between the moles and the chubbs is accentuated by the richly multi-colored computer graphics animation. It's enough to make one's head spin by watching the images melt onto each other. This video alone is one of the best I have ever seen, but there is also **Whatever Happened to Vileness Fats**, which is a reworking of a never-completed video movie taped between 1972-1976. The film is out of the ordinary but completely entertaining, despite the fact that it was never really finished. If you feel compelled to buy a video this year, buy this one, even if you don't have a VCR.—Maria V. Montgomery (Ralph Records, 109 Minna #391, S.F., CA 94105)

The Guide—1984-85 (The RockAmerica Guide to Video/Music) 497 pages of "up-to-date" reference listings. I've only seen the postcard announcement, not the book, but here's what's in it: record co. video contacts, directors and producers, NY, LA and national production listings, TV distr. outlets, video/music publications listings, a video/music glossary "and more." (RockAmerica, Inc., 27 E. 21st St., NYC 10010, \$60 + \$5 postage)—ST

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Technology 85: Updates and Predictions

by Craig O'Donnell

I hope that I have opened some eyes and ears to different forms of cheap home technology in past issues of Op. Here are a few updates to some of the ideas and products discussed previously.

Akai MG1212: Although this is not inexpensive (somewhere in the area of \$5,000) it is impressive. Expect future refinements and competing versions just as there are competing cassette four-track recorders. The MG1212 is a self-contained 12-track mixer/recorder that uses custom cassettes that look like 1/2" videocassettes. Two additional tape tracks provide automation signals to the internal computer that controls autolocate, punch-in/out, track bouncing, and a sync track to the outside world. The unit appears to be mastering-quality, it is quiet because of the built-in pro DBX, and it is "luggably" portable, about the size of a conventional 24 X 8 mixer. Certainly Akai has opened new vistas for classy remote recording. Anyone with a van, an assortment of microphones, some fiberglass sound-proofing for the truck, and decent monitor amp/speaker setup is now able to record remote with minimal hassles! And since the 1212 is compact enough to cram into a large closet, apartment studio folk can step up from a Portastudio, bypassing 8-track machines with a separate mixer and all that wiring hassle, right into an automated multi-track at about half the price of a standalone 16-track.

Best buy speakers for "nearfield" monitoring ("nearfield" means the speakers are about 18" apart and 18" from you as you mix tapes): Fostex's two new monitors, one smaller and one larger, are around \$500 and \$650 per pair. Or Radio Shack's "MINIMUS-7" speakers...tiny, and less than \$100 per pair.

"Obsolete" and "old" drum machines like the Roland CR68/78, the Roland 808, MXR Drum Computer, and E-Mu Drumulator are all appearing on the used market for anywhere from \$200 to \$600. Their owners have of course stepped "up" to this year's hip thang. The machines are all still very usable. The 808 is the classic "beat box music" beat box.

The concept of "virtual tracks": the idea of the "virtual image" was transferred from physics to computer science where "virtual memory" and even "virtual machines" have been invented. Essentially, something "virtual" is only there when you need it, and it *seems to be* whatever it's needed to be...uh, well, sorta. Anyway, a drum machine like the little Yamaha with its two outputs, a Drumulator with four channels out, or something like the Roland and Linn

Drum with each drum available by itself, all form "virtual tape tracks" in the studio. One track of a multi-track recorder is used for a drum synch tone; the outputs of the drumbox are put into the mixer and mixed down *just as if* they were recorded on the tape. Advantage? Well, your little four-track, with the Yamaha, is now a virtual five-track (THREE audio tracks, ONE synch track, TWO virtual drum tracks). With a Drumulator, it's a seven-track. With a Linn, something like a 16-track (13 drum sounds, 3 audio tracks). As drumboxes have become more sophisticated internally, the virtual tracks can also be premixed and dynamically programmed so the engineer can set-and-forget the virtual track mix. Neat, huh?



Jonathan Rosen

Some predictions, since we've strayed into 'em anyway: more records will be recorded at home, and successful recording studios will be those that offer production services (no-headaches disc mastering and pressing), high-quality cassette copying with complete production package if desired, and quality remote recording (still no place for an amateur!), specialized recording like live-to-two-track (the band performs live, direct to a stereo master, in the comfort and controlled acoustics of a studio...it's a favorite trick of jazz players because of the highly dynamic playing that can result, and best sound due to fewer tape generations and mixing steps), lower rates for mixing home multi-track tapes into masters for albums in a quality mixing room.

The 24-track two-inch recording format will die. One-inch 16-track and digital

More on Syndrums

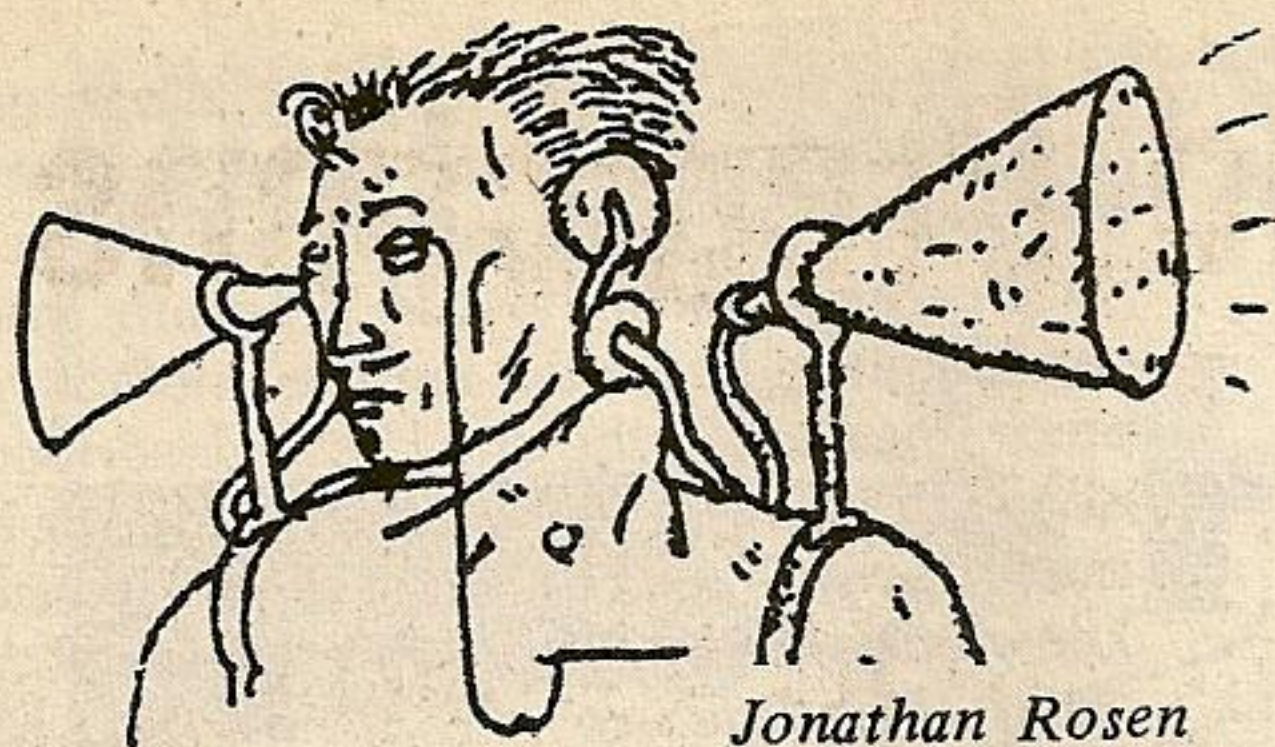
by Craig O'Donnell

Briefly, kids, a word on syndrums and drum machines from your Uncle Crank.

YAMAHA RX-15, under \$500, a full-featured digital programmable drum machine with MIDI synth interface, stereo outputs only, but the drums are all programmably panned anywhere in stereo. Excellent PCM digital cymbals, good drums sounds with a slightly dull snare. This machine is intuitively obvious to use, so user friendly it seems to smile when you switch it on.

MXR JUNIOR, about \$175, a footpedal unit with four digital sounds on interchangeable memory chips. Built in-metronome function, with triggers from drumboxes or synths accommodated. Will not trigger from a tape track without peripheral equipment such as one of Craig Anderton's Trigger Extractors or PAIA's Master Synchronizer unit. Some synths with audio envelope follower/trigger generator modules may also work with Junior. Sounds range from poor (tambourne-eucch) to excellent (claves, shaker). Extra sound chips about \$65 apiece. Big beat for budget bucks.

E-MU "E-DRUM", selling around \$350 with extra memory cartridges available. Up to four sounds should be available in each cartridge (\$50-60 per). This tough little 7" X 7" unit mounts easily to a Roto Tom stand. Up to five will fit the standard roto bar. E-Drum is dynamically sensitive for volume and pitch modulation; has bass and treble controls; can be tuned over a wide range or modulated with external voltages from a synth; triggers from just about any input from tape track to sensor pad to microphone to standard plus 5 volt drumbox or synth trigger; has a large striker pad on the top for hand drumming or sticking; and sports adjustable decay (virtually zero to about 3/4 second). I used this with tons of stuff. It works especially well with the little Roland analog drumboxes like Dr. Rhythm and Drumatix. It cleaned up and saved a poorly-recorded snare buried in a stereo drum track for me. I cannot recommend this one highly enough despite a relatively steep price. The sounds are great. Simmons-like snare/tom, toms, and tympani stand out. One snare cart, however, was dull, boxy and cardboardy; the other was fabulous. Go, cats, go!



Jonathan Rosen

multi-track (theoretically unlimited in numbers of tracks) will become standard; 1/2" 8-track will hold its own because of increasing home studio activity. A **digital 24-track** will be available for under \$15,000 in two years; in the same time frame we'll see a **Portastudio-sized digital 8-track**: excellent for live recording, but it will be relatively expensive. Obviously more **microcomputer power** will get jammed into drumboxes and synths—Peavey will probably come out with a **MIDI-compatible mixing console** with tape deck controls and SMPTE/automation built in. A **MIDI synth controller program**, for those of us who don't use keyboards, will let us compose as if we did by plugging into MIDI synths or synth-expander modules—Sequential Circuits has already taken a few steps this way. **BETA HI-FI** and **VHS HI-FI** will mean that independent groups can begin **selling and swapping videocassette album-videos** as an "alternative MTV" and in fact will be more successful at it than the "majors"—for obvious reasons.

Despite all this, it is still an art to record a quality tape. Technical advancements, programmable instruments, and virtual tracking will make it easier for people to avoid technical errors, but the limitations of the 45, 12" LP, cassette, and videocassette media will demand recording engineers who know what they're doing and do it fast and well. Still, the quality of the average indy release will rise dramatically. Last, but not least, we will see more tube equipment on the market from someone hip like Fostex. Tube limiters, preamps, and program equalizers will always sound better than most of their solid-state counterparts, and CD and other digital formats will cause more interest in the "sweet sound" tubes produce. Of course, a tube condenser microphone for recording studios in the home is coming at around \$500—if you have never used a tube microphone on drums, piano, or vocals, you are missing something amazing—and one of the "secrets" of the pro engineers.

People are welcome to correspond with me (or Sean Alias of the Sci Ams and Chicago Noise Monsters too) c/o Acme Recording, 3821 N. Southport, Chicago, IL 60613. I specialize in drumboxes, computer music, signal processing stuff, and Acme can answer questions about album/EP/45 production or cassette EP/album production.

Entangling Computers and Music

by Erik Mueller

Computers have recently invaded the music industry. Just walk into your local music store and you will find computers of all shapes and sizes. Some are used in conjunction with a synthesizer to create, store, retrieve, edit, and execute parts. Others allow one to record real sounds and modify them, or create new sounds for later recall. But why limit the use of computers to the creation of predetermined musical compositions? Computers have an untapped potential as real-time adjuncts to creative musical performances. Ultimately, computers will completely alter our current notions of music and art. Looking at this problem from an artificial intelligence (AI) perspective, I present two ideas for the incorporation of computers into music and art: interactive works and distributed works.

Interactive Works

An *interactive work* is one that interacts with the user (viewer or listener) in ways determined in advance by the programmer (artist or composer). An example of an interactive musical work is a computer program that lets the user play along with it in real time and *reacts* to what the user plays. What the user plays will affect the continuation of the piece in accordance with the program that the composer has written. Similarly, an interactive work of visual art might accept certain pictorial suggestions from the user. Interactive multi-media works are also possible where input in one medium may be reflected in another. Early interactive works were created during the Experiments in Art and Technology, in which several Theremins were located in a space and would respond to the movement of people, causing somewhat random musical tones to be generated. However, the interaction was very simple since there was no computer involved to influence the result. Examples of interactive works that exist today are video games and interactive videodisc programs.

Since a single performance, or execution, of an interactive work does not completely define the work, the artistic contribution must be taken to be the program and the possibilities it contains. The program itself becomes the work of art. This implies that artists will become programmers and perhaps the reverse as well.

How would such interactive works be created? The AI programmer would start by creating an *abstract model* of an artistic medium or conception. An abstract model of music might refer to harmony and counterpoint. This is to be contrasted with a low-level model, which might describe music as a sequence of tones and their

durations, or at an even lower level, as a waveform. It is desirable for the program to have an abstract model for the following reasons. First, an abstract model allows the program to understand ideas from the user at a detailed level, so that it can respond in interesting and meaningful ways. Of course, the computer's understanding will be slanted by the particular model it contains, which is completely up to the programmer. Second, an abstract model allows the program to produce many unique performances which conform to the programmer's conception of the work.

Free Improvisation with a Computer

Here is a simple example of an interactive musical work. The program behaves in the following way. Initially, it plays a melody that has been provided by the programmer. While it cycles through this melody, the program accepts musical input from the user via a keyboard or other input transducer. As the user plays along with the program, it incorporates phrases of the user into the melody in various ways. Modifications of the melody in reaction to the user can in turn be reacted to by the user producing further modifications. The melody will slowly change until it bears no resemblance to the original melody. This can be thought of as a more modern version of a long-delay tape echo setup, or as an improvisation with a computer.

Here is how the program works. First, the computer has a simple, in this case not very abstract, model of music:

- 1) A *note* consists of a pitch and a duration.
- 2) A *rest* consists of a duration.
- 3) A *phrase* is a sequence of notes and rests which contains no rest greater than a certain duration.
- 4) A *cycle* is a sequence of phrases.

- 5) Two phrases are *similar* if they consist of the same number of notes and rests and either a) the direction of movement from note to note is always the same or always the opposite, or b) the durations are proportional, or both a) and b).

Next, the program has a data entity called the *cycle*, which contains a sequence of phrases. When the program is started, the cycle is set to be some initial melody of the programmer's choice. The program constantly plays the contents of the cycle over a speaker. Whenever it reaches the end of the cycle, it starts again from the beginning. At the same time the program is playing, it receives input from the user, extracting phrases according to its model of phrases. The program uses its model of similarity of phrases to enable it to notice when a phrase from the user is similar to a phrase in the cycle and to respond. This continues until the user turns the program off.

The program responds to certain situations using a common AI programming construct: the *rule*. A rule specifies a

response to perform in a particular situation. For example,

IF: you want to cross the street and the light says "walk"

THEN: walk across the street

Our program contains the following two rules:

IF: the user has played a phrase that is similar to a phrase in the cycle

THEN: alter intervallic relationships or durations in the cycle phrase to be those of the user's phrase

IF: the user has played a phrase that it similar to no phrase in the cycle

THEN: substitute the user's phrase for any phrase in the cycle

Whenever a phrase is played by the user, one of the above two rules will apply, causing a phrase in the cycle to be modified. The next time that phrase is reached as the program is playing the cycle, the modified version of that phrase will be played.

This program only introduces its own ideas in the beginning. One simple extension would be to have the computer introduce its own new or pre-programmed phrases at arbitrary points in the piece.

Distributed Works

Data networks, which allow computers to communicate information, have a potential for the creation of works in which programs cooperate in performing a piece. Here is an example of such a *distributed work*. Suppose several composers each have a personal computer which is connected to a keyboard for input and a synthesizer for output. Further suppose

that each composer has created an interactive music program such as the one described above. In addition, suppose that each computer can communicate with the others over a phone line. Now, each program may be rigged so that its input consists of the local keyboard plus the output of each of the other computers. Each program will respond not only to the human at that location, but also to the output of the programs at all the other locations. Of course, the output of the programs at other locations is based on the human input at *that* location and all the other programs. The music resulting from this feedback loop will be a complex composition of its components: the programs and the human performers. Most likely, the results will be unpredictable in advance. This is similar to a group improvisation, except that in this case some members of the group are computer programs.

Getting Started

For those who would like to get started in the true entanglement of computers with music and art, I would recommend learning the programming language LISP, a popular language for AI programming. A good introductory textbook is Winston and Horn's *LISP*. Next, purchase or obtain access to a computer that runs LISP and is capable of musical output. This can be anything from a computer with a 1-bit output port connected to your stereo, or an Apple interfaced via MIDI to your synthesizer, to a complete digital music synthesis laboratory at a university. What-

ever you use, remember that the most interesting possibilities lie in the software that you create rather than the hardware.

Once you know how to program, you can begin to construct simple interactive programs such as the one I have described above. If you become interested in how to incorporate more intelligence and knowledge into your programs, read *Artificial Intelligence Programming* by Charniak, Riesbeck and McDermott. Another interesting book is *Art and Computers: The First Artificial Intelligence Coloring Book*, which describes Harold Cohen's program that creates its own drawings.

It is difficult to anticipate in advance all the possibilities inherent in the true incorporation of computers into art and music. Here I have presented a few suggestions in the hopes that more people will experiment along these lines. I look forward to seeing how such systems and programmer-composers develop in the future.

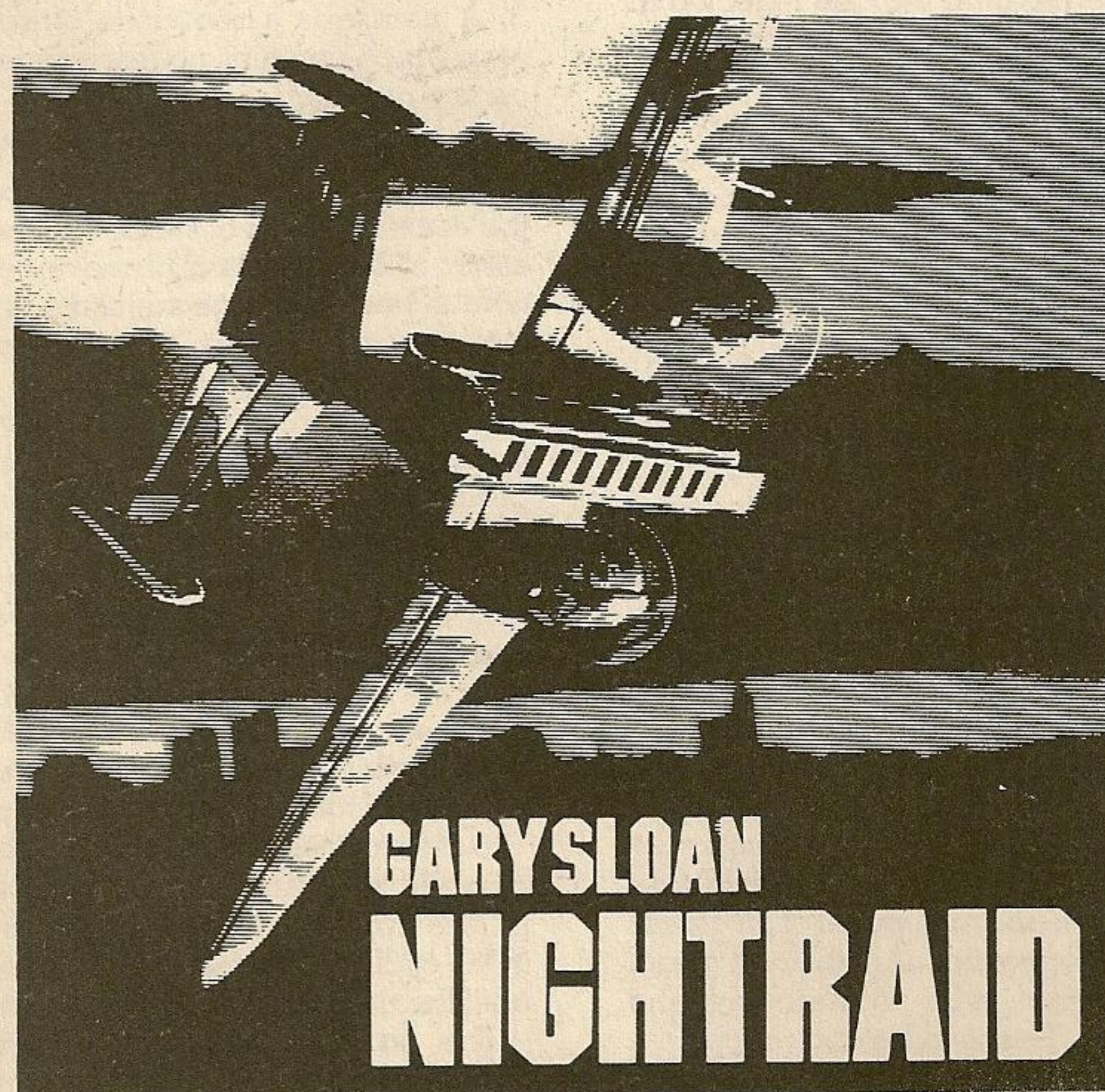
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Erik Mueller can be contacted at 11663 Gorham Ave. #12, Los Angeles, CA 90049.



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Once again it's time for Aunt Donald's first hard-to-find list of the best in hot-swing-traditional jazz LPs. Well, the list couldn't have been that hard to find...you found it! And with every list from Aunt Donald, you get something from Aunt Donald's kitchen—and not leftovers, either. But more on hot chili later. Now to ten long-playing jazz records and where you might be able to track these genuine gems down.

KENNY DAVERN, DICK WELLSTOOD, BOBBY ROSENGARDEN: *The Blue Three*—It's a trio (3 players): Kenny on clarinet, Dick on piano, and Bobby sur la batterie (Aunt D knows instruments in French). When Wellstood asks Kenny Davern to play an evening with him as a duo, they're about the best jazz in the world. Tasty songs, nothing trite, swinging consistently. Add Rosengarden on drums for LP support and this trio is unbeatable. Tho it says "At Hanratty's", it's not a club recording. No clapping. (CHAZ JAZZ Records, Box 565, North Hampton, NH 03862)

WILD BILL DAVISON: *All-American Band*—Wild Bill's made about 45 albums! He's been a cornet star for 40 years...he's been recording for 60 years! Aunt D computes he's been making records longer than any living jazz player. His rough, brassy style is the most distinctive cornet in jazz—clinkers, growls and all. Aunt Donald likes this because the tunes are nice and he's working with two ex-mates from the Condon mob of the 50s and 60s: the magnif Buzzy Drootin on drums and the adorable Jack Lesberg on bass. Wild Bill's chops are not as strong as they once were, but he's an original, and this 1981 Stockholm recording is the Bill we've grown to love. Add Chuck Hedges and Bill Allred (clarinet and trombone) and put in Bob Pilsbury (from the New Black Eagle Jazz Band) and the jazz comes out hot and hearty. (Sonet Records, dist. by Rick Ballard Imports, Box 5063, Berkeley, CA 94705)

MARTY GROSZ/DICK WELLSTOOD QUARTET: *Take Me to the Land of Jazz*—Marty has been playing guitar and banjo on trad records for over 25 years. He sings softly in the Fats Waller manner. The last time Aunt Donald saw him was in Woody Allen's Monday night band at Michael's pub in New York. Also in this yummy quartet is Tommy Benford on drums—he played with Jelly Roll Morton 55 years ago! Wonderful Wellstood's on piano—all brains and eight hands. Sam Parkins on reeds, Mickey Galizio on bass. The music is light, breezy and should be served with a chablis.

ELLA FITZGERALD AND HER ORCHESTRA: *NBC Radio 1940 Big Band Remotes*—After the death of drummer Chick Webb (who led the orchestra in which Ella sang), Ella took over the band for a short while. This record is made up of two nights from the Roseland Ballroom "off Times Square". Ella had not sunk to scat singing yet—so we've got Ella in fine form with a gorgeous band behind her, doing swing-era charts of originals plus Tin Pan Alley hits and misses. A typical night of 1940 radio music if you were home listening to your radio. (Sandy Hook Records, Box C, Sandy Hook, CT 06482)

ANITA GRAVINE: *Dream Dancing*—A quintet which includes Mike Abene on piano and Jerry Dodgion on reeds backing singer Gravine. Miss Gravine is Aunt D's find of the year. Never heard of her? Neither did Aunt D 'til she saw the album and took a chance because the songs were unusually tasty: Berlin, Porter, Burke & Van Heusen, Waller—and one by Jerry Herman from "Mack and Mabel". Recorded in '82, Anita is simply a terrific thrush, as *Variety* might say. She doesn't bend or break lyrics, she sings them. If you like jazz singers who do it soft and simple without pyrotechnics, you'll enjoy Anita. (Progressive Records, Box 500, Tifton, GA 31793)

DICK HYMAN & THE PERFECT JAZZ (REPERTORY) QUINTET—Dick can play stride like James P. Johnson, or rags like Scott Joplin, or anything like anybody. He's a ten-fingered encyclopedia of everything that's happened to jazz. He can also play like Dick Hyman—that's nice too. This 1979 recording is all Berlin. The late Pee Wee Erwin is on trumpet—the loveliest tone in America. No clinkers. Benny Goodman and Tommy Dorsey were anti-clinker, so Pee Wee worked a lot with them. Milt Hinton on bass goes back to the Calloway band of the 30s. Rosengarden's on drums—you'll remember him from the Kenny Davern album Aunt D recommended earlier. No screeching. No honking. Nothing but nice songs, swung and jumped. (World Jazz Records, 4350 East Camelback Rd., Phoenix, AZ)

BARBARA LEA: *Do It Again*—Barbara's liked the masters ever since making her first album with Billy Taylor and Johnny Windhurst in 1955. That 30 years have passed since that old 10" Riverside LP is hard to believe. In those 30 years, Barbara dropped out of singing in public and making records. But about 7 or 8 years ago she got back in again. She sings in the great tradition of Lee Wiley, Mildred Bailey and Billie Holiday. The guys backing her on this new LP are giants like Billy Butterfield on trumpet, the late Vic Dickenson on trombone, Tommy Dorsey vet Johnny Mince on clarinet, and the all-too-infrequently recorded Johnny Blowers on drums. Pianist Larry Eanet did the arrangements—simple and perfect. Barbara is Aunt D's favorite living singer. (George Buck, Collector's Record Club, 3008 Wadsworth Mill Place, Atlanta, GA 30032)

RED NORVO WITH THE BUCKY PIZZARELLI TRIO: *Just Friends*—Red, the most tasteful thing ever to happen to jazz, has been making records for 50 years. He plays the vibes. He played a concert in Pasadena last month and he's still the master. Co-hort on this LP is Bucky Pizzarelli on guitar—two kindred souls who keep this 1983 album of standards swinging lightly and politely. Red's recent releases on Concord and Famous Door are fairly "gettable". But this gem on Stash may be a little tougher to find. (Stash, Box 390, Brooklyn, NY 11215)

RALPH SUTTON TRIO: *With the Reasonable Band*—The oddest coupling since Debbie and Eddie, Ralph Sutton, the two-handed stride pianist given to fits of Waller, James P. and The Lion, finds himself backed by a couple of mandolins, a fiddle, and a guitar—as well as bass and drums. The result: good old-fashioned 1981 stompin' jazz with a soupcon of country-western fiddlin' and pickin'. Ralph sounds just fine mixed in. If you like Fats, you'll like Ralph Sutton no matter how many mandolins show up for work. (Bare Records, High Plains Audio, 1108 E. 17th Ave., Denver, CO 80218)

BOB WILBER & THE BECHET LEGACY: *Ode to Bechet*—Bob Wilber's been playing hot jazz and has been crazy about Sidney Bechet since the late 40s when he was a high school jazz player in the suburbs of New York. Bob's been through Juilliard too, so he can read. In fact, he plays all the reeds, particularly the soprano which Bechet played, and studied and recorded with Bechet. Hence, the love, the band and the album. Glen Zottola (trumpet), Butch Miles (drums), and Vic Dickenson (trombone), play songs by Bechet or songs Bechet liked to play. The musicianship on anything by Bob, the lovely arrangements, the constant swing—all earmarks of a Bob Wilber album. Joanne Horton does the top-drawer vocals (Aunt D believes she's Mrs. Wilber...but she'd be a fine singer even if she were single). (Bodeswell Records, address needed)

The music was hot...so's Aunt Donald's 33 1/3 Chili!

Serves 6 good eaters (maybe 7).

Don't be scared—it's not that spicy.

Put on a record, then let's start.

3 lbs. of ground beef (hamburger)

3 cups chopped onion

2 medium green peppers, chopped

4 cloves garlic, chopped

2 28-oz. cans whole peeled tomatoes, broken up and the liquid

1 16-oz. can tomato sauce

1 cup of water

3 tablespoons chili powder (use more if desired)

1 tablespoon salt (more, if you like salt)

2 bay leaves

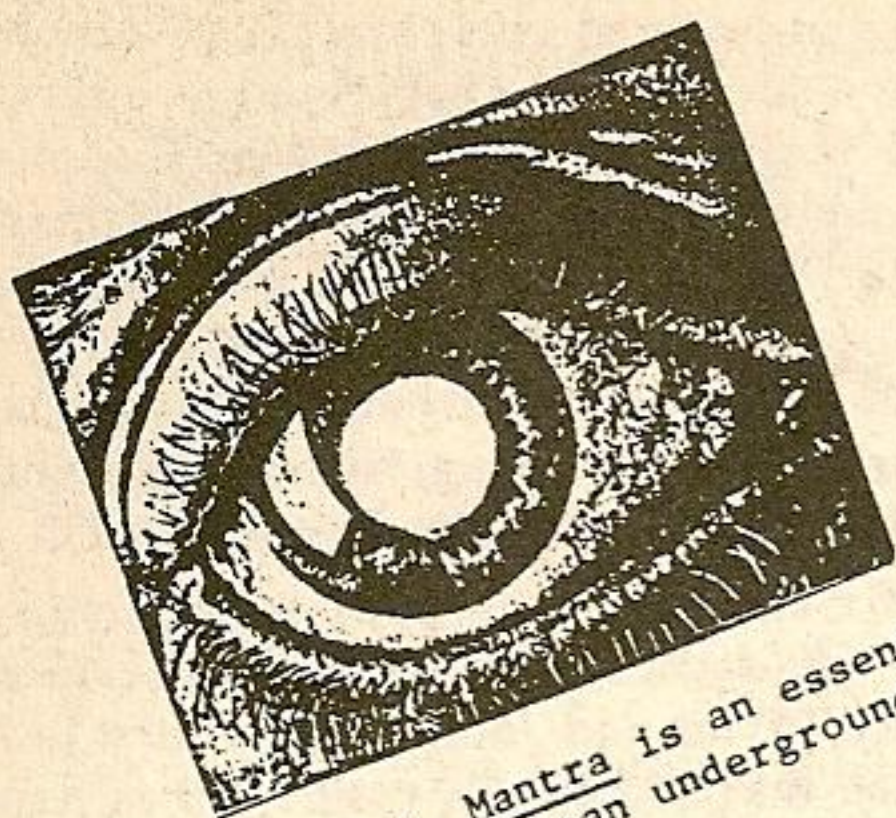
1/2 teaspoon hot pepper sauce (or more)

3 15-oz. cans Mexican-style chili beans

Cook beef, onion, green pepper and garlic in big skillet or Dutch oven until meat is browned. Stir in tomatoes and liquid from can, tomato sauce, water, chili powder, bay leaves, and hot pepper sauce. Cook covered over low heat two hours. Add beans, cook 30 minutes more. Serve with sour cream, or chopped onions or grated cheddar or all three, or none of it. Tastes great the next day, or freeze it and serve a year later!

'Til we meet again, keep the dust off your needle and the flies off your counter...Aunt Donald.

TRANCE PORT TAPES

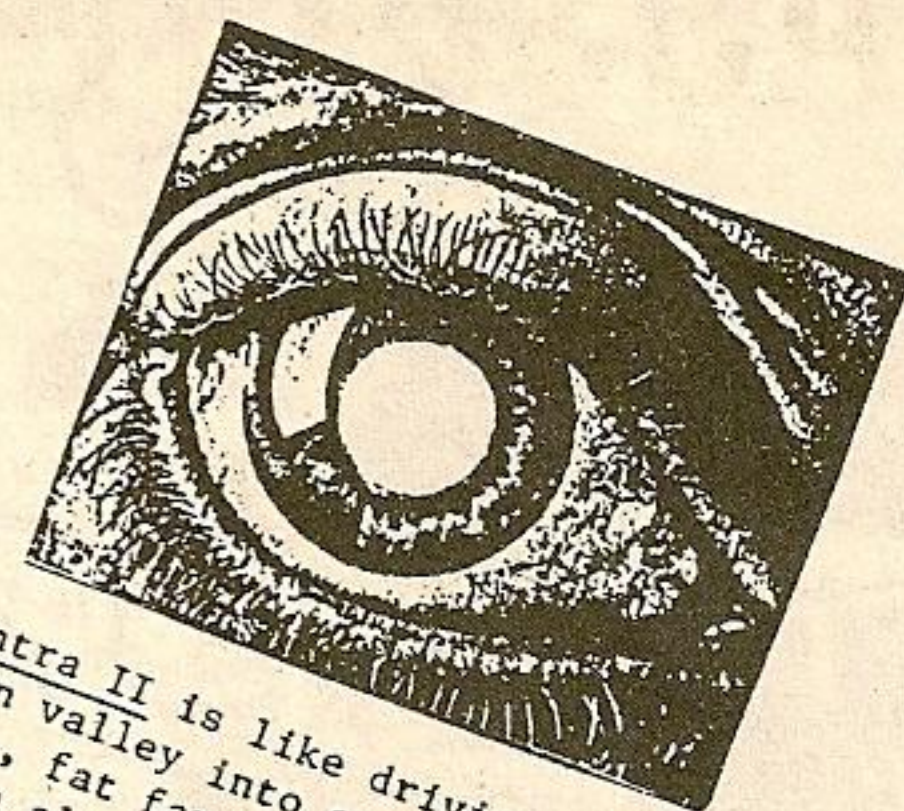


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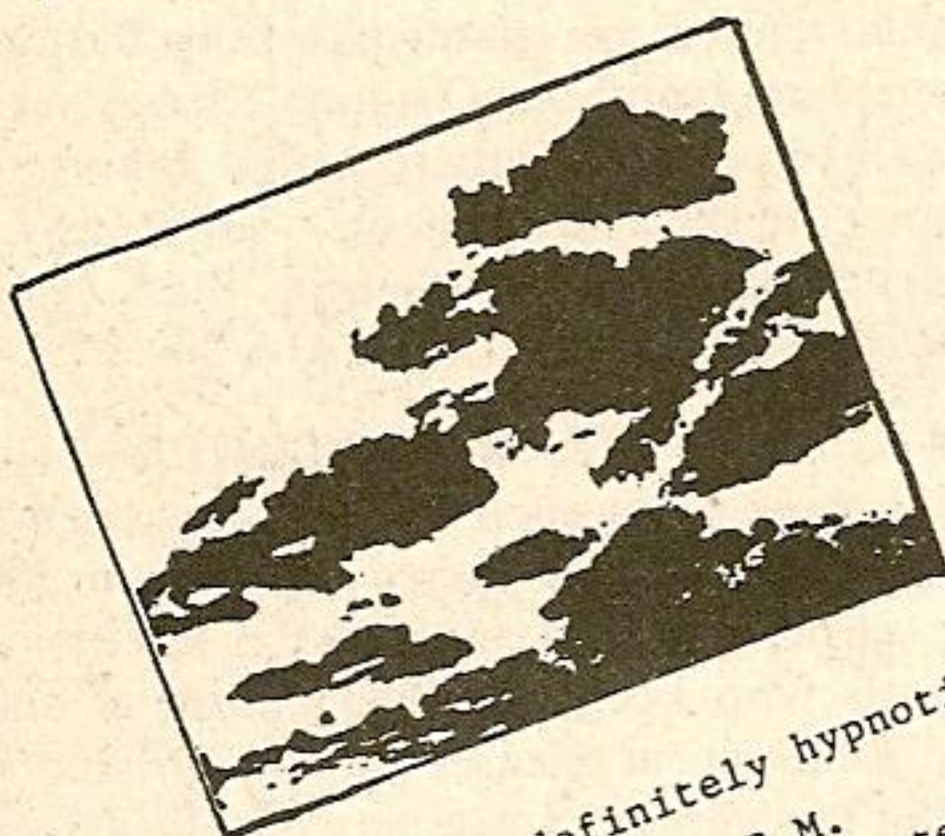
"Something for every one of the discriminating few..."

SKID
Buford, GA

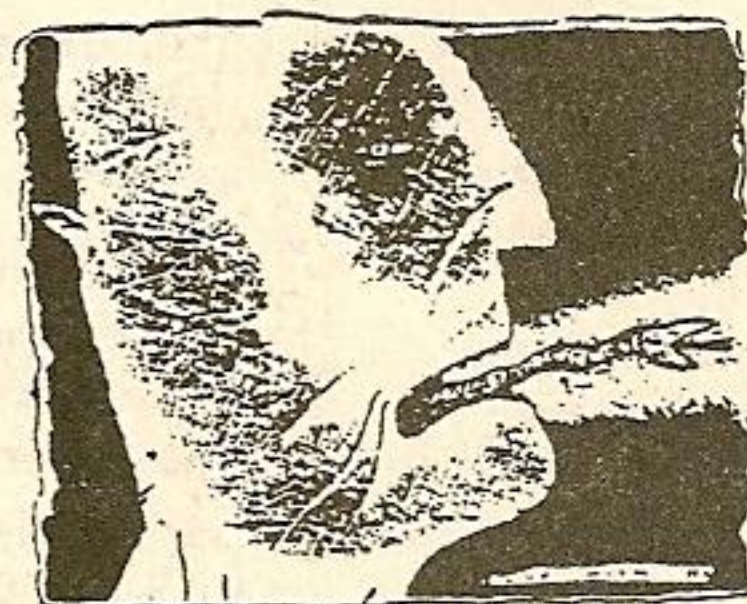


"Mantra II is like driving out of a green valley into an ever-lengthening plain, fat farmers turning into Indian shaman along the route..."

L.A. READER
Los Angeles, CA

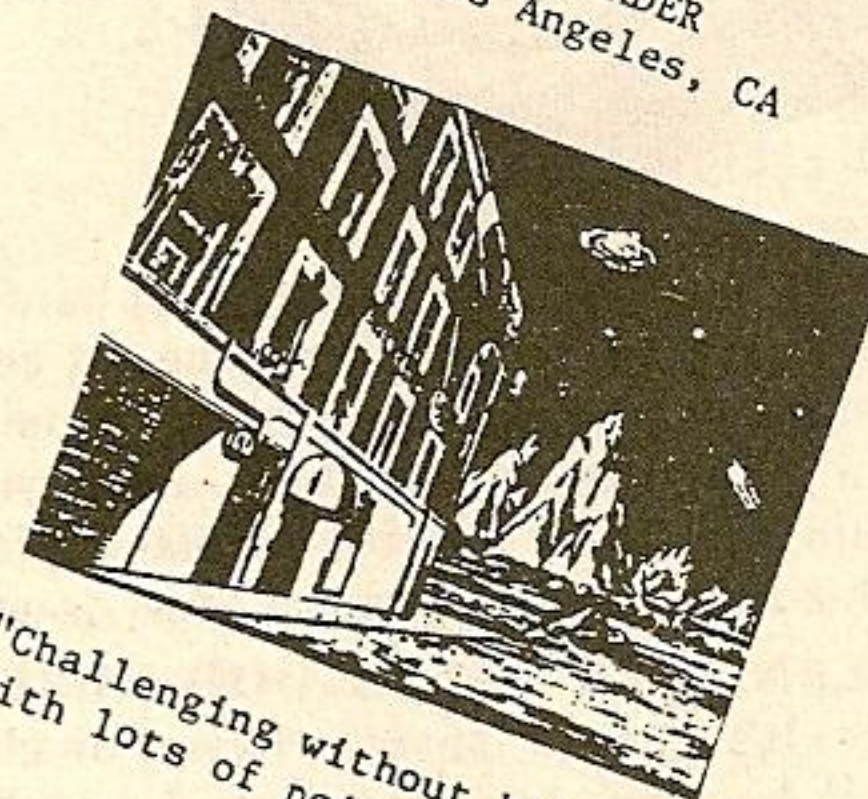


"Almost soothing, definitely hypnotic..."
B.M. Worcester, MA



"Sensitive, seductive music that draws you in..."

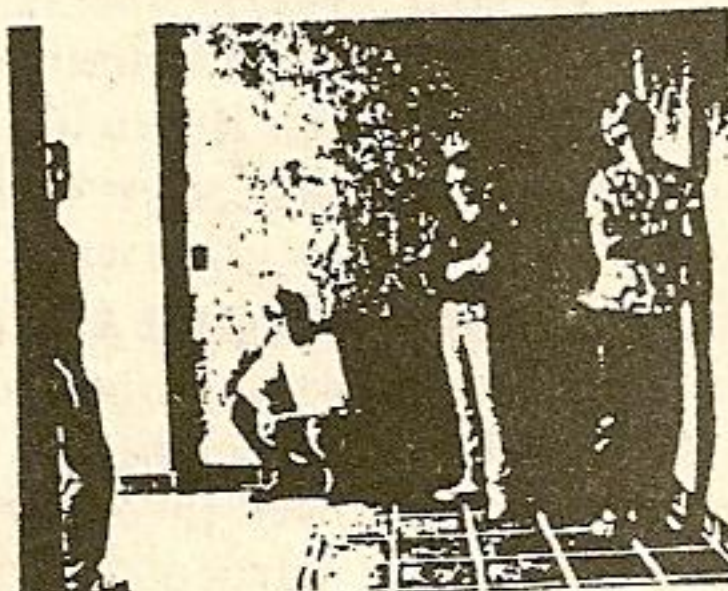
OBJEKT
Eureka, CA



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OP MAGAZINE
Olympia, WA

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D.L. San Francisco, CA

"Your tapes have brought much joy into my blighted life..."
R.D. Los Altos, CA



"You guys have really provided a light in the dark, dark forest of shitty schlock popular music..."

L.H.
Hollywood, CA



"Buckle in for a voyage into the crevices of the West Coast..."

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CASSETTES

We welcome any and all cassettes for review. Please include an address with your cassette (or else we can't review it); also include running time and price, if possible. SMB is Scott Becker, BM is Bob Morris, MS is Mark Soden.

AFTERIMAGE: Anthology A collection of alternate takes, live versions and unreleased material from a band playing dark rock before "gloom" became a matter of fashion accessories. The performances are moody and cerebral, featuring some clever guitar playing and surprising use of sax. Long disbanded, this is the final document of an underappreciated group. (Trance Port Tapes, Box 85, 436, L.A., CA 90072)—SMB

AGITPOP: Feast of the Sunfish The nine songs which take up about 20 minutes of this C60 (the rest is blank "for your personal use") are an intriguing mix of skewed pop, neo-psychedelic punk angst, and quasi-tribal rock. As befits the band's name, there's a heavy socio-political content to the lyrics. Although there are a number of ear-catching lines here and there, by and large the music and arrangements are consistently stronger than the songs. The opening "Problems Respond" replaces lead guitar with lead clarinet, an idea one hopes they'll pursue further in the future. Other songs (most notably "Reasons of State" and "Loaded With Blanks") make ingenious use of percussion. It seems clear that at the time of recording (May '84), the trio was still in a formative stage, but they're headed in promising directions. Most curious song title—"There Are Really Not That Many Problems In The World Due To The Fact That Most People Have The Same Problems." Clever packaging includes the dinner menu from the dining car of the old New York Central train, the 20th Century Limited. (Agitpop, 6 Degarmo Place, Poughkeepsie, NY 12603)—Tom Furgas

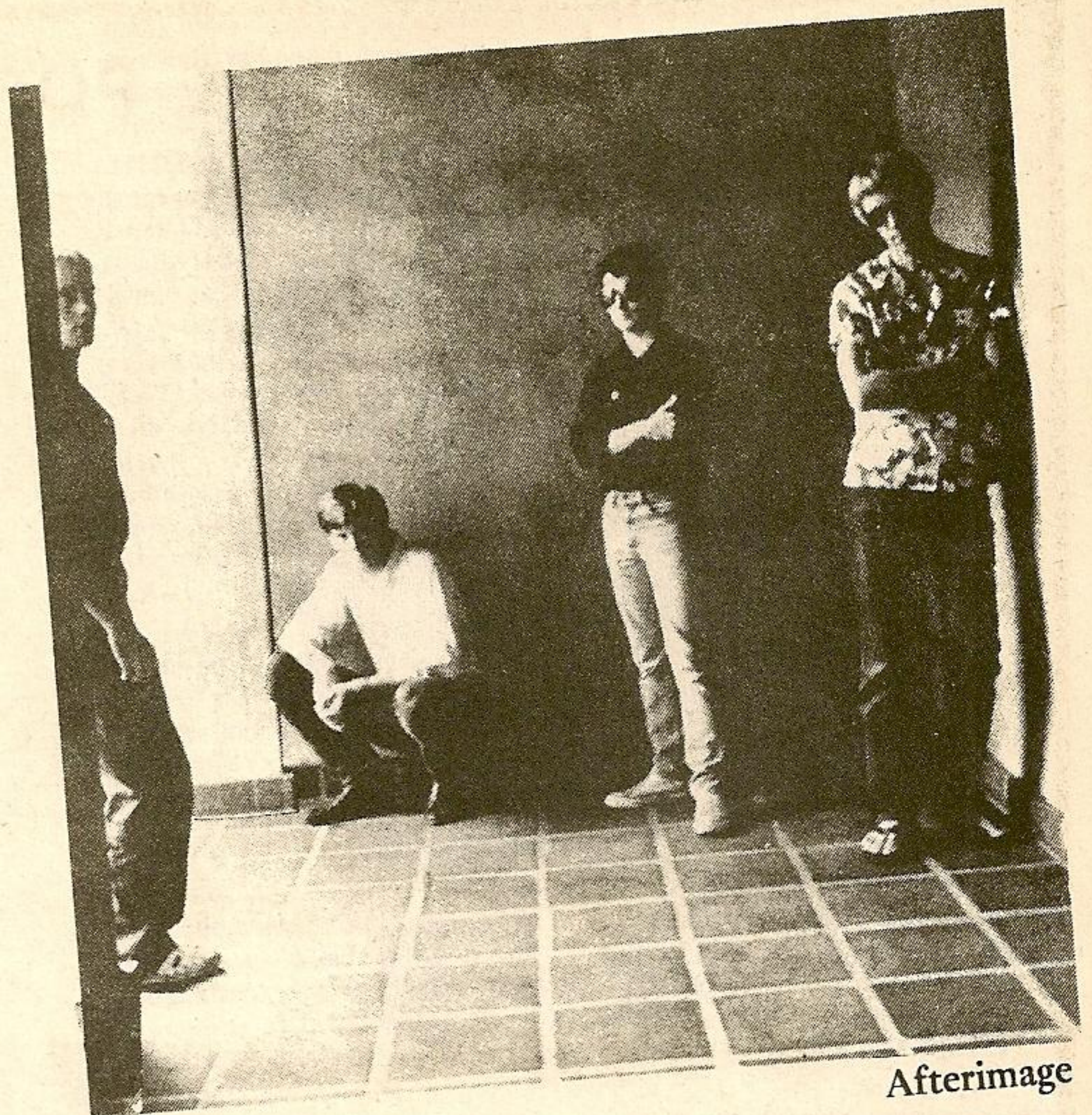
ANATOMY OF COINCIDENCE compilation If this review seems overlong for a project that I'm not fond of, it's because highly critical reviews should, if anything, point out to the people involved what they could do to make better music. That said, what we have here is techno rock of the most formulaic variety. In fact, the tracks are so uncannily similar to one another, it's tempting to think that they were all done by the same people using different names. Almost nothing changes from tune to tune: rhythm box, synth bass, simple (if any) modulation, and a little frosting in the form of electronic effects, taped voices, etc. Arrangements are all variations of A/B, A/C, A/C/A/B/. For the most part, these pieces sound like unfinished demos waiting for vocals (there are none), solos, more intricate arrangements, or some sort of variation from the pattern they set up and run with til completion. While all of the cuts are well done for what they are, they are overlong, and, frankly, rather pointless as they exist here. My prescription is this: dump the drum machines, loosen up, and expand, because simply making hot grooves is not the same as making hot music. Perhaps I'm too old. The weird haircut neo-romantics might like this one. Personally, I feel music should be invigorating, challenging, surprising, and absorbing, not mechanical, predictable, and totally familiar after two listenings. Still, there's fodder here for something to germinate from, provided some imagination and uniqueness are used to temper the excess. (Clandestine Recordings, Box 1122, Bloomington, IN 47402)—C.W. Vrtacek

ARCHITECT'S OFFICE: Flowmotion Lots of interesting applications for keyboards and electronics mixed up with assorted voices, either found or created for the project. Consistently good, constantly changing and definitely not cliché. (550 College, Boulder, CO 80302, C60)—SMB

JOHN ARE: 3-song cassette Well-crafted pop songs with efficient back-up and tuneful vocals. He jams in too many words sometimes, but overall it is forgivable and a nice tape. (John Are c/o Peter Gorman, 303 E. 76th St. #3, NYC 10021)—MS

AREA CONDIZIONATA 3: Videogames For the Blind This is the third in a series of experimental/electronic music anthology tapes released by Vittore Baroni of Italy. It is outstanding, perhaps the best compilation of its type. Artists include Nocturnal Emissions, Bourbonese Qualk, Die Form, Phillippe Laurent and Martin O'Cuthbert. The styles are wide-ranging, the music is done well, the packaging and accompanying notes are done with creativity and humor. The only drawback is that there were only 300 made and Vittore has no plans for further compilations. Grab this one while you still can. (Dist. by Aeon, 604 Princeton, Ft. Collins, CO 80525)—BM

BLACK FLAG: Live '84 20 songs and 70 minutes of the most improved and the most impressive band from the original L.A. punk scene. Bill Stevenson and Kira Roessler form a sure-footed rhythm tag team over which Greg Ginn's careering, caterwauling Hendrix/McLaughlinisms can provide a counterpoint to Henry Rollins' angry, sexual howling. The arrangements are



Afterimage

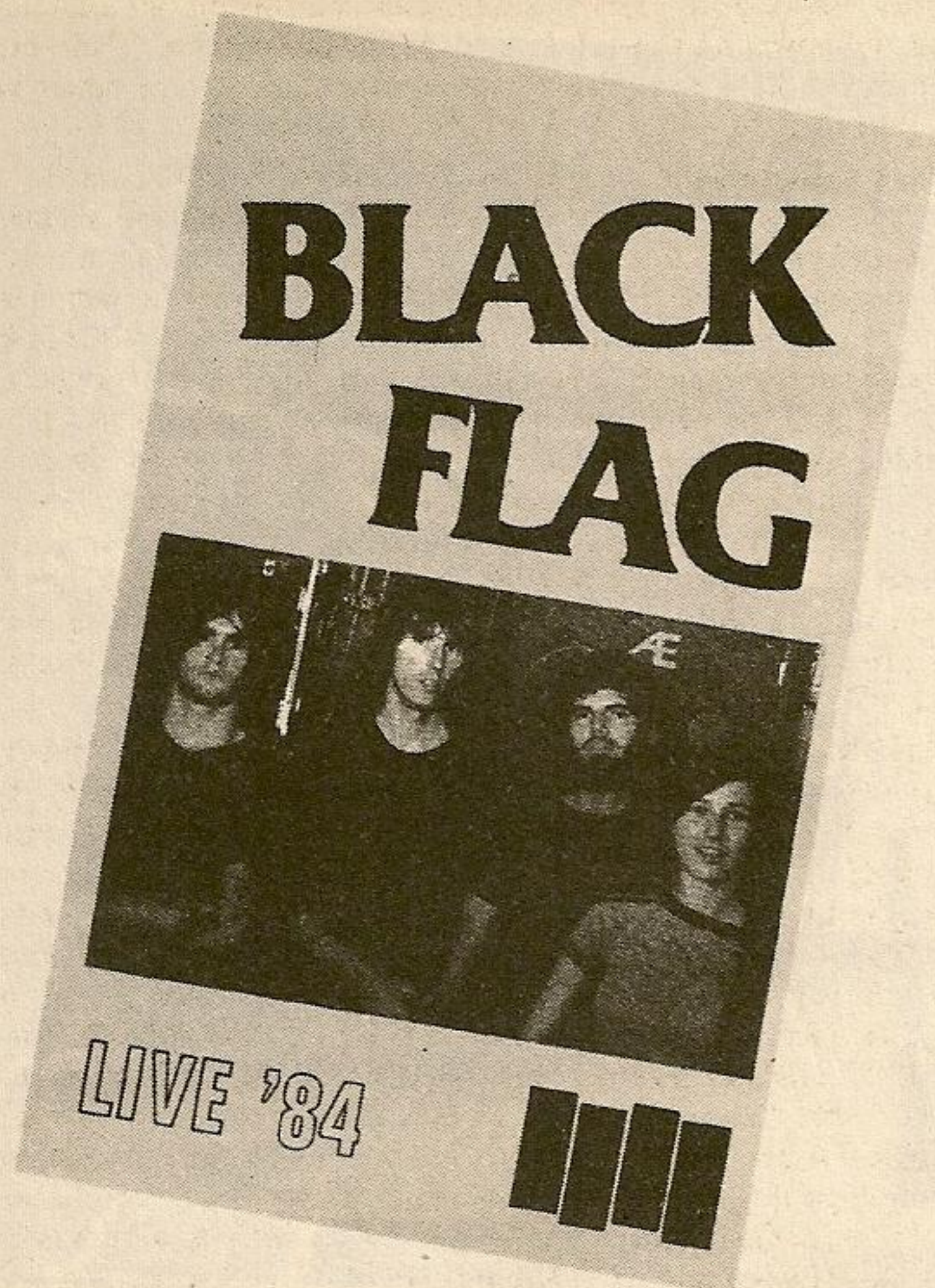
written tight and played loose, giving the performances the right balance of precision and rawness. Ginn sounds especially inspired, the feeling he projects overcoming his technical limitations. Is it punk? Is it metal? Who gives a shit—SST demonstrates again that it is home to some of the best guitar bands on the planet. (SST, Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260)—SMB

BLACKHOUSE: Pro-Life What we have here is an unprecedented hybrid. The music is bludgeoning industrial/noise/damage with lots of electronic and tape manipulations, while the song titles are overtly Christian in nature ("Born Again," "Jesus Loves You"). The vocals are so heavily distorted and manipulated that they become largely incomprehensible, and I'm trying to figure out just what, if anything, they are trying to express and why they would choose this method of doing so. Then again, maybe this style chose them. Anyway, non-Christians need not worry about being put off by "preachy" lyrics. On the other hand, I can't imagine the average believer tolerating this stuff for more than a minute or so. This is definitely not the Gaither Trio, for which I am very glad, and I'll be interested in seeing what direction future releases take. (Ladd-Frith, POB 967, Eureka, CA 95502, C46)—Mark Kissinger

BLANK CROWD 19 enjoyably experimental excursions, by turns aggressive, melodic and trance-like. Features guitars and keys, a variety of rhythm tracks and the odd "vocal". Well above average. (19 Duke St. #9, St. Catharines, Ontario, Canada L2R 5W1).—SMB

GLENN BRANCA: Symphony No. 1 Branca uses thick slabs of guitars, brass, and percussion to create a very intense and largely dissonant kind of minimalism (or should I say "maximalism?") which is earthshaking at loud volume. I liked the music, but not so much the recording, with its muddy live ambience. Apparently the Performing Garage doesn't have the greatest acoustics for recording. Boosting the treble helped a bit, but I myself (since I've always been wary of live recordings) wish they could've recorded the work in a studio for optimum clarity. Even so, this is certainly Great Music, and I'm betting that Branca's *Symphony No. 1* will become a classic. (ROIR, 611 Broadway Suite 725, NYC 10012)—Tom Furgas

CAMBODIAN TRADITIONAL MUSIC IN MINNESOTA Whereas the Lao felt compelled to escape Laos and the re-education camps ("seminars") forced on them by the Pathet Lao, the Cambodians or Khmer were greeted by a much worse fate; forced marches, inhuman conditions, and death inflicted by the Khmer Rouge. Perhaps a million Cambodians died and the civilization was decimated. Cliff Sloane of Minneapolis worked tirelessly to assemble five traditional musicians to record eleven selections from the classical and folk repertoires. Their instruments include a hammered dulcimer, a fiddle, a flute, a lute, and a drum. One selection also includes the



crocodile zither. Sloane's introduction explains the context of the music and the texts are translated both into English and written down in the original Khmer script. Cambodian music from Kampuchea is somewhat known on commercial recordings, but this is the first to document that music's survival in the U.S. (World Music Enterprises, 717 Avondale St., Kent, OH 44240, \$8 including 11-page booklet. Notes and translations by Cliff Sloane and Sithoeum Chem.)—Terry Miller

DENNIS CARLETON: In With the Out Takes Carleton has been kicking around the local indie scene longer than almost anyone else in the U.S., starting in 1965 with the Lost Souls (featured on another tape available from Green Light), through other Cleveland bands like the Choir, Moses, Milk, the Pagans, and right to the present day with the Window. This cassette-only release has seven Carleton originals, featuring various groups, from 1969 through 1983. It's above average mainstream pop-rock, almost all straight love songs, not extra special, but with a sincerity missing from most music of this sort, though Carleton could use more distinctive bands to get more out of his material. Comes with nice 12-page lyric booklet. (Green Light Releases, POB 23121, Euclid, OH 44123, \$6.75 postpaid)—Richie Unterberger

PETER CATHAM: Pinched Awake Catham presents 13 pieces for voice in which sparse, often non-musical accompaniment lends texture to his multi-tracked, treated, processed and manipulated vocals. Catham is less a singer than a tape artist. Titles like "Everyone takes something home from where they work" set the tone for the whimsical and strange lyrics. Novel packaging as usual. (Permission, Box 73, Pasadena, CA 91102)—SMB

COMPLEX SOUND GENERATION Good quality compilation of dark, moody groups, mostly from W. Germany. Unlike most compilations, I thought almost every cut was good. The first side is excellent. The mood and rhythm of the tape remains consistent throughout. Even includes that nostalgic hit "Hamburger Lady" from Throbbing Gristle. (Der Akteur, Hollandische Str. 17, 4176 Sonsbeck 1, W. Germany, C90)—Randy Grief

CONTROLLED BLEEDING: XXX #18 This group dishes up relentlessly uncompromising, brain-battering noise of a most appealing sort. Comparisons may be drawn to Boyd Rice, Merzbow, Whitehouse, and Neubauten, but certainly this is quite different from all of them. Within the 60 minutes presented here, Controlled Bleeding performs pieces of ravaging intensity, abruptly switching to others of quiet, unsettling ambience. Their sound is often raw and violent, but always engaging because of its unpredictability and power. This tape is a potent representation of some of the best and most extreme sounds from the industrial underground, and is a *must* for those interested in difficult music. (54 Locust St., Massapequa, NY 11758, or Innersleeve, 111 Brighton Ave., Allston, MA 02359)—Steven Worth

CRAWLING WITH TARTS: Tea Room Creepy low-fi minimalist garage experimental pop (that's a compliment). Fuzz guitar, bass, femme vocal and other cool sounds. Exquisite packaging. (A.S.P., 1237 1/4 N. Fairfax, L.A., CA 90046, \$4)—SMB

DATA BANK A: Spiritus Sanctus Moderately upbeat synthesizer music with noise band overtones. Nice stuff. (Andy Szava-Kovats, 262 Mammoth Rd., Lowell, MA 01854, \$4.50)—BM

DK: The Sexual Fix With each new cassette release (with the exception of *Factory Seconds*, which is a compilation of earlier pieces), DK expands his boundaries and challenges us to keep pace. The sounds of pop rock instrumentation are divorced from pop rock structures; each song or instrumental piece assumes its own form and instrumentation, and the results could've easily slipped into mindless chaos were it not for DK's steady but unpredictable guidance. The influences seem to be Captain Beefheart, Residents and John Cage, but there's also a healthy dose of pop/rock ideas in the cracks...just enough to temper the more bizarre moments. I like the way the layered instruments usually proceed independently, as though the glue between them has been dissolved. The lyrics (sung in DK's rough baritone and usually subjected to various tape tricks such as multitracked unisons) center around the theme of sex and its obsessive preoccupation, and would be almost pornographic except that it doesn't make you horny, it makes you think. DK deals in trades only, so send an I.R.C. for information on how to get this and his other tapes. (53 Niagara St., Toronto, Ontario, Canada, M5V 1C3, C90)—Tom Furgas

DREAMFLESH: Wampum This second Dreamflesh cassette is similar to their first (*Parts Unknown*) in that it's very Afro-Aussie-funk and has some of the jammingest yet tight playing I've heard recently, with some crisp, limber drumming that is truly delicious. The difference between this and the earlier tape is that the sound is bigger, broader, more upfront (not so much cloudy echo on the voices) and transparent. I like both tapes, though I prefer the recorded quality of this one. (Red Zebra, POB 114, Leichhardt, NSW 2040, Australia)—Tom Furgas

DOGMA PROBE: 3 song demo Well-produced demo on chrome tape with nice packaging. Stylistically, the group lies somewhere between mainstream rock and moderate heavy metal, with a few oddball arrangements and peculiar tempo changes. Competent enough, but not particularly exciting hard rock. (2265 Westwood Blvd. #668, L.A., CA 90064)—BM

DROWNING POOL: Uncork the Mind One side, one song, "Uncork the Mind." The intro with the one-sided phone conversation is rather amazing; then the handclaps come in. All in all a good effort in the dance-trance area. Well recorded with a middle eastern feel. (Drowning Pool c/o 144 S. Kenmore Ave., L.A., CA 90004)—MS

DUMB ARTISTS COLLECTIVE: Ballots and Love Psalms Is the Dumb Artists Collective the spiritual brethren of Walls of Genius? Or maybe it's Negativland that they're kin to. Since the groups on this sampler have names like the Flying Musical Colostomy Bag, it should be obvious that we're not dealing with your normal mainstream artists collective here. This tape has lots of tape looping, spoken word, odd background noises and a high level of noise band madness, and should appeal to aficionados of off-the-wall experimental silliness. (Dumb Artists Collective, 172 Chestnut St., Rm. 209, Springfield, MA 01103)—BM

EINSTURZENDE NEUBAUTEN: 2 X 4 This live tape is better than *Strategies Against Architecture*, and as good, if not better, than *Drawings of Patient O.T.* From drones to screeches and crashes, this has it all. Besides such well known favorites as "Zum Tier Machen," there are such wonderfully Middle Eastern influenced songs as "Armenisch Bitter." One can almost imagine Blixa Bargeld as a muezzin chanting on a minaret. Now this band is one that has to be heard on the experiential level of a live show. But despite the fact that one doesn't have the intense visual spectacle with the tape, this does not detract from it at all. The music, or noise if you prefer, stands well on its own and makes for enjoyable listening. (ROIR, 611 Broadway Suite 725, NYC 10012)—Maria V. Montgomery

FALX CEREBRI: Rite 64 An international mail collaboration between Japanese, French and German musicians. This is an eerie hodgepodge of experimentalism, industry and trance which sounds like pagan ritual music for Gregorian robots. Not for the dance crowd. (Gut Level, 83 Intervale St., Brockton, MA 02402, C60)—SMB

FIFTH COLUMN: Pinpoints On a Nation Fifth Column is an audio magazine, which is another way of saying it's a compilation cassette enclosed in a fancy vinyl case along with some arty printed matter. The cassette is very well recorded and features an array of avant-pop with some solo piano pieces by John Zulaica. The avant pop is courtesy of Arto Lindsay, Monte Cazazza, Tim Wright and others; the surprise highlight is a piece by Psychic TV. (Box 14684, Lincoln Park Station, Chicago, IL 60614, C60, \$11.50 postpaid)—SMB

FINK/McCANDLESS: Dodo Birds I and Dodo Birds II Experimental instrumentals done with whatever instruments and/or other sound-producers (fans, bottles, slinkys with bells, etc.) that happened to be lying around at the time. They probably could have edited the best of both tapes down to just one, but other than that, this is solid amateur experimentation by people having fun making music for themselves, rather than making music specifically for commercial release. (515 Hermitagewood Dr., Huntsville, AL 35806, C90s, \$6 ea.)—BM

FISH KARMA: To Hell With Love, I'm Going Bowling What do you get when you throw Wild Man Fischer, Bob Dylan on drugs, and the soundtrack to *Oklahoma* in a blender with cheap tequila? I don't know either, but maybe

something like Fish Karma. Completely inane and thoroughly enjoyable. Had me laughing out loud. Recommended to anyone living in a trailer park, and to anyone who isn't. (Addled Recordings, POB 40421, Tucson, AZ 85717, C60)—Randy Grief

FUNHARM This is the second offering from Funharm, consisting of 28 short musical and/or sonic ideas that never develop themselves, but which are thankfully short enough that the pieces never torture the listener. There are many interesting textures and a lot of variations on meditative, alpha wave states. In fact, the tape sounds like someone's biofeedback catalyst. One can participate in the music because there is so much left out of it. I was imagining all sorts of parts I would play over the existing tracks, because their structure is invariably a drone augmented by little else than white noise or arpeggiated patterns on one other instrument. Funharm is for fans of environmental or ambient music who don't distinguish between structured and random, who don't know mood from mantra, and who can spend a week in a laserium without a sleeping bag or an ounce of hashish. (easily duped cassettes, 2204 H St. #12, Sacramento, CA 93816)—Pasquali Babalugats

TOM FURGAS: The Mayor of Rain The latest release by Tom, a home musician and avid tape swapper, continues his explorations into electronic, acoustic and found sound experimentation. His stuff tends to be slightly low-key, a bit quirky, full of new ideas and directions, and fun to listen to. (1840 Paisley #3, Youngstown, OH 44511, C60)—BM

FRANCISCO LOPEZ GOMEZ: El Internado Sounds like recordings of a monsoon. No musical instruments I can detect. Lots of pink noise. Maybe a manufacturing plant. It makes no excuses. Nothing happens. This tape is introversion. A blank wall on which anything can be hung. (5110-A, 28002 Madrid, Espana)—Randy Grief

RICHARD HELL: R.I.P. This tape is essentially a documentary of Richard Hell's development from 1975 to 1984, pre through post-Voidoids. While his fame rests with that band and their recorded output, this remains an interesting collection. Very interesting and, I would think, essential to his diehard fans, who will want to compare the recorded versions of "Betrayal Takes Two," "I'm Your Man," "Ignore That Door" and "Going Gone" to the demo versions here. The Heartbreakers sides (3 demos recorded in 1975) sound quite similar to what later became the Voidoids sound. The 1984 material would be almost indistinguishable were it not for the addition of Nick Sanzeback on sax, and on "The Hunter Was Drowned," Pete LeBon on guitar. They bring a welcome added dimension to Hell's music. In short, this cassette will not likely win him any new fans, but will be greatly appreciated by those who already enjoy his music. (ROIR, 611 Broadway, Suite 725, NYC 10012)—Steve Hecox

MOHAMMED CHIKE IHENACHO: Solo Funk C and Kabazz/Ethno Rock (Total Insanity) Ihenacho plays the kalimba (African thumb piano) on *Solo Funk C*, and brings out a lovely brittle thumping sound (with pitch bend effects) within the (seemingly) pentatonic scale of the instrument. The melodies and rhythms suggest a parlando (literally: "speaking") quality that is bemusing and captivating. Unfortunately, there seems to be an air conditioner running in the background of Side One, but it doesn't detract too much from the feel of the music. *Total Insanity* features Ihenacho in a funk group, largely laid-back but with intriguing "message" lyrics. Only complaint about these tapes is the lack of sleeves, although Xerox info sheets are provided. (Ihenacho, 133 Forest Hills St. Suite 3, Jamaica Plain, MA 02130, C60s)—Tom Furgas

KHAMVONG INSIXIENGMAI: Thinking About the Old Village—Traditional Lao Music With the Pathet Lao takeover of Laos in the mid-1970s, thousands of Lao who had worked for Americans or the former government found it necessary to escape from their homeland, usually by swimming or boating across the wide Maekong river to Thailand. Many ended up in the U.S. Among them were some of the best musicians and singers of Laos. One was Khamvong Insixiengmai, formerly of Minneapolis, now of Fresno, who is perhaps the most versatile Lao traditional singer in the U.S. The tape includes two cuts of solo instrumental music, one for kaen (bamboo mouth organ with free reeds) and one for so (fiddle). In the vocal selections, Khamvong sings about his former village life and travel to America in three regional styles: *lum sithandone*, *lum poo tai*, and *lum khonsavanh*, all from southern Laos. Although the words are completely foreign to Americans, the music has been found to be unusually attractive. The accompanying booklet fully translates the vocal texts. (World Music Enterprises, 717 Avondale St., Kent, OH 44240, \$8 including 11-page booklet. Produced by Cliff Sloane. Translations by Tou Huayor Vang.)—Terry Miller

L.A. MANTRA II This double cassette compilation deals with trance or hypnotic music, or rather, as the liners explain, the idea of trance music as it influences other forms of music. The 4 sides here represent 4 levels of trance music, ranging from straightforward songs with trance overtones up to pieces of music that are entirely composed of pulsing rhythms. Yet, regardless of the level of trance music represented, the music never crosses the line into either elevator ambience or industrial harshness, but manages to keep the better qualities of both. This blend of both without being either seems to be true for

many other Trance Port releases as well. The 24 artists on this anthology are generally unknown outside of L.A. experimental circles. Their music is excellent and perhaps this release will help them to become better known. (Trance Port, Box 85/436, L.A., CA 90072, C60s)—BM

TIMOTHY LEARY: The Final Taboo 83 minutes of a 1980 comedy/lecture from one of the more controversial thinkers of our time. I was skeptical too when I heard Leary was doing the comedy routine. Was this a put-on, had he finally lost it, or was he sincere? I'm glad to report that he seems sincere. These are funny but provocative monologues about migration from East to West, the Creation (where God is compared to a condominium owner), space colonization, and the nepotism of "The Establishment." Sure it's rambling, but I kind of like it that way. His message sure sinks in better when it's done with verbal wit instead of ponderous print, at least for impatient types like myself. There's too much on the liberating virtues of mind-altering substances—he tries to make non-indulgents feel like slow backward fuddy-dufs—but this is good for thought that helps restore your sense of cosmic purpose after yet another boring day at work. (Trance Port, Box 85/436, L.A., CA 90072)—Richie Unterberger

K. LEIMER: Installation View A collection "comprised primarily of unfinished material or material that served as a point of departure for other pieces," the 21 pieces on this one-hour tape range from 8 seconds to 7 1/2 minutes long and date from 1977-83. There is an overabundance of early material: 13 of the pieces date from 1977-79, predating Leimer's first album *Closed System Potentials*. This music tends to be sparser in texture than Leimer's records, emphasizing synthesizer and piano (with guitars on two pieces). It's similar to the gentler music on Eno's *Music For Films*. The music from 1980-83 tends to be thicker-textured, frequently includes percussion, and sounds more "finished". Leimer wisely chose not to program the pieces in chronological order, so packing holds the tape together despite the stylistic and chronological range. An enjoyable tape, though not recommended for newcomers to Leimer's music; the *Land of Look Behind* album is a better introduction. (Palace of Lights Records, POB 4141, Seattle, WA 98104)—Mark Sullivan

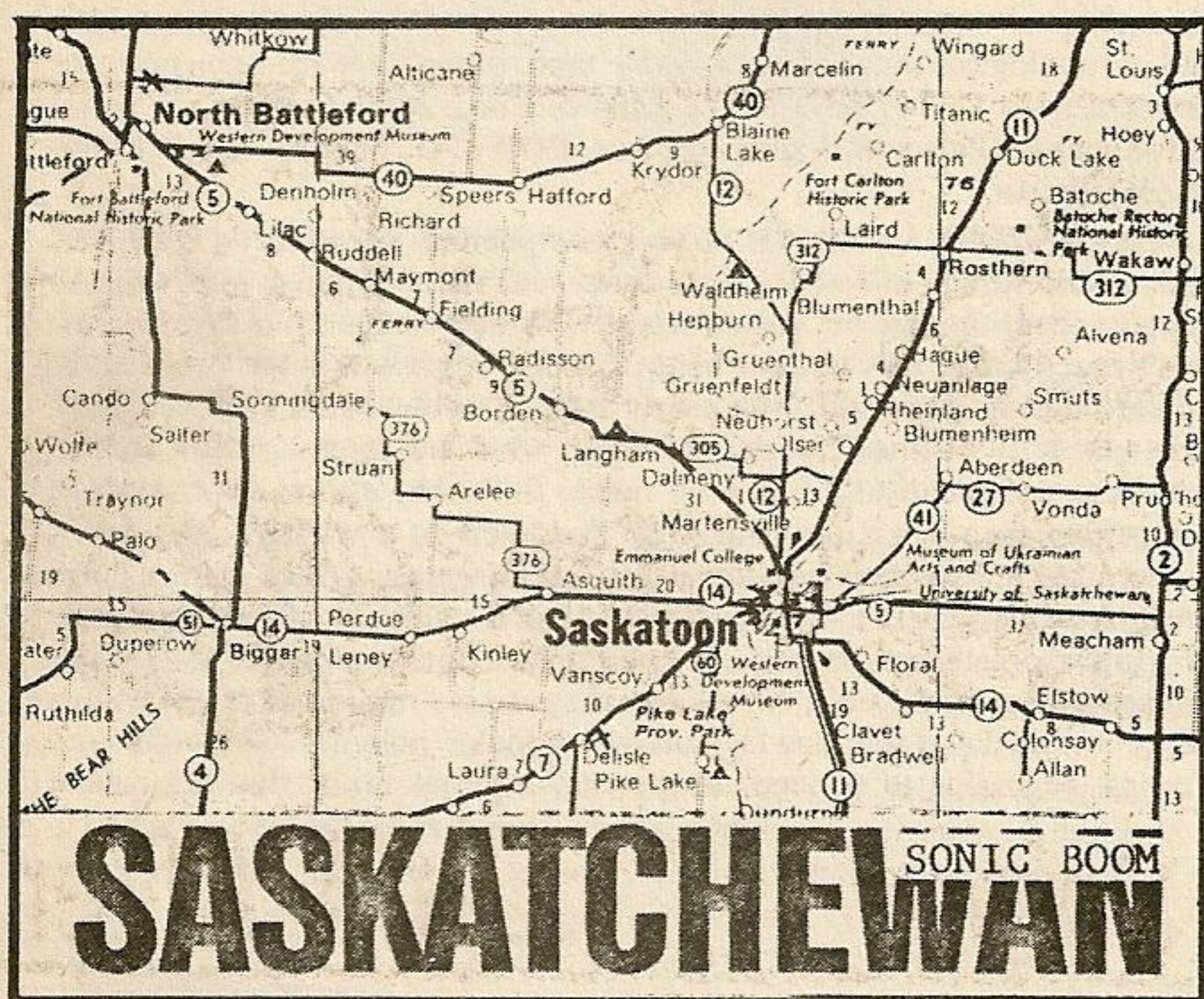
LOCAL INTERNATIONAL 14-song compilation Recommended handles such a wide variety of wonderful, unusual stuff that it's almost impossible to imagine them turning out a dull sampler. Which makes me a sap, because that's exactly what they've done here. This tape is not without its moments of interest, but the good stuff isn't nearly as good as the dismal stuff is dismal. Best cut is by Unrest Work and Play, who are intense, idiosyncratic, relentless, and politically just a bit inane. Still, they always manage to be compelling even when annoying. The Paddock do a very engaging bit of modernized and twisted traditional English folk music. After Dinner pinch the interest gland with a tune that features verses which start out as a march, turn into something else and then jump to a totally different backward-tracked bridge, and Debile Menthol manage to be frantic and relentless in a very controlled and subdued fashion, which makes no sense to me either and I'm just beginning to understand the stupidity and vanity that lies behind



The Lost Souls

trying to write quasi-intelligent reviews. Anyway, Home and Garden do an acceptable rip-off of the Doors, and the Red Crayola with Art and Language turn in some okay funk with dumb lyrics that I guess were supposed to be intriguing, and that's about it. The other contributors (Zut Un Feu Rouge, The Lowest Note, Charles Vrtacek, Negativland, Heiner Goebbels) fail to interest or amuse, which is especially unfortunate since the first three mentioned got two tries each. I know it's all just a matter of taste, but I still think that R.R. are capable of much better than this. (Recommended Records, 387 Wandsworth Rd., London SW 8, U.K., C46)—Mark Kissinger

THE LOST SOULS A super collection of previously unreleased tapes from mid-1960s Cleveland local sensations the Lost Souls, including Cleveland legend Denny Carleton. These guys were one of the most eclectic pop-rock groups of the decade. In attitude they recall the Left Banke, specializing in innocuous pop of unusual complexity and depth, with lovely melodies and harmonies. They were the only group I've heard to use a mandolin, flute and sax within the conventional pop-rock context, and it works great. There's echoes of folk-rock, British Invasion, Motown, garage, hard rock distorted guitar, and even some jazzy tempo changes, but it never sounds derivative. And all ten of the songs are originals, simultaneously getting the max out of pop-rock and challenging its structures to the limits. Sound variable (seems like a lot of cuts were taken from acetates), but always very listenable. Lost Souls indeed—this is one of the great lost groups of the sixties, and one of the best reissues of 1984. (Green Light Releases, POB 23121, Euclid, OH 44123, \$5.75 postpaid)—Richie Unterberger



Sonic Boom

MEAT POWDER & CLICK CLACK: Noise East Indies Live improvisations by Mark Fink, Bill McCandless, and Bo Parker, on a list of instruments too long to include here. Improvisations that vary from dense, reverberant metallic textures to fragmented, chunky, sort-of contrapuntal pieces, occasionally loitering on the borders of melody. This is good "noise," a lot of variety, experimentation, and exploration: heavy on the reverb. Pieces tend to be too long, but are mostly fascinating. They cover territory from AMM to Z'ev, from Henry Kaiser to Borbetomagus. (NAR Records, 515 Hermitage-wood Dr., Huntsville, AL 35806; dist. by Aeon, 604 Princeton, Ft. Collins, CO 80525)—Brent Wilcox

MINOY: "Lunar Eclipse/Chinese Reflecting Pool" "Lunar Eclipse" maintains the sensation of overcrowding and paranoia for over 20 minutes. "Chinese Reflecting Pool" is a bit more sparse and pentatonic. The synths could be wooden flutes. Well-recorded on chrome tape. (923 W. 232 St., Torrance, CA 90502, \$6 postpaid)—MS

MYCROFT: Sex in Space This guitar-dominated, female-fronted five piece seems to want to straddle the material somewhere between Frank Zappa and Sparks. That means parodies of the California view of life. However, they neglect to include either the sophisticated jazz ensemble backdrop of Zappa or the cartoon mentality of Sparks. Vocalist Peggy Max counterpoints Steve Hecox's riffing with a breathy style that ought to appeal to white middle-class adolescents, but before they try to take on MTV and America-at-large, they better find someone who can both write and arrange better tunes. Why

anyone would spoil lyrics to titles like "Sex in Space," "Jesus and Elvis," or "How Do the Russians Live?" with uninspired guitar ploddings like these is beyond me. (Tidy Brain Music, 610 S. Venice Blvd., #4656, Venice, CA 90291)—Mark Dickson

PHANTOM TAKES compilation Fifteen good examples of what's *really* going on in L.A. All of these artists appeared on the *L.A. Mantra* tapes vols. I and II, and are here given another shot at immortality. Essentially, this is a wide ranging sampler from the L.A. experimental underground, all commendable; the best I can do is mention favorites and suggest you take it from there: Fat and Fucked Up, Debt of Nature, An Bene, Pierre Lambow's highlight "Metal and Flesh"...oh,heck, it's so hard to decide. NOTE: this is not for sale but is available through a special offer only. Contact Trance Port for details. (Trance Port, Box 85/436, L.A., CA 90072)—SMB

POISON GAS RESEARCH: Time/Amenia Right off the bat this deserves an A for packaging. With your cassette you get a booklet with some not so pretty pictures of people (and animals) dealing with poison gas, some note cards to tell your friends about the band, and a nifty plastic zip-lock that it all fits in. Now on the cassette, side one scrapes and broods in a rhythmic fashion, presenting whispers in the foreground, distorted screaming in the distance. Industrial doesn't quite catch it, machine age psychodrama might. Side 2's "Amenia" has a wandering dissociated feel on tight wires, and what sounds to be a shortwave radio scanning the sideband. (Poison Gas Research, 540 Alabama St. #310, S.F., CA 94110)—MS

PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE BRANCH: Prisoners of War Not Yet Fought The name and packaging of this cassette is deceptive. Not the heavy, industrial electronics that I expected. The first side has a 60's acoustic sound with psychotropic-socio-political lyrics like "We can't live in a factory of dreams." The two songs on the first side are a little reminiscent of early Nico. The second side is more electronic third world rhythms. Found political phrases are cut in, but work well with the music rather than overpowering it. (PWB, POB 1373, Redway, CA 95560, C30, \$4.50)—Randy Greif

JUSTIN SARAGOZA: Ode to Sammy Davis Jr. This eccentric (but nice) tape was "recorded as an improvisation for any instrument and a prepared tape." Basically, it's a lot of noodling and experimentation with a solo electric guitar. What the tie-in with Sammy Davis Jr. is, I'm not sure of, since the music here bears no resemblance to his, but this tape makes for pleasant listening. No price listed, so it seems this might be a good contact for all the tape swappers out there (but write first). (4855 W. Warm Springs, Las Vegas, NV 89118, one-sided C60)—BM

SKIP AND THE EXCITING ILLUSIONS You could easily dismiss this music as standard, boring funk if it weren't for a few things that set it apart. First, the bass lines are melodic as well as rhythmic. This is especially commendable since the prime mover of this band, Alonzo "Skip" Gardner, is the bass player. He performs a very nice solo in "There's a Space Inside For Me"—as does flutist Jeff Scheloff, who also renders a fine tenor sax performance in "I Laughed All Day." These are the highlights. On the other hand, every song seems to settle into a comfortable groove and eventually groove itself to death. The lyrics aspire to the "brotherhood of man" school; "We're all God's children under the sun/This is the one thing we all have in common" is a relevant sample. Gardner's delivery is the same from song to song. Overall, while the music beats your everyday funk, it still sounds the same all the way through. (ROIR, 611 Broadway Suite 725, NYC 10012)—Steve Hecox

SONIC BOOM: Saskatchewan A dense stew of rhythmic and synthetics with guitars, voices, trumpet and typewriter tossed in. It's all on one side of a C90 and highly recommendable. (Improbable, Box 1452, Sta. A, St. Catharines, Ontario, Canada L2R 7J9)—SMB

SUN RA: Interview Extremely interesting and lively conversation with self-professed spaceman and modern big band leader, Sun Ra. He details how he got started in music, why he believes he was not born on this planet, his view of the history of humanity and his advice for them. Essential for fans; highly recommended for others who would like to explore the mind of this genius eccentric. (Radio-Free Music, POB 24068, Columbus, OH 43224, 2 hour cassette, \$7.95 postpaid)—B. Tripp

SWINGING AXE SAMPLER It's absolutely amazing to me that these compilations always seem to be made up of artists with nearly identical styles. Poor editing makes it nearly impossible to tell where one thing stops and another starts, which doesn't really matter since most all of it sounds the same. At least its consistent, but unfortunately for my taste, it's consistently not interesting. The artists here would probably love it if I used words like eerie, spooky, weird, and evocative to describe this music, but I ain't gonna. I can't. There are no melodies here, and what little concession to rhythm there is is the simplest 4/4 drum box type stuff. Side one is basically one long electronic sound collage made up of various synthesized gurgles, swoops, thuds, swirls and drones, interrupted here and there with narration or shouting. Side two is more of the same except for Max and Mel, who seem to be coming from a Beefheart meets Throbbing Gristle direction, and the Love Stumps, who lean far too heavily on the Residents and Flying Lizards. In my

opinion, the pieces are all too long and undeveloped to sustain any real interest or make a statement. Of course fans of eerie, spooky, weird, evocative home electronics might well find me wrong. Enough said. (Swinging Axe Productions, Box 3741, Northridge, CA 91323)—C.W. Vrtacek

TELLUS No. 4 One of a growing number of cassette magazines. Though they claim to present "audio art, new music, poetry and drama," there is a clear emphasis on new, primarily New York music. The range, however, is quite wide, including names such as Rhys Chatham, Sonic Youth, Charlie Morrow, Charlie Noyes and Christopher Knowles in their first three issues. There was a definite tendency towards post-punk rock, industrial noise and the like in the initial issues.

The fourth installment is quite a different story. Of the seven pieces recorded, five are for piano. Among the composers of these keyboard pieces, the most familiar name is probably Michael Byron. His work is for piano four hands and has a clangorous sound generated by layering simple block chords. Julius Eastman's piano four hands work is quite different. This dark, sober work investigates the resonant characteristics of the piano's low register. One of the more unusual pieces is David Weinstein's work for prepared electric piano in just intonation. Like Cage's prepared acoustic piano, the electric version (it sounds like a Fender Rhodes) has the sound of gamelan music, but the notes are damped.

The draw item is Paul Drescher's "Pygmy Vocal Music," an extract from the music-theater piece *are, are* created by George Coates. Drescher is very much influenced by Reich. This piece is densely layered with small, repeated melodic cells. Among the performers are two excellent tenors, John Duykers and Rinde Eckert, whose singing is augmented by what appears to be synthesized sounds, perhaps with some manner of tape manipulation. Though it is brief, it is quite nice. One of the best items is Ellen Fullman's piece, performed on a homemade instrument consisting of 50-foot wires coupled to a wooden box resonator. The sound is a cross between a synthesizer and a hurdy-gurdy. There are a couple of duds, but that is nearly unavoidable in any compilation or sampler. Overall, a nice package and a series worth investigating. (143 Ludlow St., Suite 14, NYC 10002)—Dean Suzuki

37 PINK: Corrective Justice The thing I like about noise bands is that they force listener participation. Like, is the noise coming out of my speakers what the band recorded on the tape or is it the sound of my cassette deck going berserk and shredding the tape? 37 Pink is a hardcore noise band. Rhythmic, pulsing white noise/static combines with high-pitched oscillations to form a spacy industrial background, upon which muffled vocals and tape loops are sometimes overlaid. If you're curious about noise bands, this is a good and inexpensive place to start. (Box 55502, Tucson AZ 85703-5502, C45, \$4)—BM

A BREAKFAST BUFFET WITH DAVID THOMAS David talks frankly about his bands, from Rocket from the Tombs through Pere Ubu to David Thomas & the Pedestrians, in between rides on the Elby's all-you-can-eat breakfast bar. Much humorous content provided by David, his band and the Elby's waitresses. Recommended. (Radio-Free Music, POB 24068, Columbus, OH 43224, \$5.95 postpaid)—B. Tripp

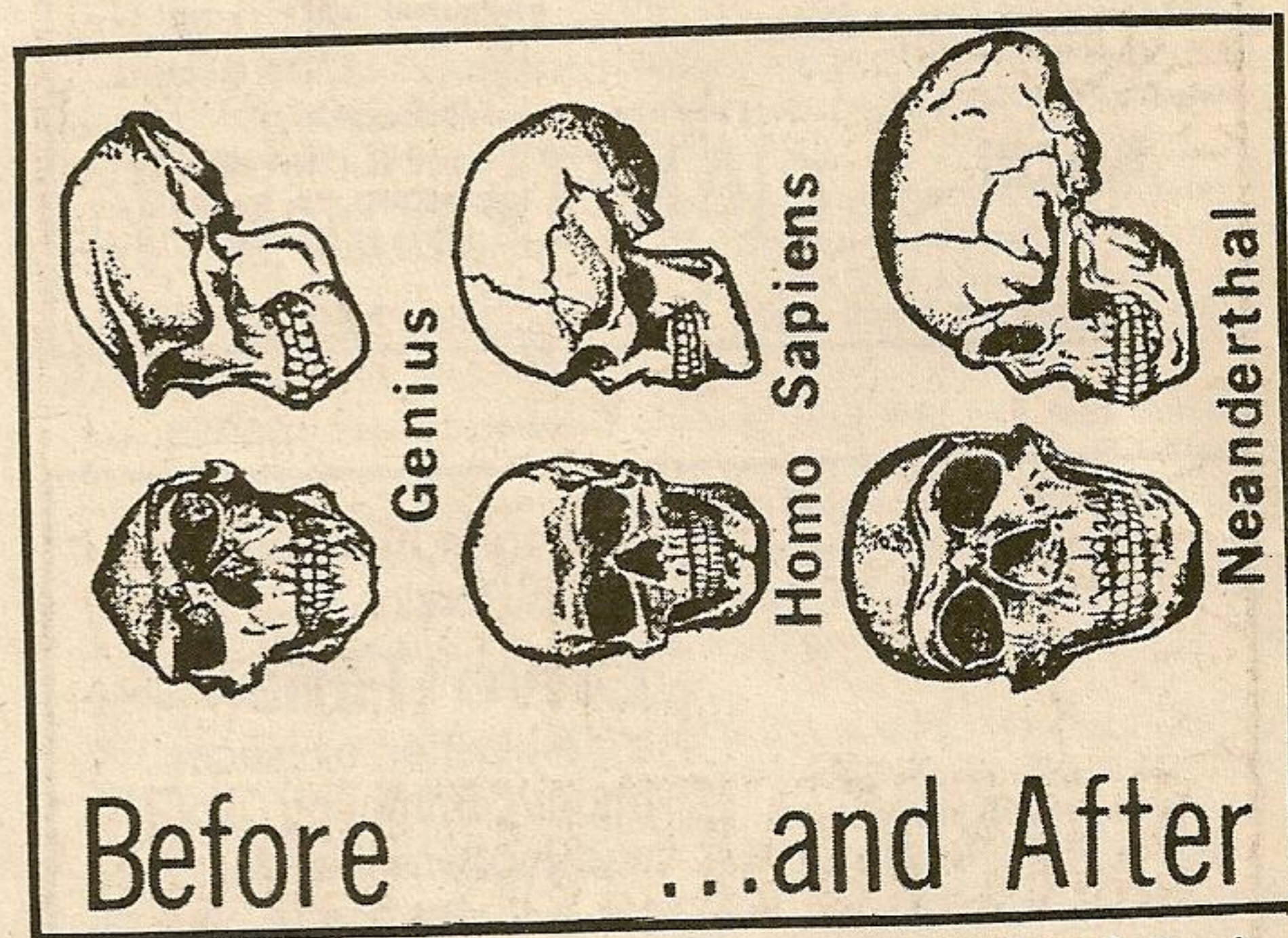
JEAN TINGUELY: Jean Tinguely Sculpture at the Tate Modern sculptor Tinguely makes kinetic sculpture, the most famous of which self-destruct when set in motion. This cassette tape captures the sounds of 13 of Tinguely's pieces, dating from 1955 to as recent as 1979. These works are made of metal, motors, and various found objects. They have names like *Wackel Baluba*, *Gismo*, *Relief Meta-mecanique Sonore I*, and the magnum opus from this collection, *Meta-Harmonie II*. They make a marvelous racket, a terrific noise. Those photographed in the accompanying booklet have a phantasmagorical look, especially the *Meta-Harmonie*, which measures some 380 X 690 X 160 cm. [I was wondering when somebody would record this contraption!—SB] After hearing this, it seems apparent that Tinguely has had at least some influence on industrial noise artists such as Z'ev. (Audio Arts, 6 Briarwood Rd., London SW4 9PX, U.K., supplement to Vol. 6)—Dean Suzuki

FRED TOMPKINS: 3 New Pieces Composer Tompkins has carved out a unique niche in a self-created nether region between jazz and classical composition. Most of his music has the feel, pulse, and sound of jazz and/or fusion, yet he fully notates all the parts (except the rhythm section) with the precision of a classical composer. Indeed, on two of these pieces, even the bass lines are notated, giving only drummer Rick Cutler any interpretive freedom. Rather than stifling Tompkins' creativity, this method instead allows him a degree of control far beyond that of a jazz arranger, who is at the mercy of the level of inspiration which improvising soloists can muster at any given time. The short (7:30) "Fanfare 8" features trumpet in the style of modern classical brass composition, over a slightly dissonant jazz-rock rhythm track. "Ariana" (20:20) is also a brass work, focusing on French horn virtuoso John Clark. A bop-flavored opening section, driven by Cutler and bassist Harvie Swartz, suddenly gives way to eerie textural explorations with horn, synth, and cello; just as suddenly, the bop section re-emerges, to end up in jazz-rock territory. "Guitar Melody For Spence" (20:44) is an attractive, if perhaps overlong, suite featuring Chuck Loeb on electric and acoustic guitars, with bass and

drums. All three pieces are easily approachable by the "average" jazz/fusion listener, yet they evince a high degree of compositional sophistication throughout. Tompkins also has three LPs of his earlier compositions available, all likewise varied and musically stimulating. (1100 Park Ave., NYC 10128, \$8)—Tom Bingham

THE UNDERPEOPLE: 4-song cassette Although the Underpeople have been known to refer to their music as "intellectual heavy metal," the similarity to metal ends with the tone settings. There is some truly "brave" guitar on this tape. The microtonal slide solo on "Zontar, The Thing From Venus" is coming from the same angle as something off an old Beefheart record. Wild. (The Underpeople c/o B.B. Russell, 22610 Maple Ave. #4, Torrance, CA 90505)—MS

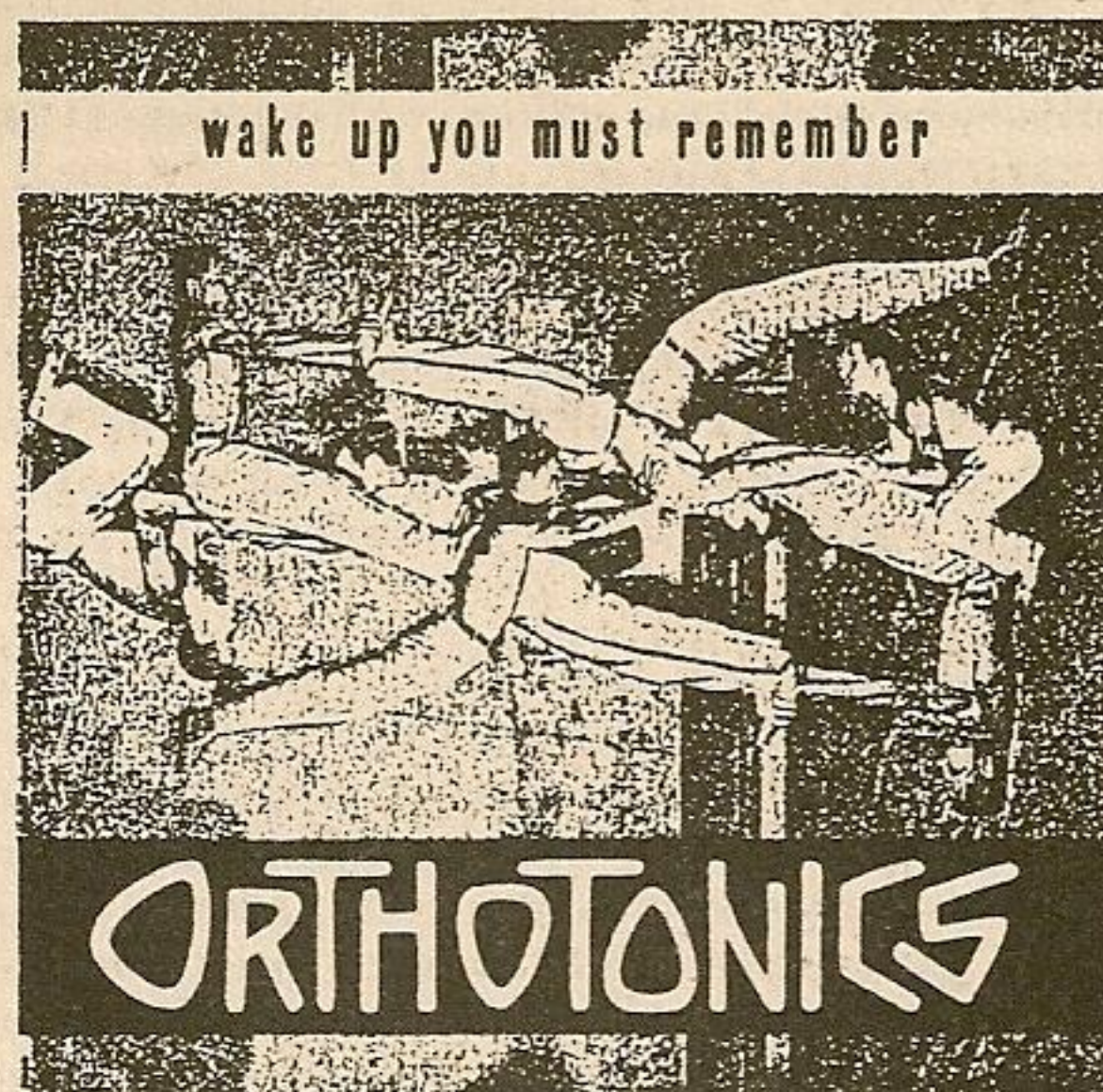
WALLS OF GENIUS: Before...And After The first I've heard of Boulder's renowned zanies (see article in "W" *Op*). This is positively more diverse and humorous than any other home noisemakers I've heard. Starts off with a clever/scary tape manipulation of the Presidential debates, then leads right into a very camp but very sincere hippyish tune called "I Live For the Sun" ...then a goofy instrumental with a black mass organ and off-key recorder...and so on for the rest of the approximately 40-minute tape. Highlights include a send-up of "Twist and Shout," a classic rap about sex and politics ("sex is a fuck, and politics is completely fucked. It's better to fuck than get fucked or fucked over, and it's plenty of fun just gettin' fucked up"), and the closing piece "It's a Scary World Out There," which like much of WoG's output is both funny and chilling. When writing, don't forget to ask for their personally bestowed "Certificate of Genius" (suitable for framing). (POB 1093, Boulder, CO 80306, \$5)—Richie Unterberger



Walls of Genius

THE WOOFLES: A Recent Dance—A Decent Trance The Woofles were one of my favorite acts at last summer's *Op* conference, where they mostly played full-bodied personal pop-rock songs. There's some of that here, but I wasn't prepared to hear so many other styles as well. There's British late sixties-sounding pop, funky stuff, a country-rock like number, a Syd Barrett-like thing, Enoish snatches, and a few somewhat avant-garde sound collages that are kind of like the Residents, but more accessible and warmer to my pop taste. I count their versatility as a plus, yet ultimately I'm fondest of the melodic personal pop songs. Still, I imagine that if you're not as pop-oriented as I am, you might get into the sound sculptures the most and think of the pop songs as the filler. An interesting and very diverse band that doesn't let its mastery of the studio obscure its sincerity and good-naturedness. (Grapefruit, POB 961, Bronxville, NY 10703, C60, \$5 postpaid)—Richie Unterberger

WORLD CLASS PUNK 27 bands from 25 countries. No U.S. or English bands, and most of the songs aren't in English. Side 1, the "core" side, features hardcore punk and thrash. Side 2, the "fringe" side, shows the more experimental side of punk. English speaking or not, these bands smoke. The energy and feelings come across regardless of language. The bands are all relative unknowns and come from Europe, the Iron Curtain countries, South America, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. Contact addresses are included: Song selection and liner notes by world class punk Mykel Board. (ROIR, 611 Broadway Suite 725, NYC 10012)—BM



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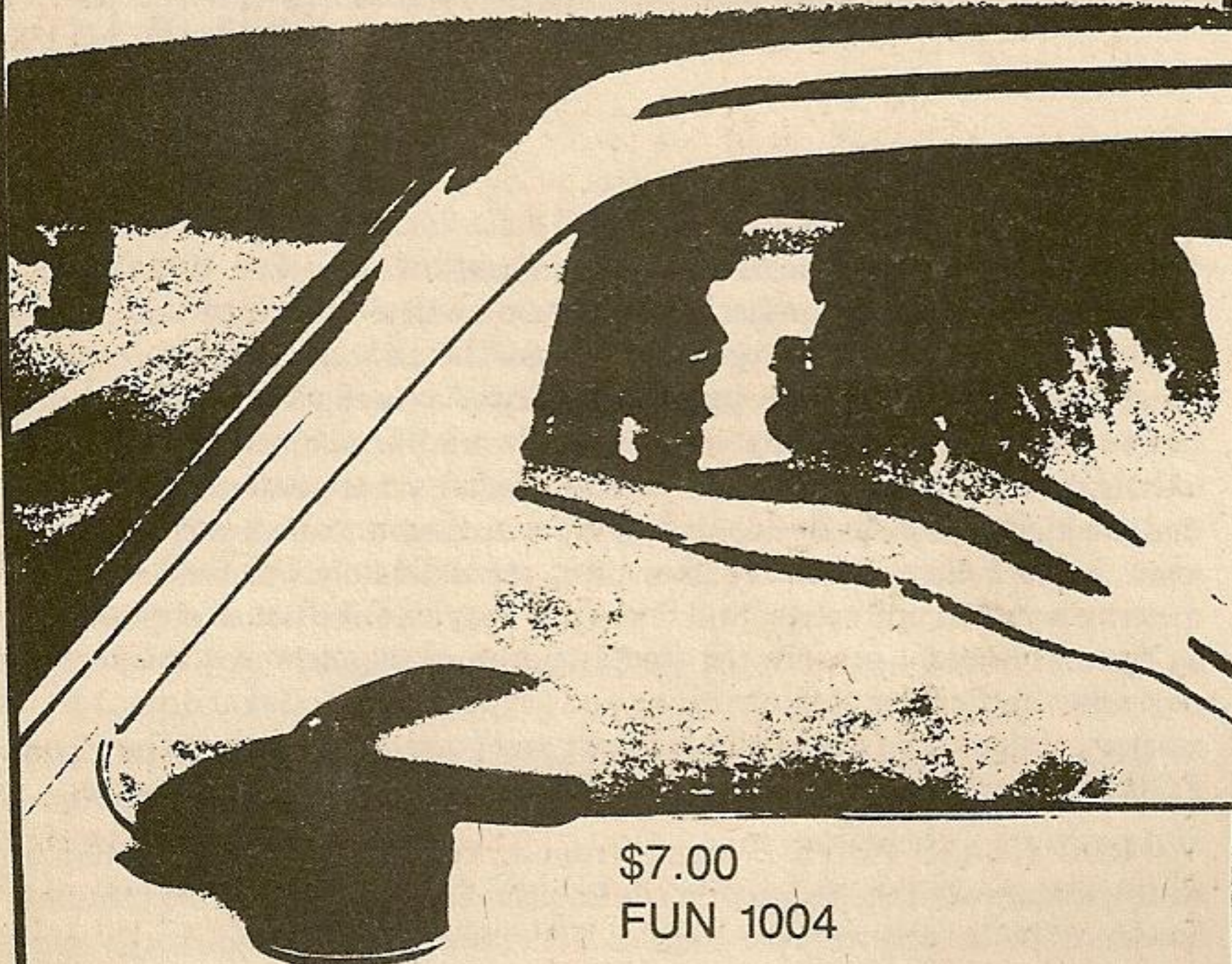
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Castanets

by Robin James

Some leftovers from the LMN/OP shopping bag in Olympia...

BULLDOGS DC new wave quartet, reformed. (Scott Tyburski, 1 Leighton Place, Silver Spring, MD 20901)

EUGENE CHADBOURNE: Dinosaur On-the-Way More original guitar wildman madness and dramatic exploitations of the Beatles, Charles Manson and Rev. Jim Jones. The most substantial release to date of a cassette which features Jenny Chadbourne (who took the cover photos of live dinosaurs) with guest vocalists/musicians Perry Brothers, Will Tomlinson, Toshinori Kondo, Kaka Gizmoichi, John Zorn, Mark Kramer, David Licht, Tom Cora and Becky Jordan. **UNSAFE AT MAXIMUM LOUDNESS** (but don't let that stop you from doing it). Look for the epic document "The Secret of the Cooler" from a legendary band called **SHOCKABILLY** if you like road journal literature. (2306 Sherwood St., Greensboro, NC 27403, \$7)

CHRISTMAS 1984: He Knows When You Are Sleeping, He Knows When You're Awake Over 20 Olympia/Seattle-based musical Christmas selections, ranging from the U-Men doing an Elvis Presley twanger to a little girl named Rhiannon singing "Silent Night." My alltime favorite Christmas laments are now "Mr. Grinch" by the Young Pioneers and "Rudy the Deer," a reggae version of the classic with a new ending ("who shot Rudolf?"). Also outstanding in a more serious direction is Danny Kelly's "xmas song." Christmas should always be this subversive. (114 N. Pear, Olympia, WA 98506, C60, \$2)

TOM FURGAS: Quantum Geometry Networks Odd sound fest which takes us thru the miracles of physics, a voyage of dark confusion and magic, conducted with the use of synthesizers, tape loops, found sounds, guitar and etc. Bring your thinking cap and try to figure out some principles of Planck's Quantum of Action and why there's a serum chart included. The tape I prefer to use for anti-muzak awareness training material. (1840 Paisley Rd. 3, Youngstown, OH 44511, \$3 or trade, prefer trade)

GIRLS ON FIRE: Life is So Funny I Think I'll Shoot Myself Heavy "Bang and Yowl" classics, power-packed intensity, and total honesty by one of my favorite crazy singers (and laughers). "Hideous Pants," "South of Market," "Florida" and (live at Club Foot) "Camus Crashing Burning and Eating Hungry Man TV Diners." There are numerous other GOF releases you should know about—**Confessions of a Shit Addict, I Think About Jackson Pollock**, more. Not horror. Not by an Art Student. A laff riot. Teeheeteheteeheehahaaaa (Leslie Singer, 1405 Van Ness Ave., S.F., CA 94109, C60, \$2.99)

BRET HART: Piet Mondrian Series/Nada Thing Fantastic synth-guitarist and home-made "bend" guitar wizard Hart created an homage to the famous painter "Red Tree" (1908), "Broadway Boogie Woogie" (1942-43), "Grey Tree" (1912), more. Backed with a collection of original compositions including "A Hare in My Soup," "Plodding the Future," "Sage" (a Navy expression for flatulating), "Going to Korea." His parents will forward mail to him in Korea. (9 Gull Path, Liverpool, NY 13088, C60, \$6)

HOSES AND THE RAB: The Epitome of Our Uselessness Orange printed cover with a picture of two bearded persons, probably some kind of cult. Stick Dog is Sick. He's a Sick, Sick Doggie. Tape of two guys who sing lousy and talk and go on and on and have weird background sounds and are really funny funny funny. Stick Dog says "Gee this IS fun." Please help him. (Stick Dog, 616-B Ibold Rd., Loveland, OH 45140, C60, \$3)

INSANE MUSIC CONTACT: Homemade Music for Homemade People, Vol. 2 An international compilation, "bloody but chic," 28 tracks. Big on electronic, industrial and experimental sound, with humor. Certainly qualifies as "non-boring." The Psyclones, an American noise entity, have a little number called "Ashtrays." Neo Zelanda (Spain) has another noteworthy ditty called "No Digas Nada"; also believable are the Swiss unit Nisus Anal Furgler and Japan's EP-4. The cover is largely black with spatters of blood (red paint) on it and the cassette. (Alain Neffe, 2 Grand Rue B-6190, Trazegnies, Belgium, C60, \$5)

MEDIA SPACE: Paul Thomas Part of a poetry series. "This is the way I see it." "I see land." "A realist's view." Good sounding poetics. Accompanied vocals. A list of imagined instruments: marsh, fog horn, dry winds, rustling (really synth). Excellent series. (POB 152, Inglewood, Western Australia 6052)

LARRY JOE MILLER: Rub a Bucket Twelve authentic rockabilly tunes yeah! Great stuff with the boys bangin' it out on the gits, bull fiddle, drums, lots of vocals and twitchin'. Jeterboy has a series of useful male

rock cassettes. [*"Useful male rock?"-ed.*] (Jeterboy Records and Tapes, 226 NE 5th Ave., Dania, FL 33004, \$4)

MOSTLY OCEAN Interesting and enjoyable acoustic (and some electric) guitar improvisations in cyclic structures, with diagrams instead of names, plus some ensemble music (with percussion, bass, keyboard, vocals). (172 Murray St., Binghamton, NY 13905, C46, \$6)

MUSICWORKS 28: Electro-Acoustic Music in Canada "Electronic recalcitrance. The media seems flexible and malleable but turns out to be very tough...not exactly rigid but flexible, like metal, with its own idea of the shape it wants to assume. Responsive, ultimately only to the most alchemical smelterings..." These are the words of Martin Bartlett, from another excellent edition of MusicWorks. Interesting topic, great sound program, fine tabloid. Check out this series of Contemporary Canadian Sound Arts and Artists for the full effect. (1087 Queen St. W, Toronto, Ontario M6J 1H3 Canada, C60 + tabloid, \$20 US for one year's subscription, 4 editions)

THE NAIROBI SOUND Acoustic and electric guitar music and vocals of Kenya. This is low-tech studio recordings of splendid quality. A very warm anthology of twelve solo artists and ensembles, very lively folk songs. My favorites are "Wanjiru Wanjiru" by Francius Machana, "Chemirocha" by Herbert Misango, and "Western Shilo" by David Kabaka. (Original Music, Rd. 1, Box 190, Lasher Rd., Tivoli, NY 12583, \$9.98, LP length cassette)

NATASHA: Reel Tyme All playing and singing, improvisationally arranged around Natasha's compositions by her and Judas. Strong voice, acoustic guitar, percussion. Seeking to unveil the mysteries, piercing like a bright blue jay. 14 songs. (Judas and Natasha Hanna, 37 Golden St., Belmont, MA 02178, C46, \$5, each tape is different from the one before it)

OUTLET: Ancient Intimacy Drums, guitar and bass. Some daring, cool jazz. man. (Unstuck Prod. Inc., #10R 335 E. 5th St., NYC 10003, C90)

CHRIS OWENS: Anyone's Revolution Normal mainstream rock music that just so happens to have "revolutionary" lyrics. Nice voice. (Cromuscia, 187 Prospect Pl., Brooklyn, NY 11238)

PAN 2: Pandemonia Ultra T.U. Logarithm and Furry Couch making a racket, with Furry on guitar and T.U. on radio and both on electronic brouhaha. Bring your crash helmet for some wild action. "Welcome, I hope you have the right room" (Logarithmic Tapes, 132 Washington St. Apt. 5, Bloomfield, NJ 07003)

AL PERRY: Saguaro Beach Rock out! Plus slim odd feedback and overdrive sections. Ten songs including "Gerbils," "Loonybin Rock," "Dance of the Mall People." (POB 40421, Tucson, AZ 85717, \$3.50)

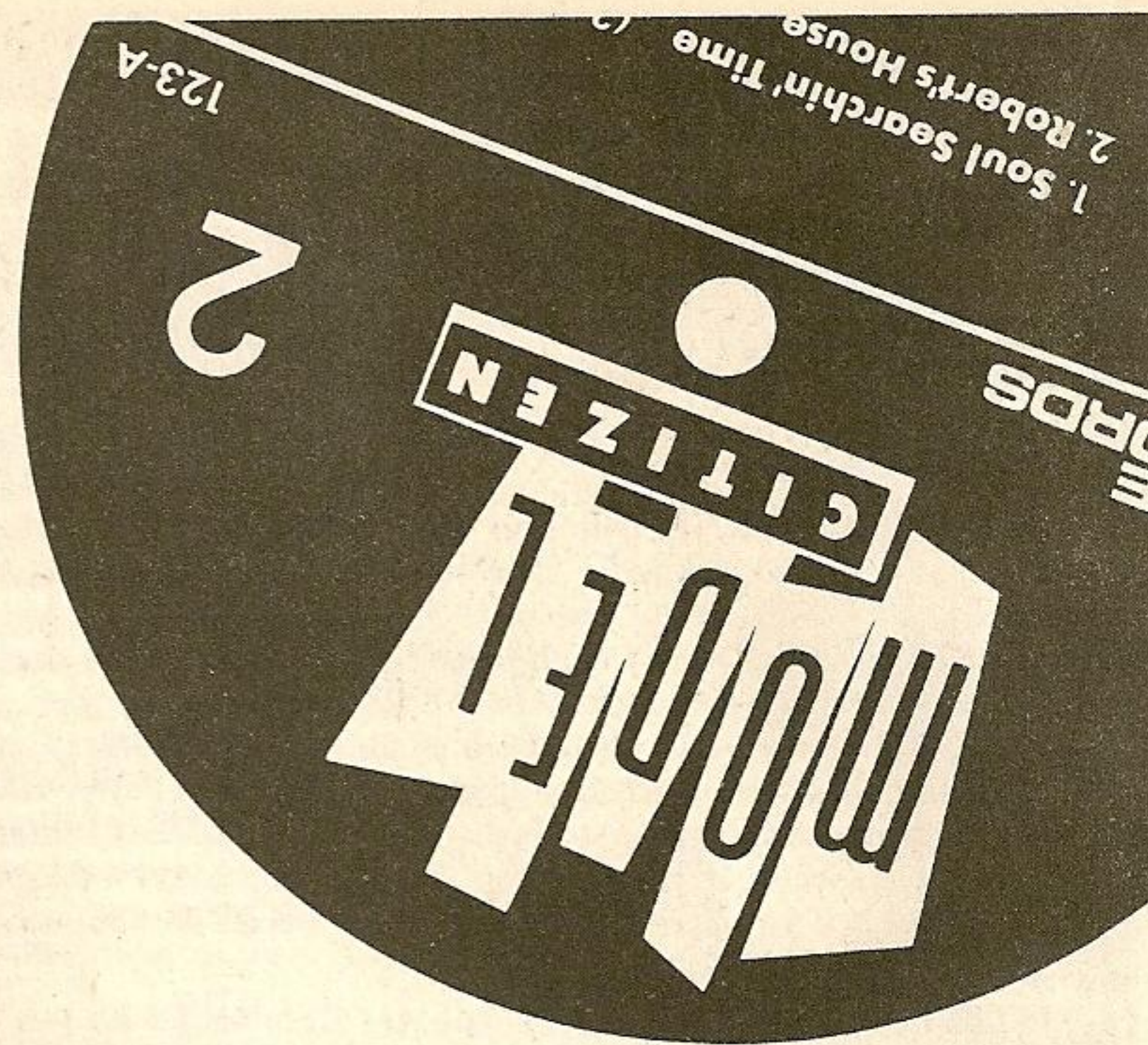
PIANOSAURUS A guy they call "the amiable toy Czar," who uses toys in performances (trying to get a promotional deal with "Toys-R-Us"). John Sebastian and Jonathan Richman fans will probably enjoy this band. (62 Morton St., NYC 10014)

SONGS THE SWAHILI SING Classics from the Kenya Coast. All the warmth and quality of sound as Original Music's **THE NAIROBI SOUND**. Twelve songs featuring percussion, accordions, vocals, and some guitars, with a very notable Arabian influence. Indian film music and occasional rock and salsa sources pop up unexpectedly. Top rankin': "Mahaba Maskini" (Yaseen Mohamed) and "Mweka Jambo Moyoni" (Swaleh al Abdi). (Original Music, Rd. 1, Box 190, Lasher Rd, Tivoli, NY 12583, \$9.98, LP length cassette)

SOUND THEATER: Suite for Radio and Turntable Take a turntable that can be hand-driven, put on symphonic records at irregular, usually slowly decaying speeds, occasionally blast in sounds from a radio not exceeding one continuous second in duration, whole streams of these bursts sometimes, assemble these things on a cassette with song titles like "The Delphian Oracle," "The Promise of Sleep," "Sacrifice to Isis," etc. and you've made me happy. Sound Theater is a public outlet for the experimental and usually unpredictable audio adventures of Quabais Ghazala and a handful of other musicians, whose general goal is simply to create new sounds for the wide purpose of communication and entertainment. Today's "Geniuses of Editing Odd Sounds Onto Tape" include John Oswald, Eugene Chadbourne, Tom Furgas, Rik Rue, and now Quabais Ghazala. May the circle warp more. (3325 S. Woodmont Ave., Cincinnati, OH 45213, C60, \$3.50)

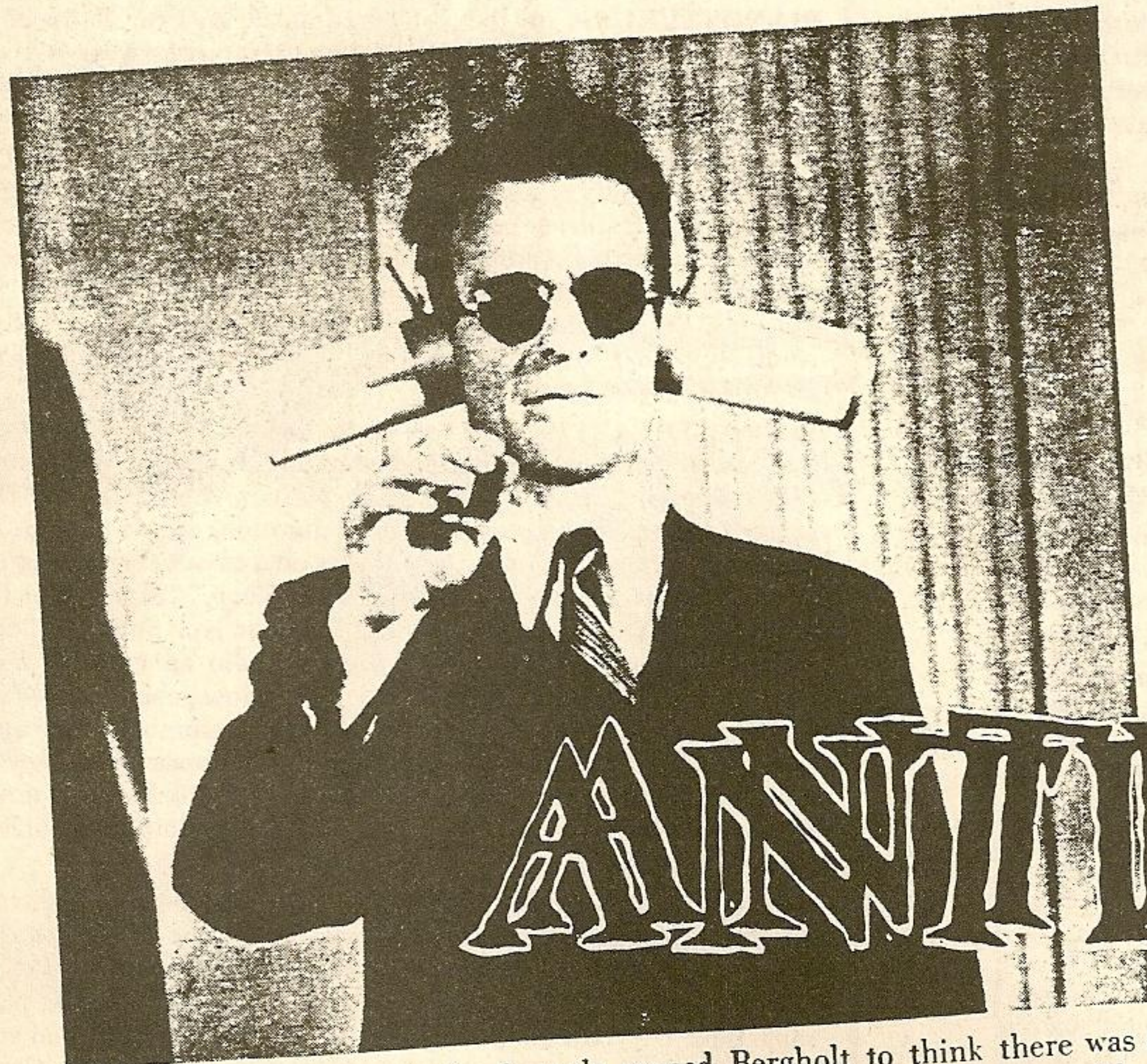
WEEKEND STATISTICS Crazy rock with vocals, sax, and guitar. Bizarre interludes with an audience watching a horror movie or something. On "Teen Angel" the vocals sound sorta like the Residents. From "Sax Hell": "Hard to sing and play at the same time. Hard to think and play at the same time. Do you want poetry or instrumentals? Which would you rather hear—Baudelaire or 'Wipe Out?'" (Alias, 624 1/2 Surf St., Chicago, IL 60657)

JONATHAN X AND BLACK HEAT: Man's Dick is Woman's Burden Wide variety of musics from sexy funk-rap to widely confusing media collages. Raw beauty. Also makes videos. (POB 27253, Washington, DC 20005, C30, \$5)



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STRANGE ECHOES in the funnels caused Bergholt to think there was a wall directly in front of him although actually the walls were at his two sides.

CLUB SITE: 4658 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles **CONTACT:** P.O. Box 291304 L.A. CA. 90029

Atrium Musicae de Madrid

Gregorio Paniagua's early music group, the Atrium Musicae de Madrid, is no ordinary bunch of tootlers on rusty whistles. Through their many records for Harmonia Mundi and other labels, they have fanned out from the Iberian peninsula in the spirit of adventurers. Faithfully and with great care, Paniagua with his three brothers and the rest of the group have revived such music as the troubadour songs of Thibaut de Navarre as well as 18th century Tarentellas and medieval Catalan music, as well as the 16th century recercadas (polyphonic variations) of Diego Ortiz. But they have had an ear for greater musical crosswinds too.

Their award-winning *Musique de la Grece Antique* is startling in its spare and somber voicings, with a text by Euripides and a Delphic hymn to Apollo among the sung passages. The classics ain't what they used to be after this record, they're something more. Likewise, hearing the group's *Musique Arabe-Andalouse*, one is struck by how thoroughly Arabic sources laid the foundation for later Spanish music, as these pieces from 9th century Cordoba demonstrate. Paniagua's fancy makes its furthest poetic leaps in *La Folia*, where the basis is the Portuguese and Spanish dances of that name. However, the Atrium Musicae, as ever employing an endless array of instruments, follows the spirit of the Folia (as composers in the rest of Europe had done) to include everything from Indian ragas to square-dances to jazz improvisation to less-musical sorts of folly. Paniagua's thinking, and playing, is to be highly commended.—Jason Weiss, 68, Rue Monge, 75005 Paris, France

Atrium Musicae de Madrid's LPs are on Harmonia Mundi, 2351 Westwood Blvd., L.A., CA 90064.

Art Zoyd

Formed in France in 1969, Art Zoyd is unique in that while their lineup is constantly shifting from LP to LP, they get better and more focused rather than looser and less interesting, certainly a distinction shared by few fifteen year-old bands. Originally a kind of Zappa-styled rock band, they eventually turned to an area of exploration they share with few others, namely the pursuit of a kind of contemporary chamber ensemble. Their pieces are rich in structure, harmonic development, and originality. In fact, if the classical world weren't so stodgy and close-minded, this group would be playing to an entirely different audience. At any rate, the

Zoyds have pursued this particular area with awesome results. To date, Art Zoyd has released five LPs with a sixth, *L'enfer*, due out soon. Their first LP, *Symphonie, Pour Le Jour Ou Bruleront Le Cities*, was issued on their own label in a limited edition of 500 copies. The band then went on to record two other LPs before deciding to re-record the music from *Symphonie*.... The decision was based on the fact that while the group felt the record to be compositionally strong, the performances were not. A drummerless band using strings, bass, trumpet, keyboards, and reeds, Art Zoyd has been attracting a lot of attention in their native France by working with a well-known professional dance troupe. There is talk of the whole show coming to this country (specifically New York City) for an extended stay this July. Whether you get to see the band live or not, you really should make an effort to hear at least one of their records. It's first class stuff that builds on the past with a definite awareness of the present.

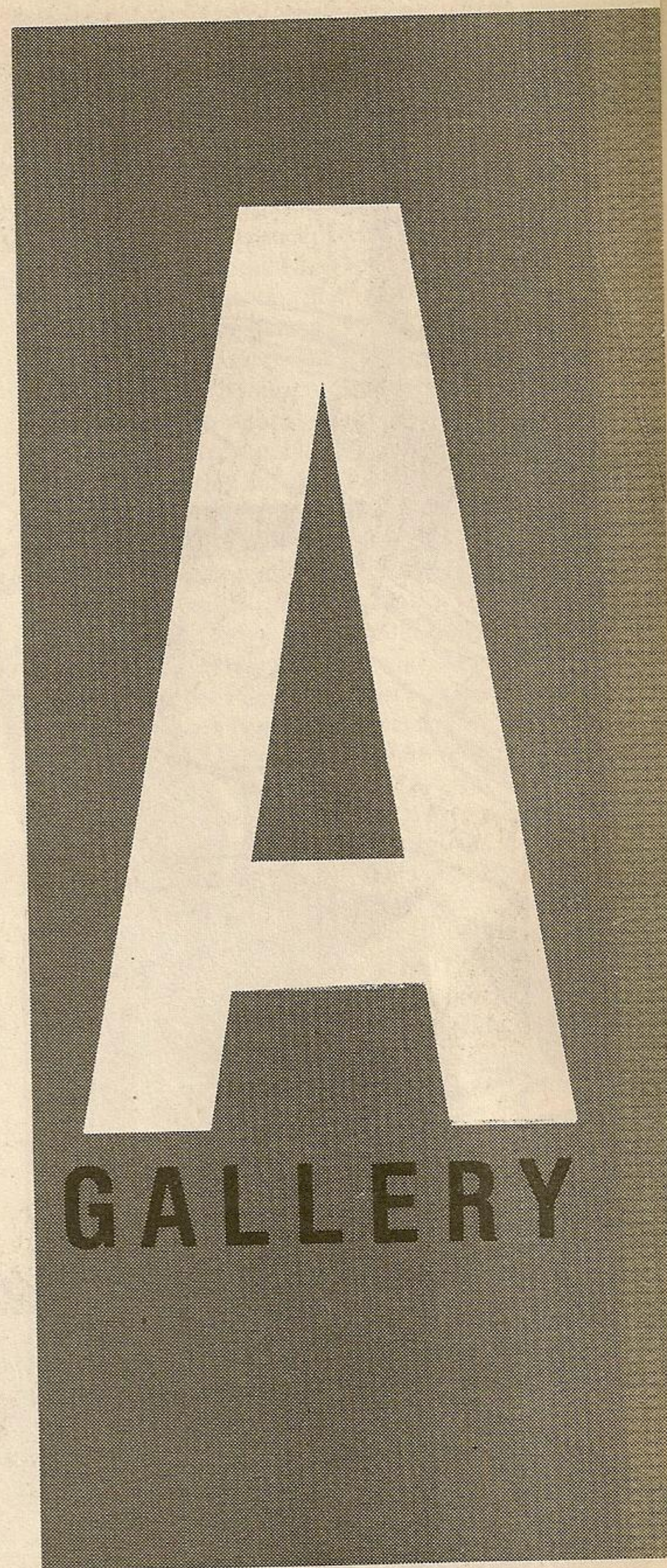
DISCOGRAPHY

Musique Pour l'Odysee
Generation Sans Futur
Symphonie Pour Le Jour...
Phase IV
Les Espaces Inquiets

Generation... remains my personal favorite so far, though it's tough to single out one LP over another.—C.W. Vrtacek

Aqsak Maboul

Basically, Aqsak Maboul is the brainchild of Marc Hollander, who seems to use the name as an umbrella under which a variety of musicians come together to record. The first Maboul LP featured, besides Hollander, Catherine Jauniaux and Vincent Kenis. After a fallow period, Jauniaux showed up on the second Aqsak Maboul project, *Un Peu De L'ame Des Bandits*, along with Chris Cutler and Fred Frith, among others. This second incarnation actually rehearsed in Brussels for a week before taking their show on the road for a handful of gigs, and then into the studio to cut the above mentioned LP. This second AM project is the only one I am personally familiar with. It's a glowing example of all that is vibrant, original, and just plain good about the European "avant-garde" underground. These days, Marc Hollander's activities are centered around Crammed Discs, which he owns, and his work as a producer, entrepreneur, and part time member of the [European] Honeymoon Killers. I've heard there is some talk of another Aqsak Maboul project. For further information, I'd suggest writing to Recommended Records, 387 Wandsworth Rd., London SW8 2JL, UK, or to Crammed Discs, 44 Chemin de Hodimont, 7498 Hennuyeres, Belgium.—C.W. Vrtacek



Artist's Resistance Front (ARF)

"Art is not a mirror/nor is it a hammer/it is merely a diversionary tactic set up to confuse the enemy."

Media of Attack: audio/video/performance/graphics

Louisville, Kentucky finds itself as the home base for an alternative multi-discipline experience group, ARF (Artists Resistance Front).

Formed in 1980 to include non-audio activities by members of its core musical group STUTTER, ARF has expanded beyond its initial concepts—now including non-STUTTER members.

A main concern of ARF aesthetics is the breakdown and re-use of language and communications. Relying heavily on verbal wordplay and puns, ARF performances have included the anagram-entitled "Enrico Caruso/Our Car's on Ice" and a specifically ambiguous audio exchange work entitled "Networking/Not Working." Such works as "Hand to Mouth" (taking its lyrical content from between "hand" and "mouth" in Webster's) and "Ways and Means" (that included the rhythmic chanting of people named "Way" and "Mean" from the Louisville phonebook) take simple texts and present them in a different communication concept.

Bristling against the norm, ARF works often confound and amuse with absurd, often dark insight. "Sounds on Fire," presented in

Louisville's Water Tower Art Association, was an audio-documentation of plastic microphones acid-tested through various means of "fire" (burning, skeet-shooting, baking, fire crackers). In mock scientific manner, the ruined microphones were displayed with documentation photographs and audio of their destruction. ARF members also coordinated "Not Was/Was," a proposal for a "non-existent" exhibition (by counterfeiting the gallery's documentation), with an alternative space in North Carolina—upon acceptance of the proposal, all ARF correspondence ceased. The "non-existent" exhibition was equally non-existent.

Currently ARF works are utilizing telecommunications to network between STUTTER in Louisville and Los Angeles-based STUTTERwest. A recent work entitled "Is It Something I Said?" utilized STUTTER's music phoned in behind STUTTERwest's vocals.

ARF has been the recipient of Greater Louisville Fund for the Arts Community Arts Council grants to assist in "The Eighth History," a futility-of-aggression performance held at Spalding University and "collisions/dialogues," the STUTTER audio-art 12-inch 45 rpm (reviewed in "S" Op magazine).

ARF's "diversionary tactics" for the future include a mini-tour of "STUTTER-on-Cassette Theatre" and two dance works ("Unmutual/Dark Pantomime" and "Shower of Glass") for an Indiana contemporary dance company, scored and choreographed by STUTTER splinter group BLK W/BEAR.

Contact: ARF-James S. Adams/155 N. Keats Avenue #2/Louisville, KY 40206

Anchorage, Alaska's Gary Sloan

by Ron Gluckman

Rocker Gary Sloan lives in his own world. Really in his own dimension. Sloan, a longtime Alaskan rock'n'roller and radio and television host, spends most of his time in "The Twilight Sloan," an eerie zone filled with synthesizers and melodies and music videos. Yet he wouldn't have it any other way.

Sloan, 39, is currently bouncing back and forth between live dates in Anchorage at Chilkoot Charlies and the Fly by Nite Club, and clubs in Homer and Fairbanks.

Sloan was a 20 year-old fresh out of the Air Force when he relocated from Los Angeles to Anchorage in 1965. There

were very few bands playing around the small city and he found himself in demand as vocalist with several groups. Upon forming his own blues/rock group loosely based on the Rolling Stones-type sound, he began opening shows for such mid-60's biggies as the Grassroots, Turtles, Seeds and Young Rascals.

In the past two decades, Sloan has released six records, each self-produced and distributed. From *Proof* in 1970 thru the *Clone* cassette in 1979, the home-produced quality was apparent. Then in 1980, *Harmonitalk* was recorded at Kurt Riemann's Surreal Studio (then an 8-track). Featuring a disco-novelty track with a talking harmonica, the album's tour-de-force was the glacier suite on side two, featuring real and synthesized wind, rain and glacier noises.

The next LP, released in 1981, was Sloan's *Southside Blues*. The fifteen cuts included classics by his favorite blues artists, plus originals including the first Alaskan video, "Cherry Pie."

Sloan's recent LP, *Nightraid*, combines the synthesized keyboard sound of *Harmonitalk* with the guitar-dominated sounds of *Southside Blues*. Side one features some of Sloan's film soundtrack work, and is similar in feel to the German style of electronics created by Tangerine Dream and Klaus Schulze. Side two features two live cuts, the single "Mercenary Soldier," and the very Floydian "Turbo," dedicated to his brother's race car.

Sloan has continued to expand his musical horizons, playing everything from rock and blues to snappy syntho-tech. In the process, Sloan, who sings and plays harmonica, guitar and keyboards, has moved from his primitive Farfisa organ of the 60's to his state-of-the-art synthesizers.

Yet this prolific Alaskan musician has been little seen on stage in the past few months. The reason is "Catch 22", the latest link in his long musical chain. Sloan, who originally conceived of "The Twilight Sloan" for public radio (broadcast for its sixth year from KSKA in Anchorage), has created a visual version of the show for the Anchorage music video channel, featuring both local and vintage videos. Sloan finds his performing evenings somewhat restricted by his first steady daytime job in over ten years. "But I love it. "Catch 22" is just an extension of what I've been doing all along," says the local musical mainstay. "It's just a different format."

Linda Albertano

Linda Albertano grew up with strangers, mostly in the town of Wheatridge, Colorado. Being a tall child, she was something of a teacher's pet. She always got to be hall monitor, book monitor, and window monitor. But was she popular? Possibly not.

It was in junior high, when she went on the church snipehunt, that she first realized just how different life would be for her. Darkness fell and girls started squealing like adorable piglets facing sudden, unaccountable doom. Boys, the largest of whom was 5'9", sprang to their sides, being all protective and manly. "This is absurd," she thought. She was already six feet tall in her stockings.

But there were other compensations. Raised as a Baptist, she got to sing her lungs out every Sunday.

Then, in high school, she lived in a place where there was a piano, but no metronome. Thus, she embarked on an odyssey of self-taught classical musicianship, though her sense of timing was, shall we say, quite elastic. She soon became the only youth in modern America to be forbidden to practice more than an hour a day. It sowed the bitter seeds of rebellion in her.

At UCLA she read Marx and liked it, yet it failed to destroy her drive to become a card-carrying member of the middle class. She was a filmmaking major who hung out with such arcane guys as Johnny Guitar Watson and Sugarcane Harris. They made music for her movies and inflamed her with a passion for the alltime greats...Ma Rainey, Bessie Smith,

and Memphis Minnie. She emerged from college with a BFA cum laude, and a penchant for singing in sleazy Valley joints in the company of a crazed piano player and a skinny trombonist who was Kid Ory all over again.

Things took an odd turn when she fell in with real-live artists. Increasingly, she appeared in exhilarating, abstract productions like *Rest Area #17* (also known as *The Pink Piece*) and *Rockefeller Center*. She knew she was hooked when she started kicking the slats out of her own musical aesthetic and injecting what she calls "poetry, movement, and visual metaphor" into what she calls "performance".

Plunging recklessly onward, she soon began appearing in galleries, playing cheap instruments and mixing it up with originals like "Eligible Bachelors" and "Mr. Teenage California." She's also accosted audiences in clubs with such unlikely names as Hop Singh's and Club Lingerie. She did a show called *Pointed Sweethearts and Mercenary Children* at the Pilot Theatre in L.A., and was featured at both Beyond Baroque and SPARC, two centers of literary activity in Venice, Ca. She was a collaborator in the group performances *Swayback* and *Sinatra Meets Max*. And, assisted by Charles Duncan, she wrote and taped the music for the Cast Theatre production of Sam Shepard's *The Unseen Hand*.

Sometimes, as she works at her tiny plastic keyboard, Linda Albertano pauses; and, raising her head, she reflects on having been denied, as a child, the right to practice piano into a state of insensibility. "At last," she thinks. "This is the best revenge."

Then she strikes a satisfying chord and holds it until the last overtone has died.





Photo: Dennis Keeley

Ancient Future

by Bart Grooms

The liner notes of one of their albums describe Ancient Future as performing "global fusion music." This may be overclaiming a bit, but it would be accurate to say that this ensemble achieves an accomplished, credible and highly listenable blend of some strands of Western music, specifically jazz, with elements of Indian folk music. To a westerner, the result might sound more Indian than Western, particularly because of the presence of several Indian instruments. Yet Ancient Future's melodic emphasis makes their music more accessible than, say, that of Shakti or even some of Oregon's more *outré* pieces. Their focus on the composition rather than improvisation, and a tendency to keep the improvising within fairly well-defined guidelines distinguishes them once again from the above mentioned groups, as well as from John Handy's Rainbow and Codona, all of whom employ Indian and Western instrumentation. In this respect, Ancient Future avoids the extremes of both classical Indian raga, which involves exhaustive improvisation over predetermined scales and rhythmic cycles, and jazz, with its syncopation and its head-solos-head format. They end up somewhere in between, borrowing from folk music forms such as the dhun, in which there is a variation on a set melody, and from jazz insofar as they improvise collectively and use chord sequences. A mark of their success is that, particularly at first, it is difficult to be certain what is composed and what is improvised.

The group's first album was *Visions of a Peaceful Planet* (Beauty Records, Box 264, Kentfield, CA 94904). Released in 1980, it features the group's main composer Matthew Montfort on conventional and scalloped guitars and sitar, Mindy Klein on (mostly Western) flute, Benjy Wertheimer on tabla and the bowed esraj, and Phil Fong on sarod, Irish harp and second guitar. Montfort contributes three tunes, the others one apiece.

The melodies are often pastoral and the "space music" lovers out there will probably enjoy the album, but even though one could use a good bit of the music for meditation purposes, it is not monotonous. There are in fact, distinct movements within each piece (e.g. ABA or ABCBA form), another Western element. Montfort's scalloped guitar (similar to the one John McLaughlin used with Shakti) allows him to bend notes in an idiomatically Indian manner, and Wertheimer's use of *bols* (vocal syllables imitating tabla rhythms) on "Incandescence" is well done, although hearing Klein's silky voice join him in unison took some getting used to. Klein's flute playing is fine—she has a lovely tone, full and rich, and she often carries the

Apes of God

by Roger Kleier

O.K., here's the scoop. Los Angeles is not a world-reknowned hotbed of free improvised music. So you knew that already. There are people who try, though. Among them is an ensemble (also: "band") called the Apes of God.

Formed in March of 1982 from members of the Los Angeles Improvisers Collective as a spontaneous project to take advantage of some free recording time, the Apes have gone through a myriad of sympathetic spirits before settling on the current lineup: Roger Lewis Allways (guitars, prepared and non-tuned guitars, tapes), Brian Daly (woodwinds, percussion, cheap drums, home-mades), Vinsula Kara (synthesizer, piano, melodian, Electro-Harmonix digital delay) and Anne Piatagortsov (synthesizers, Casio-tone, drum machine). The band takes its name from the Wyndham Lewis novel of the same name, although no member is quite sure why.

An Apes of God concert is the bridge between a sonic research project and tag

team wrestling. Piles of battered and well-used equipment litter the stage. Homemade and cheap instruments compete for airspace with synthesizers and electric guitars. Political posters celebrating leftist causes around the world are propped up in any available space. Tapes of radio preachers, newscasters, and animal noises play counterpoint with the violent battering of metal cans while a cheap guitar is scraped with a prism. This is traffic noise, electrocuted jazz, a trip to the dentist, musique concrete, dreams on a hot night, sound for sound's sake. Sometimes grating, sometimes beautiful, always spontaneous. THIS IS FREE MUSIC.

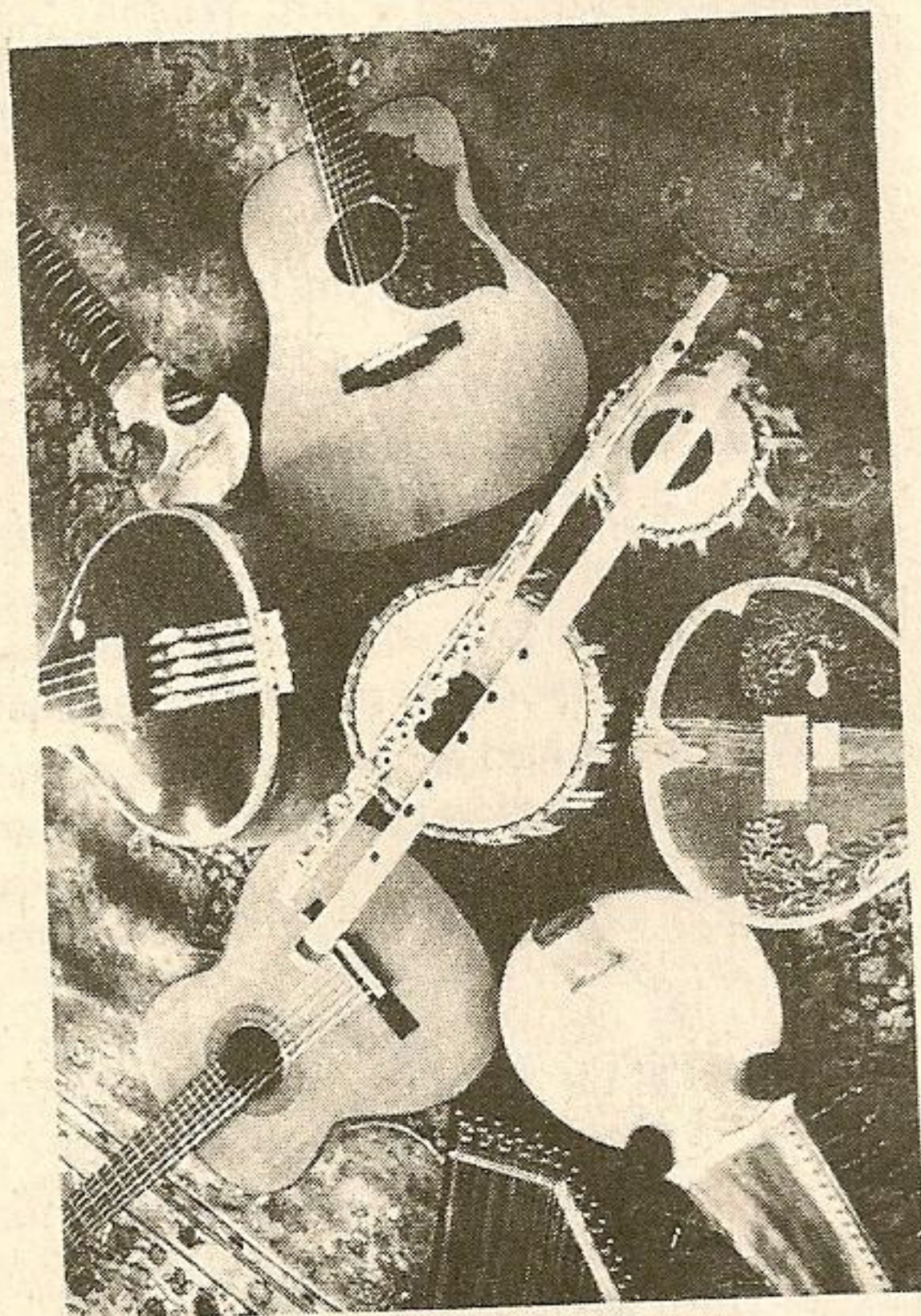
Releases: The Apes of God, **Random Series Vol. 2**, L'Agence Des Refuses, Fr. Roosevelt. 51-Bus 7, 1800 Vilvoorde, Belgium. With others: **L.A. Mantra II**, Trance Port Tapes, P.O. Box 85/436, L.A., CA 90072

Contact: Los Angeles Improvisers Collective, 314 S. Alexandria #310, L.A., CA 90020

melody. Somehow I would like to have heard more from Fong, but what he plays is confident and mature.

The group seems to have been a difficult one to record. There is a need for more separation and only Wertheimer's tabla seems to have enough presence. It seems that the delicacy of having two or three stringed instruments playing at a time was beyond the engineer (Manfred Eicher take note).

Natural Rhythms, AF's second album (Philo Records, The Barn, N. Ferrisburg, VT 05473), is better recorded. It features some tracks recorded live in California and Bali(!) with frogs adding their music to AF's. To get into the Indonesian setting more completely, the group uses gamelan percussion instruments, producing an appropriately dense texture full of repetition but with some rhythmic and melodic diversity. AF may be taking themselves



too seriously when they refer to these tracks as "interspecies recordings" (but perhaps not; look at the titles: "Frogorian Trance", "Frogorian Dance", "Frog Orient Chance"...). Again, Montfort does the lion's share of composing and his guitar work is, as usual, very impressively melodic. Fong is present on only three tracks (out of nine) and not pictured on the cover. Maybe he's gone now; if so, his departure may be tied in with a move toward a more "global" sound. The stronger rhythms and use of koto, marimba, violin, as well as the gamelan instruments on this album suggest numerous ways the group could evolve. The compositions seem a bit more differentiated and developed and overall there is considerably more diversity. If they continue to avoid pretension there is every indication that they will continue to make engaging, enjoyable music with enough depth to make the listener want to hear them again and again.

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THE ART ENSEMBLE

by Titus Levi

Last October, the Art Ensemble of Chicago (Roscoe Mitchell, reeds; Lester Bowie, trumpet; Joseph Jarman, reeds and toys; Malachi Favors, bass; and Don Moye, drums, AEC sun percussion) graced Southern California with its presence and, more importantly, with its music. They call this music "Great Black Music" and indeed it is, encompassing many styles that originated with Blacks such as African musics, blues, parade music, dixieland and swing—in short, the whole history of jazz. As individuals, all members of the AEC are masterful: sensitive, intuitive and virtuosic. As an ensemble they are powerful, eclectic, and often humorous.

The group entered in various costumes: Mitchell dressed in ordinary street clothes, Bowie sporting a white doctor's coat, the other members of the ensemble cloaked in a variety of African garbs and face paints. These costumes lent a visual element to the concert that caused the performance to be more completely satisfying. After they took their places on the stage, they turned to the right and stood silently yet attentively for a few moments. This set the mood for the ritual of performance and the stillness of the opening music.

The sound slowly seeped in from faraway sources. Low moaning horns, distant bells and drums, and various other sounds served to create a beautifully textured and colored nocturne. The sounds created not only the

picture of the night, but a complete sensual atmosphere: sights, scents, cool breezes, and gritty soil were all conjured through the music. The sound was so tightly focused and spare that it even evoked and captured the mystery of the darkness. This was a fine demonstration of less being more. Amidst the restrained percussion playing, Lester Bowie played alternately sweet and jocular licks. His mellifluous tone never pierced the texture of the music; never separated the fibers. Yet it punctuated and ornamented the surfaces of the material, much the same way that a few dabs of color can enhance an entire canvas (or piece of cardboard for that matter).

The music smoothly wafted away. Eventually only Don Moye was playing. His caressing touch on the gongs demanded my attention. It was similar to straining to hear a whisper from afar. Soon after Joseph Jarman entered very softly with a folk tune played on the concert flute that seemed to be a dawn song. The tone was pure, beautiful; not at all strident, which tends to be a trademark of metal flutes. While Jarman invoked the spirit of Dawn, Moye danced to the beauty of the song by effortlessly swirling his brushes from cymbals to gongs to bells to drums in the same way that a Tai Chi master executes the Forms.

During this section, Bowie and Mitchell seasoned the music with more bluesy and demented sounds. The music gained momentum and intensity. Roscoe then took up his alto sax and began to lay a bluesy

Lester Speaks Out

by Titus Levi

For twenty years the Ensemble has taken improvised music to new heights. A large share of the credit for that achievement is due to Lester Bowie, perhaps the most flamboyant and popular member of the group. **Option** conducted an interview with Mr. Bowie to catch up on the AEC and what lies in store for this Great Jazz Group.

Option: *How did the AEC get started?*

LB: Roscoe and Malachi had a sextet together back in 1965 when I arrived in Chicago. I joined them and we became a quartet. The fourth member was Leonard Smith. Then we had Philip Wilson. Soon after we changed the name from the Roscoe Mitchell Quartet to the Art Ensemble. Joseph joined shortly after that. He had a quartet under his own name at the time. He guested with us a couple of times while he had this group together. A while later, a couple members of his band died. He was pretty down so we invited Joseph to go with us to Europe. Obviously he did.

Option: *When you were in Europe you added Don Moye. How did that happen?*

LB: We hadn't had a drummer for a year or so. The music didn't require a drummer. And we started doing more of the percussion ourselves. What we required was a certain intellectual personality; a tuba player would have fit as well as a drummer if he had the right feel. We wanted a replacement person, not a replacement drummer. We had auditioned other drummers. None fit what we were doing. Then we met Moye. We had him sit in once. Then twice. Then we took him on a little tour. Next thing you know, he came in as a full partner.

Option: *How did the group formalize?*

LB: Originally the music was something that we did on the side. Malachi played standards at the O'Hare Holiday Inn; I played with R&B bands; Roscoe worked at a factory. Eventually we decided to make the band our main thing. We felt that we had something valid to say. And we didn't aspire to be cocktail musicians. We started to rehearse all day long. We will be getting back to a busy rehearsal schedule next year. In those days we would all decide to go to, say, New York, at one and be gone by two. If someone couldn't keep up with that, they got left. One time we left Roscoe. He had to catch up with us by bus! If you couldn't deal with all this, you were out.

Option: *Has your music had an effect on younger musicians?*

LB: Yeah, from what I've seen and heard. The use of exotic instruments and extending

the boundaries of things, for instance, by using extended techniques came from us. You should hear some of the young Italians and Germans! They've gone beyond playing anyone idiom and have molded the styles into a single thing.

Option: *Before you left for Europe, you recorded a couple of records.*

LB: Yeah. First there was the *Space* album on Delmark. Next came the *Numbers 1 & 2* under my name and *Congliptious* under Roscoe's name. Those were on Nessa. Charles Nessa was a fan of the music who used to work for Robert Kester, who is the director of Delmark. Nessa released the music because he felt strongly about it. The Delmark release was part of the AACM series.

Option: *How much touring did you do before going to Europe?*

LB: We toured all of the States. We went to California; bummed around New York. We even went to Canada. We did these tours on our own initiative. For instance, we would come to California every year. Sometimes we didn't play, we would only rehearse. When we did play, they were small things that we got ourselves: theatres, elementary schools. Nobody invited us to do these gigs. In the States we worked maybe four times a year. We were in France three days and we were working six nights a week. We also recorded twelve records while we were there. Also, Europe is known as a haven for Black artists. And for the New. We had faith that we would succeed there so we took the gamble.

Option: *After those European releases, you took a recording hiatus. Why?*

LB: We had put out enough material. Also, we were established. That means that we had to ration out what we did. We didn't want to wait for the right deal. The record people just weren't treating us well; they didn't pay us what we deserved.

Option: *How has ECM been for you?*

LB: Their distribution (through Warner) has allowed us to reach new places. When we played LA, 1500 people showed up. We couldn't believe it!

Option: *Any new releases from ECM?*

LB: In February they will release the *Third Decade* album.

Option: *Will the Art Ensemble be releasing anything?*

LB: Everything! Compact discs, video tapes, our compositions in sheet music, arrangements of our stuff for big band, method books, the sayings of Malachi Favors, paraphernalia: buttons, t-shirts, and ALBUMS! The albums will be more specific. Until now the albums have had a little of everything on them. The new ones will have more focus.

Option: *About the new techniques...how did that develop in the band?*

LB: We had to extend the instrumental

techniques in order to play what we play. We couldn't do it using do-re-me-fa-so-la-ti-do. We had to get more into it. We approach the music like painters. The more paints we have, the more we are capable of doing. We can use just one color, or a certain spectrum of colors. We can do anything; we have more possibilities. And we wanted to make a music with unlimited possibilities.

Option: *What about the percussion?*

LB: That allows us, and Moya especially, lots of freedom to express. The music has to contain sorrow, joy, melancholy, anger, and other moods. Sometimes we just want to have fun with it. Music isn't all about death.

Option: *Let's talk a bit about the nature and development of the music. It seems that the Ensemble is employing more traditional forms, like the ABA form.*

LB: We feel that we have the same basic concept of what we are trying to do as we had in the 60's. We refine by using some things that we have found to be more effective. At first, we were playing entirely new forms which stemmed from the traditional ones. We knew that, other musicians knew that, but the average listener didn't have any idea. In more recent years we have tried to show that the newer forms come from the basic forms. We wanted to give the people something that they could get a grip on and mix that with very odd things. I think that people are catching on to this process. Now we can go back to doing the things that we did in the first place. In the old days, we were doing new forms that no one had ever heard of: ABCD, ABCDEFG, A to A and back to A twice as fast! People couldn't talk about this. They asked us about politics, the Black Panthers. And we aren't politicians!

Option: *How much of the improvisation is structured? Are there rules that you use for improvising?*

LB: The improv can take any form. Sometimes the wild sections are written by Roscoe and the straight things are improvised. But there must be a certain mood, color, or texture. Then again it could be played with total abandon. It could be totally spontaneous.

Option: *Have you ever incorporated world music that is not from Africa in your music?*

LB: We've done a lot of things like that. In fact, we did some things on shakuhachi (Japanese bamboo flute) in Japan and they thought that we were damn near Japanese! If you were to hear us live repeatedly, you would hear all of these elements. We want to avoid the stigma of jazz. When you say "jazz," it means "uh-oh": you're the lowest paid guys on the concert, you have the worst hotel, you're the least respected. The name "Great Black Music" generates more respect. Respect improves the



relationship between the music, the artist, and the audience—art and society, for that matter.

Option: *Is there a director of what happens on stage?*

LB: No. We all have input and different areas of expertise.

Option: *The other three guys Joseph, Don and Malachi, come out in African garb and face paints. However, you perform in a lab jacket; Roscoe dresses in regular street clothes. What do your costumes represent?*

LB: Mine represents research. Research that I've done extending the technique. Everything that I've said in this interview has taken a lot of research. I could have had five or six doctorate degrees by now! Roscoe represents an average guy walking down the street minding his own business.

Option: *This fits into the ritualistic atmosphere of your performances?*

LB: Yes, to us it is a ritual, that's why we wear the costumes, strike the gong at the opening of each concert and have the moment of silence.

Option: *What is the purpose of that moment of silence?*

LB: It helps everyone to collect their thoughts and focus their concentration. It also allows the audience to focus their thoughts.

Option: *Is there a particular direction that you face during that moment?*

LB: It used to be east. Now we face Jarman. The decision just came to us. And it's more effective. Besides, we couldn't keep track of where east was.

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rendition of the folk motif. His tone, like everyone else's, was impeccable. Mitchell wove the folk melody together with blues harmony and sensibility to create an improvisation that manifested what "Great Black Music" is about. The music gathered speed as it became bluesier. Roscoe's licks hinted at the modern by introducing a daring melodic language. Mr. Bowie used his huge vocabulary of sounds to form a bridge to a new musical space. Finally, Jarman began to play his sax and all connections to primeval Africa were severed.

This new musical space was definitely "Urban USA": the rhythms of machinery, the din of car horns, the crush of information, the "plop-plop fizz-fizz" of Alka-Seltzer. It was all here attacking the senses as only the energy of the city can.

The music was singing fast and hard. Mitchell's sax blazed trails full of quick turns. Lester hinted at the same theme and burst out with a flurry of noises more than notes. Jarman alternately played whinnying sounds on the sax and tinkered with a vast array of small percussion and other toys.

Suddenly the band burst into a hot bop head. To hear the Art Ensemble play bop is a joy. The two reeds and trumpet combination

changes the sound of any theme, especially when they use some of their more embellished arrangements. Also, the improvisations are more free than true bop. For instance, Lester continually reintroduced a very mutated head at moments when the cadence did not call for it.

But the people who really make this music swing are Moye and Favors. Rather than playing a straight dotted eighth-sixteenth ride pattern, Moye hints at such a pattern momentarily and moves on. He propels the music by use of textural devices (drum rolls, gongs) and unorthodox accent patterns rather than using conventional methods.

Favors pushes the music forward by giving it a heartbeat, as he had been doing so elegantly throughout the evening. But while keeping within the rhythmic conventions of bop, he played more angular, dissonant ornaments, juxtaposing these against fast, heady, free licks and giving new life to an old form.

Soon after the hustle-bustle of this section, the music slowed down to catch its breath. The soundscape was reminiscent of the opening music. The use of this cyclical device gave the set greater cohesion. Eventually this reprieve gave way to a very strange march.

Strange for two reasons: it had an asymmetrical syncopation in the third count and it featured the entire ensemble making merry by playing just about anything that makes noise.

The second set, which focused more on a variety of jazz forms, revealed no new tricks, but was continually surprising, fresh and powerful. There were two high points in this set. The first was a drum/percussion section. To appreciate this segment, one had to pay attention to how the Ensemble entered and exited this portion of the show. They were so intuitive, both as individuals and as an ensemble, that they went from a drum solo to a free improvisation without a hitch. Each member played the drums in turn with an effortlessness that reminded me of Herrigel's description of losing an arrow: the release of the arrow surprises the bowman.

The second high point was very close to the end of the concert. Joseph Jarman, who had been playing some of the small percussion instruments and other toys at his disposal, finally used everything that he could get his hands or feet on. Sirens, football-fan horns, and even a conch shell were all indulged in this giddy orgy of sound. As this wave of energy built up, the group went into one more hard swinging theme, which threatened to blow the crania off of everyone in the audience.

The whole concert was amazing and overwhelming. I heard one gentleman say as he exited: "This will last me until Thanksgiving!" Unfortunately, it will have to last longer than that because the AEC will not be touring for quite a while after middle 1985.

Muhal Abrams: Into the Palace of Music

by Titus Levi

Muhal Richard Abrams is a giant of immeasurable scale in the world of New Jazz. Roscoe Mitchell calls him an institution. However, his work is largely unknown. As a composer and performer, Abrams turned many heads in the early sixties with the work of his innovative Experimental Band. The band, which was based in Chicago, included many of the finest young players in the mid-west.

Abrams is also known as an organizer and guru. (The name Muhal means "palace" in Hindi.) Abrams' efforts in organizing the AACM are impressive. For twelve years he guided the organization as its chairman. His teachings and influence on younger musicians has been profound. Many of the most important innovators in jazz recognize his tutelage as indispensable to their development. Anthony Braxton says of Abrams:

[His] Creative Music [can be] an offering to stimulate cosmic and vibrational awareness (change and growth) and parti-



cipation as a basis for better understanding, responsibility and 'Life Commitment.' In Muhal's music, I hear voices about the Future—from the Ancients.

Abrams has recorded many albums since leaving the AACM headquarters in Chicago. In 1977 he collaborated with his successor at the AACM, Douglas Ewart, as well as Joseph Jarman, Amina Claudine Myers, and Thurman Barker in the creation of *Lifea Blinic*. This is one of the more difficult of his small ensemble albums. The pieces are very odd in form and structure. They cover vast areas of musical ground and are filled with surprises.

In the late 70s and early 80s, he recorded several piano albums: *Spiral*, a live solo album; *Afrisong*, a studio solo album released in '82; and *Duet*, with pianist Myers. These records are deeply rooted in the blues. The playing is more tonal and traditionally structured than on *Lifea Blinic*. However, *Spiral* has some very outside moments. On "String Song", Abrams plays the inside and outside of the piano as well as accompanying himself on a microtonally tuned set of gongs and bells. The piece is similar in effect to musical chants based on the Tibetan Book of the Dead.

In the eighties, Muhal has released some of his most mature and ambitious music. The output during this period consists of two large ensemble albums: *Blues Forever*, and *Rejoicing in the Light*. He also released a small ensemble album: *Mama and Daddy*. The large ensemble albums stand as compositional milestones in the realm of big band/wind ensemble music. Many of the pieces are abstruse to the uninitiated listener. Again, as in all of Abrams' music, the blues plays an important role. But here it is closely braided to harmonic and structural ideas more reminiscent of modern classical music.

Many listeners, critics, and musicians consider *Mama and Daddy* his finest record. His piano playing is at its most sophisticated. The compositions are demonstrative of a brilliant mind rethinking the blues. Leo Smith sums it up best when he says:

This is a total musical reality that is housed in the eternal spring of music... [Abrams] lets us in on some of the most glorious realities that prevail in the universe. These pieces truly reveal a profound creative mind at work.

Air: Always Fresh

by Titus Levi

Air is another of the "First Generation" groups from the AACM. In fact, drummer Steve McCall was one of the founders of the AACM. The group also includes Henry Threadgill on reeds and Fred Hopkins on bass. Since '65 they have gone on to become one of the most praised groups in New Jazz.

In the late seventies and early eighties they released several albums on Arista

AACM: 20 Years and Beyond

by Titus Levi

The Association for the Advancement of Creative Music is a pioneering and exemplary resource in the field of non-profit organizations providing assistance to musicians. Never before had jazz musicians formed an organization that served as a support network for musicians. Muhal Richard Abrams, the Art Ensemble, Air and Anthony Braxton were all members of the then-new AACM. Many of these musicians went on to become some of the most influential jazz artists of our time. Twenty years later, there are new faces in Chicago and many of these individuals are in the AACM. These faces (and the older ones) will lead the AACM into its third decade with style. (For those of you in the Chicago area, the 20th anniversary festivities will occur in May.) **Option** decided that the AACM was a must for the "A" issue. Following is our interview with AACM office manager Janis Lane-Ewart.

Option: When did the AACM come into being?

JL-E: 1965.

Option: Who were the charter members?

JL-E: Muhal Richard Abrams, Steve McCall, Jody Christin, Phil Koran, and Leslie Ashly.

Option: What was the impetus for organizing the AACM?

JL-E: These musicians were looking for alternative spaces to play in. The club scene was decaying. The families, i.e. the children of the musicians, could not get into the clubs. For these reasons the musicians tried new places: community centers, churches, and theatres. The organization was also formed to provide instruction to inner-city residents. The school has done quite well. In fact, the present president, Douglas Ewart, is a graduate. So is Anthony Braxton.

Option: Did the Experimental Band precede the formation of the Association?

JL-E: Yes, Muhal had that together in the early sixties. The Band would play in people's houses, churches or anywhere that they could rehearse and play because nobody was booking the band. Also, no one was producing any concerts where the band could get more visibility. Even though the Band preceded the

AACM, they weren't the actual founders of the group. The AACM gained more attention as some of the members grew to prominence. Some of these individuals were not founders, but helped to keep the project alive, most notably the members of the Art Ensemble at the time.

Option: In those days did the bands get booked at all in the colleges?

JL-E: Yes, they did. They also played the other kinds of venues that I mentioned before. Primarily, they wanted to get away from the clubs. The so-called institution of jazz was dying in Chicago at the time. Many of the clubs on the Southside had been closed. The bands needed other places to play. On a national level, new jazz was not faring well elsewhere. Ornette Coleman and Eric Dolphy were doing new things that just weren't being accepted by the clubs, critics, or the public. From about '67 until about '77 Anthony Braxton's Trio, the Art Ensemble, and Muhal and his colleagues were being booked extensively in Europe. Anthony's trio and the Ensemble were the first people of our group to go there and play what was then called, and is still called, Avant Garde music. They were so well received in that atmosphere that the publicity was helpful in booking the groups at some, but not many, colleges in the States. The paradox has always been that the reputation of the AACM members has been greater in Europe, and now Japan and Australia, than it has been in the U.S.

Option: Did the AACM help many of these people along until they were able to get to Europe or New York?

JL-E: It kept them going only in the sense that they had musicians to exchange and build ideas with and to have their compositions heard. They didn't make any money. In fact, during the first twelve years, the musicians covered the cost of producing concerts out of their own pockets: flyers, rental of the hall; everything. Any money that they made was strictly from the gate.

Option: When did you get other monies with which to conduct activities?

JL-E: In 1977, from the National Endowment for the Arts, the Chicago Council on the Arts, and the Illinois Art Council. In the last year we have secured funding from a few private sources in addition to our public monies. We still have a long way to go, though.

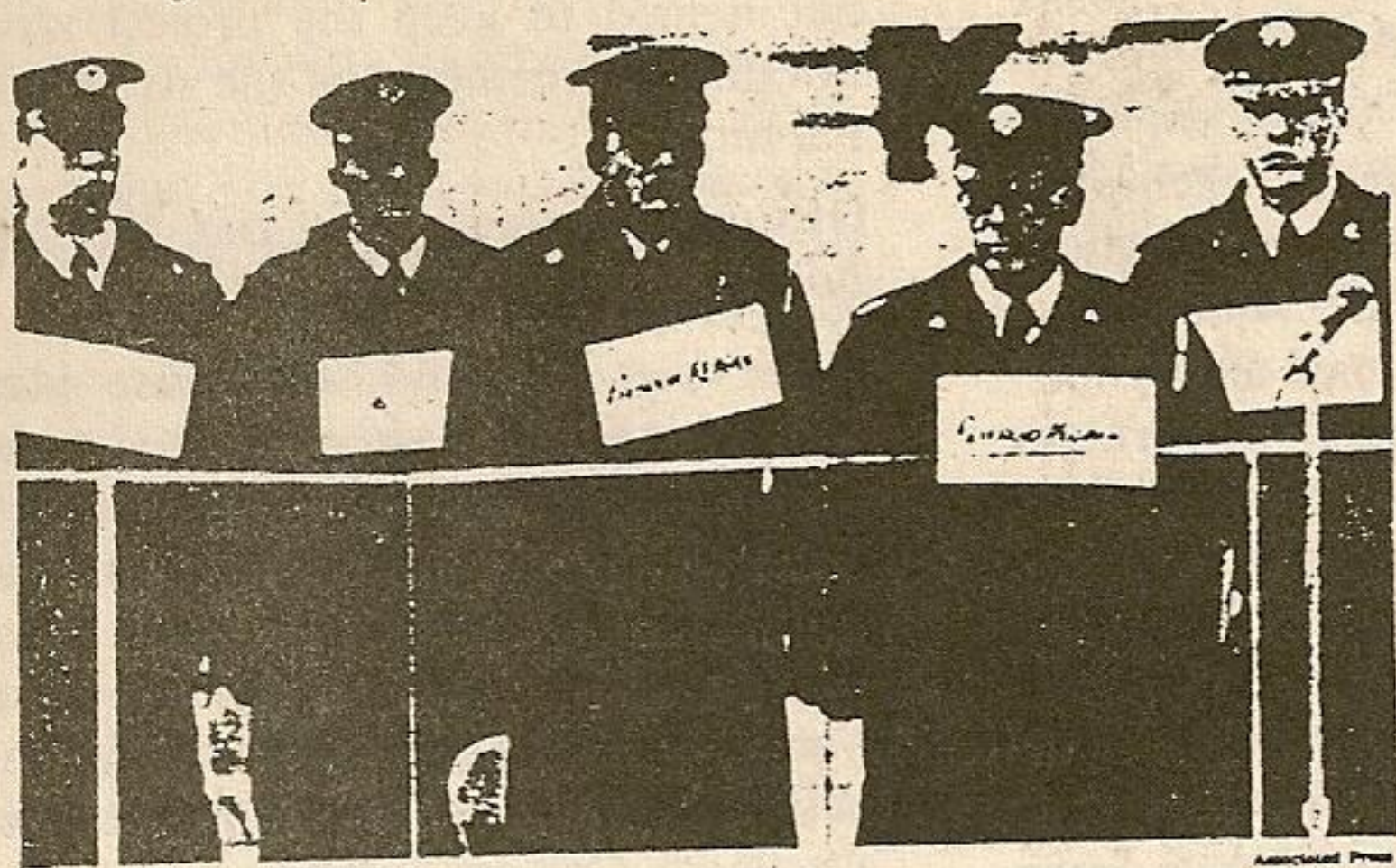
Novus, India Navigation, and Black Saint. Examples of this output include *Air Lore*, *Air Mail*, *Suisse Air*, *Air Suit*, and *80° Below '82*. *Air Lore* is an exceptional album in that it features many fascinating interpretations of Jelly Roll Morton and Scott Joplin tunes. The improvising on these cuts is especially amazing for its marriage of the old tunes with the new styles that Air has mastered.

Possibly their most challenging albums are *Suisse Air* and *Air Suit*. *Suisse Air* is a live album recorded at Montreux featuring the ensemble in alternately freewheeling

and grooving moods. *Air Suit* is perhaps the more radical of the two. The compositions are very intense. This intensity is generated by two things: the sensitivity of the ensemble playing and the complexity and richness of the arrangements. Yet, as with all of their albums, there is comic relief. For instance, Card Two of the First Hand is entitled "The Jick or Mandrill's Cosmic Ass."

Their most recent release is *80° below '82*. This disc features very sophisticated and elegant compositions that also pack a healthy dose of swing.

Holy Beauty or Degradation?



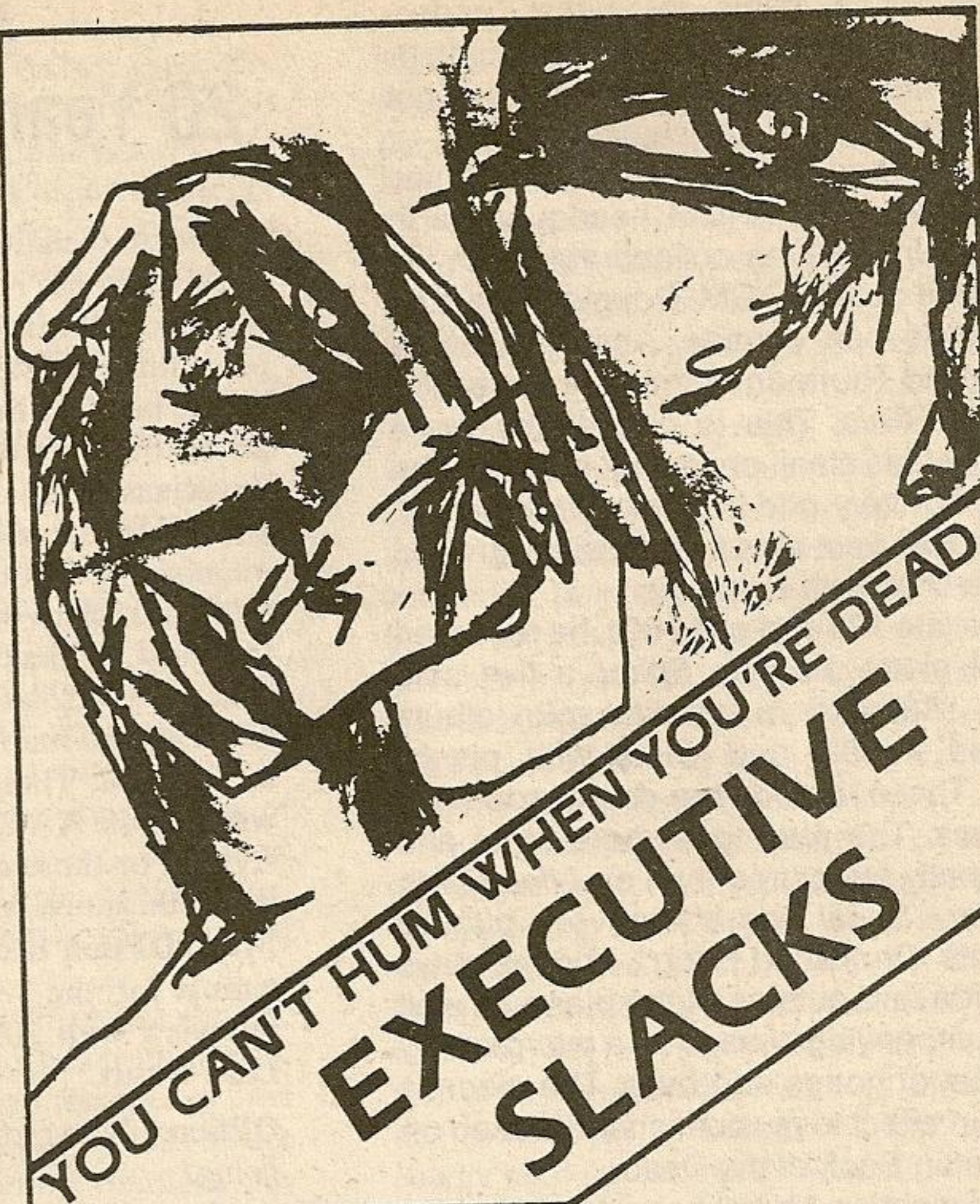
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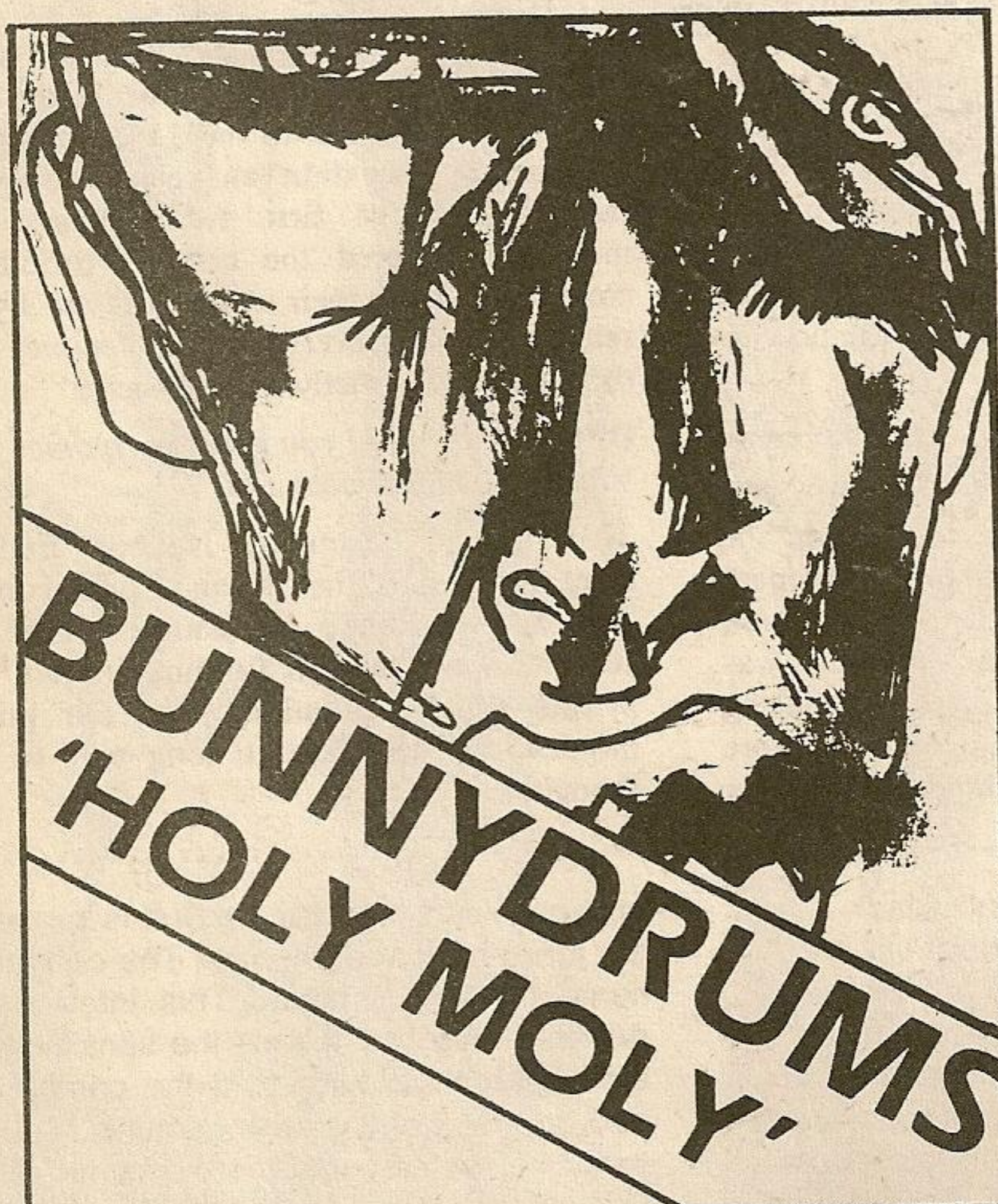
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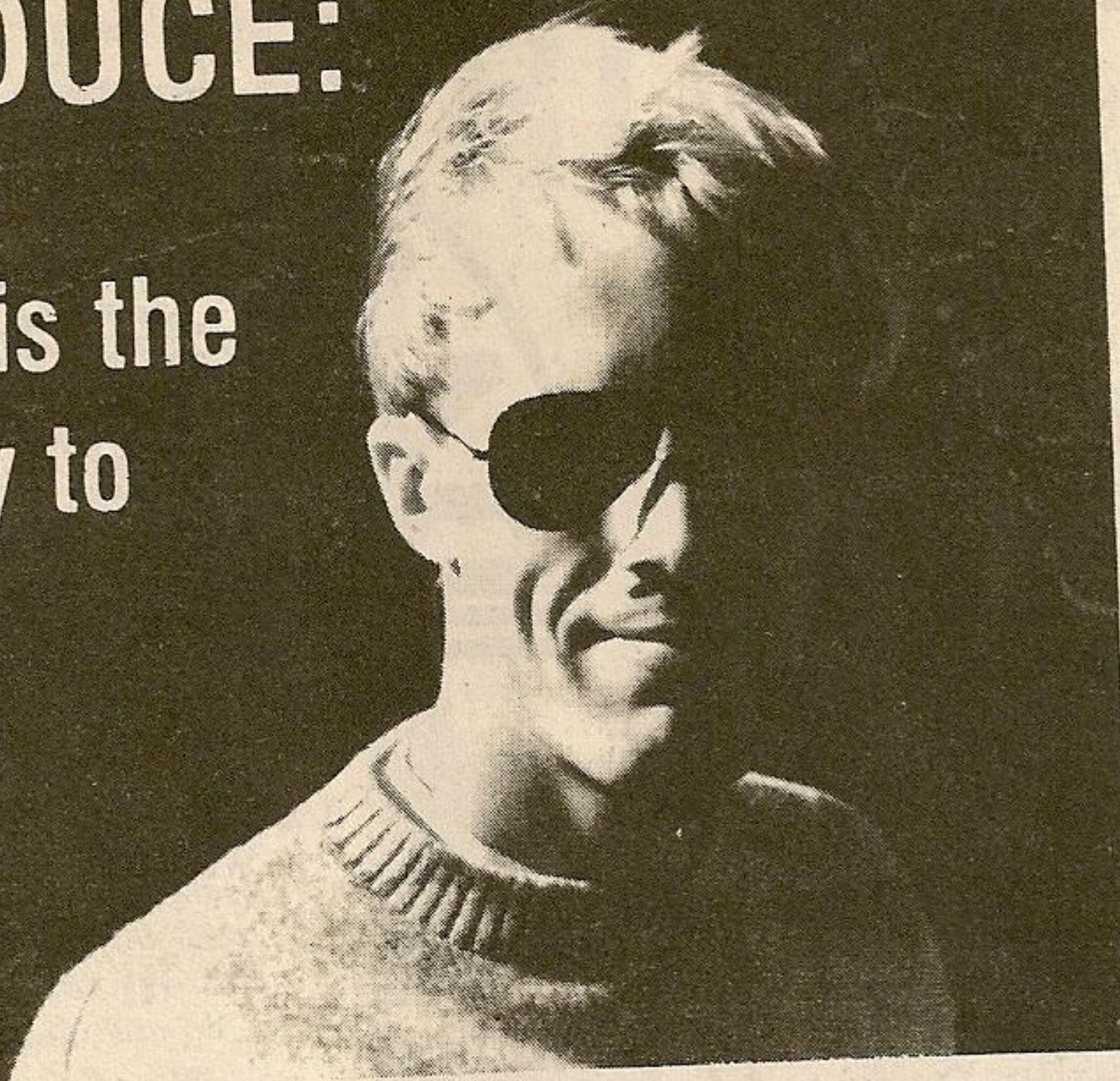


Photo: An Bene

Interview by Scott Becker

Trance Port Tapes is perhaps L.A.'s premier tape label for the local underground. Run by A. Produce and An Bene, Trance Port has established a reputation based on quality recordings and distinct packaging. I spoke with A. Produce in December, shortly after the release of their 1984 masterwork, *L.A. Mantra II* (reviewed elsewhere in this issue). Our conversation went something like this:

Option: You label the music you record and release "trance music". How do you define "trance music"?

A.: Glad you asked. I think I'm trying to shy away from the word "trance" now because I think it's going to come back and bite us. I'm leaning toward an open-ended term, saying "music that has a hypnotic quality to it". Because trance seems to connote all the new age stuff, even some occult-type practices. People seem to think of something that's very monotone, maybe even Eastern, religious kind of things. The word hypnotic leaves it a little more open, it could be a rhythm that just repeats and really gets in a groove. Anything from Cabaret Voltaire to I guess, Brian Eno.

Option: So it could be ambient music...

A.: It could be ambient, it could be drone, it could be trance-rock, it could be metallic, it could be industrial, it could be electronic or meditative sound...it does overlap into the meditative, new age area. But what we're trying to do is a lot broader than that. Trance music has been around for ages, ever since people started hollowing out logs and stretching animal skins across 'em for ceremonies and rituals. True trance music has a timeless quality. If you go back to classical things, you can hear what are called "pedal points" in Bach's organ music, which was basically holding down one pedal and letting it drone through all the stuff they did over it. Then on up into

modern times there's the piano music of Debussy and Satie. They had a very dreamlike quality that could be considered the ambient music of the 19th century.

And then rock'n'roll, which people were calling primitive—moans and groans and repetitive guitar, and to a large extent it was true. Today, we've almost come full circle, back to a minimalism that people are using as an aesthetic measuring stick.

Option: Your releases cover a pretty wide range of musics that might be considered experimental. Is there such a thing anymore as "experimental music"?

A.: I think it's all experimental. I think that anything that departs from a formulaic point of view is lapsing into experimentalism, which shows that people are using their brains rather than just leaving them on autopilot. I think experimentation is where it's at in terms of sustaining any art form.

The scope of what our recordings have covered so far is pretty wide. We've put out a poetry cassette [by Randall Kennedy] of words combined with music. We feel that the use of narrative or words with music requires that focus of attention. People like Robert Ashley have done the same thing, combining a plaintive vocal or narrative over some music or rhythm track. That's also a use of this trance element I've been talking about.

Option: Let's talk about running a tape label. Why tapes?

A.: Many reasons. Records are real expensive to make, it seems like everybody's in on it from the pressing plant to the people who cut your lacquers...that's the financial end. Cassettes are more versatile, they're cheaper to do, you don't have to press up 2000, you can make as many as you want to meet the demand. I think as far as packaging, they offer a little more alternative in terms of imagination. If you're trying to make artful music it makes sense to present

it in an artful way, and that means doing something different with the package as well. Anybody can make tapes, and when you have the exclusivity where not everybody has a record-cutting lathe in their house and give it over to people who can do it in their bedroom or garage, it's going to become common real fast—unless you do something distinctive with the entire presentation. It really adds to the impact of what's inside if you can do something with the package. And the versatility of being able to listen to tapes in a home environment, in your car, in a Walkman—it's easier for the person who hasn't got a lot of money to get their record made, to get their music out there and find an audience.

Option: What makes a hardworking individual put so much time and money and energy into putting out these tapes for so little return?

A.: I've been asking myself that question a lot lately (laughs). When Trance Port was formed by An Bene and I two years ago, I envisioned there had to be another way to get our music out there, without risking our shirts anyway. I had been playing with tape recorders since I was 10 years old. Rich Evac and I [both from the band Afterimage, which had a costly lesson in putting out an independent record] were going to start a tape label, Contagion. But I was left holding the first tape, with no way to get it out. It was called "The Contagion Sampler." And I had done all this work to get this tape ready, maybe the thing to do was to put it out ourselves. We renamed it "L.A. Mantra" to establish an umbrella corporation called Trance Port and associate as many artists that shared the same vision and ideas that we did. Perhaps the recognition of what was going on would be greater than if just one artist here and there was just putting out their little tapes.

Option: It seems that a disproportionate amount of your support and attention has come from Europe.

A.: Ironically, a lot of people on the tapes respond more to music that is coming out of Europe than they do to music from this country. Therefore it stands to reason that if that music was inspiring people over here and they were putting out good stuff themselves, then it would be equally received in Europe and that's been the case with our tapes. France, Germany, Spain, Switzerland and Sweden—those are the main countries we're in.

Option: England?

A.: Not so much England. Evidently they feel they've got everything there at home. That's the only explanation I've come up with anyway.

Trance Port has just compiled and published Volume I of the Trance Music Directory, a broad-minded survey of what might fall into the "trance" category. Included are short essays on many essential trance artists and selected discographies. Available from Trance Port, Box 85/436, L.A., CA 90072.

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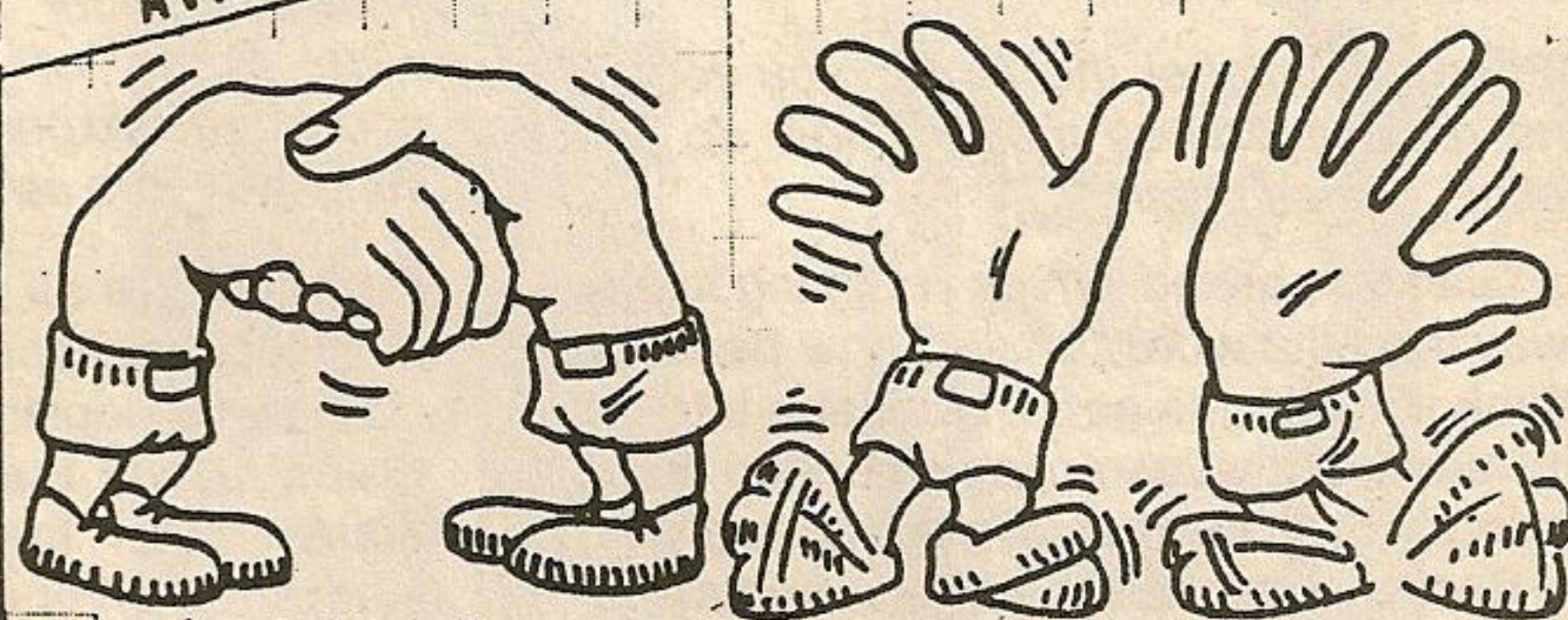
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ABECEDERIANs

The Depression Lingers in Orange County

by Liz Garo

The year was 1980; a year of punk disillusionment and the arrival of a music "doom-gloom" boom. There was England's Factory record label and there was the band Joy Division, a combination that, for the next few years, remained an influence on a new music generation. The Sex Pistols, Sham 69, and Buzzcock LPs stayed on shelves while the mesmerizing vocals and driving percussion spun on turntables. It was a wave in music that rolled out pieces of vinyl some claimed depressing while others insisted it was inspiring. The sound, atmospheric and hypnotic, became a model for a new underground.

The year is now early 1985: punk is a fad for 13 year-old kids and "doom-gloom" has learned to dance. Factory Records is one of the strongest independent labels and Joy Division fans maintain their loyalty—the seminal band has now grown and changed to New Order since lead singer Ian Curtis' untimely death. One such fan is Chris Manecke, who got bored playing in punk bands and started listening to Joy Division and more of the "dark stuff". It made its impact. Chris formed the Abecedarians, and with Kevin Dolan on drums and John Blake on bass, became the first American west coast band to be signed to the frontrunning British label Factory. (A few years back Factory signed an east coast band, Ike Yard, but after 4 months and one single the group disbanded).

"I used to think it would be so great to be on Factory," says Chris, lead vocalist, songwriter, and spokesman for the Newport Beach based three-piece, "but I never thought they'd even look my way." They did. Chris sent a tape to Mike Schaumberg at the Factory New York office, which takes care of British bands being signed American and vice-versa. A week later Schaumberg called back Chris and said he was interested in the band.

"It's the fastest response I've ever received from a record company." Unfortunately, Chris' enthusiasm to the signing was curtailed by the lack of physical product. Although that initial response was prompt, it's been almost two years for any Abecedarian product to surface. Chris states clearly that the signing to Factory is great for the band but the delays are frustrating. Factory product like the new Durrutti Column and Section 25 LPs take precedence. It was Chris who

called Factory New York, saying he had the money and studio time already booked, before he got a definite, official okay; it came from the main office in Manchester on the morning they were to record. In March of '84 the final tape was sent and the songs were mixed by Barney Hoskyns of New Order and Donald Johnson from A Certain Ratio. The two song 12" by the Abecedarians is catalog number 117 and should be available sometime early January. (Also in the works is a full album for the Independent Project label with a tentative date for mid-February or early March).

According to Chris the Factory songs are now more danceable and there isn't any reverb which, he says, is a little hard to get used to. "I want to like it, but because of the way I've always heard it it's hard at first."

What the Abecedarian single is, is music with a real Factory sound. There are bits and pieces: the dreaminess of the Wake, the meshing synthesizers of New Order, and the heart and soul of Joy Division. But these are only bits and pieces; the Abecedarians are not a ripoff band, but a creative trio that builds upon their styles. It's a layered blend of sound and rhythm. The Abecedarians are at home with Factory.

It's two nights after the X-Mal Deutschland show at the Music Machine. We sit in the back of Peer Records in Newport Beach—hardly the expected home of a Factory band. Someone up front is spinning "Love Will Tear Us Apart." Chris smokes a cigarette and is articulate in his speech as we touch upon music equipment, Goldenvoice, the Dead Can Dance LP, record labels and the Abecedarians themselves. The band, together for almost three years, has played only a handful of live shows: somewhere under fifteen. Many thought the X-Mal show was their debut, others had trouble pronouncing the name but wondered, where have these

guys been?

Chris has a philosophy to playing live: "When you play too much people figure they can see you anytime or get burned out on you. I'd like there to be a mystique to the band."

And so there is. To look at the Abecedarians, you'd think they look so...normal. There is no image: no black clothes, sloppy eyeliner, dangling religious symbols, or funny haircuts. It is their music that grabs you, as Chris wants to achieve something trance-like, moody, and atmospheric. The ambience is possible with the use of effects, Kevin's precise-as-a-drum-machine pounding, and John's eight-string bass. Chris controls guitar and keyboards; his vocals are deep and full.

Another drawback to performances is equipment needed for each show: a number of amps, keyboards, foot switches, and sequencer. It's a lot of changing and plugging and unplugging which is basically time consuming. And although Chris feels confident with the band, he has battles with stagefright. "I worry about the equipment and playing for people who aren't there to see the band. Every time we play the audience likes us, but I still get nervous."

But it is Chris who is the creative push behind the band as lyricist and innovator. Currently, the Abecedarian sound is too mainstream for Chris and just not different enough. He hopes to change that by picking up a new instrument and incorporating it into the music. Each member of the band writes their own parts—either building on a particular bass line or expanding on a vocal chorus. The outcome is an atmospheric mixture of Abecedarian sound. They are "dancey" in a moving, swaying sense; they are a band of changes and progression. The appearances are rare and far between—but do your best to find them—the Abecedarians won't be disillusioning.



AUSTRALIA

The Sixties

by Richie Unterberger

The mid-1960s were a time of great change and creativity in rock'n'roll. Arguably, the biggest spark was the Beatles' explosive rise to the top of the international pop scene, inspiring countless other groups in both Britain and America. Yet virtually every country in the Western world had their Beatle clones, Stonesish ragamuffins, and psychedelic spacemen. While Sweden, Canada, and Holland all produced their share of interesting bands, perhaps no non-U.S./U.K. country had a more active rock scene than Australia. However, only two groups, the Bee Gees and (to a much lesser extent) the Easybeats, found any sort of international recognition, and the vast majority of Australian rock of this era remains unheard beyond Down Under.

In some ways it seems surprising that Aussie groups didn't make more of an international impact. Unlike, say, in Sweden, there was no language barrier to overcome. Unlike some American groups of the time, Australian rockers didn't have to fake an accent. In fact, one supposedly Australian group, the Strangeloves, were hyped as such in 1965; it was only after their hits "I Want Candy" and "Night Time" that they were revealed to be Brooklyn session musicians named Goldstein, Feldman, and Gottehrer!

While their isolation hurt Australian groups on an international level, it may well have helped them on a national one. While tours by U.S. and U.K. acts were not unknown, they were far less frequent here than in

America and Europe—many major international greats never came at all. The next best thing, then, was to check out your local sensations. Quite a few independent record companies recorded these artists for the Australian audience. Much as a 1966 Texas group could have top 5 hits in a few cities and remain unknown elsewhere, several Aussie acts flourished on the grassroots level.

Australia was something of a cultural backwater, catching trends just as they were being deemed passe by their originators, lacking access to performances by the groups they idolized, even lacking access to sophisticated musical equipment. Albums were a rarity, reserved only for huge stars like the Easybeats—most groups got only a few 45s. What resulted was a filtered-down British Invasion sound—rawer, less sophisticated, and less professional than their distant heroes.

Just as the country was taken by storm by the British Invasion, so it was also swept along by other major trends originating elsewhere—psychedelia, blues rock, art rock, and so on. From the current scant evidence on record, the groups proved much less adept at imitating fads as the decade waned, as self-consciously, overly pop "groovy" songs and arrangements submerged the raw power which made the scene special. This, combined with a drop in local and independent labels and exposure—at one time in the late '60s, Australian radio severely restricted airplay by homegrown acts—robbed Australian rock of a lot of its zest by the 1970s.

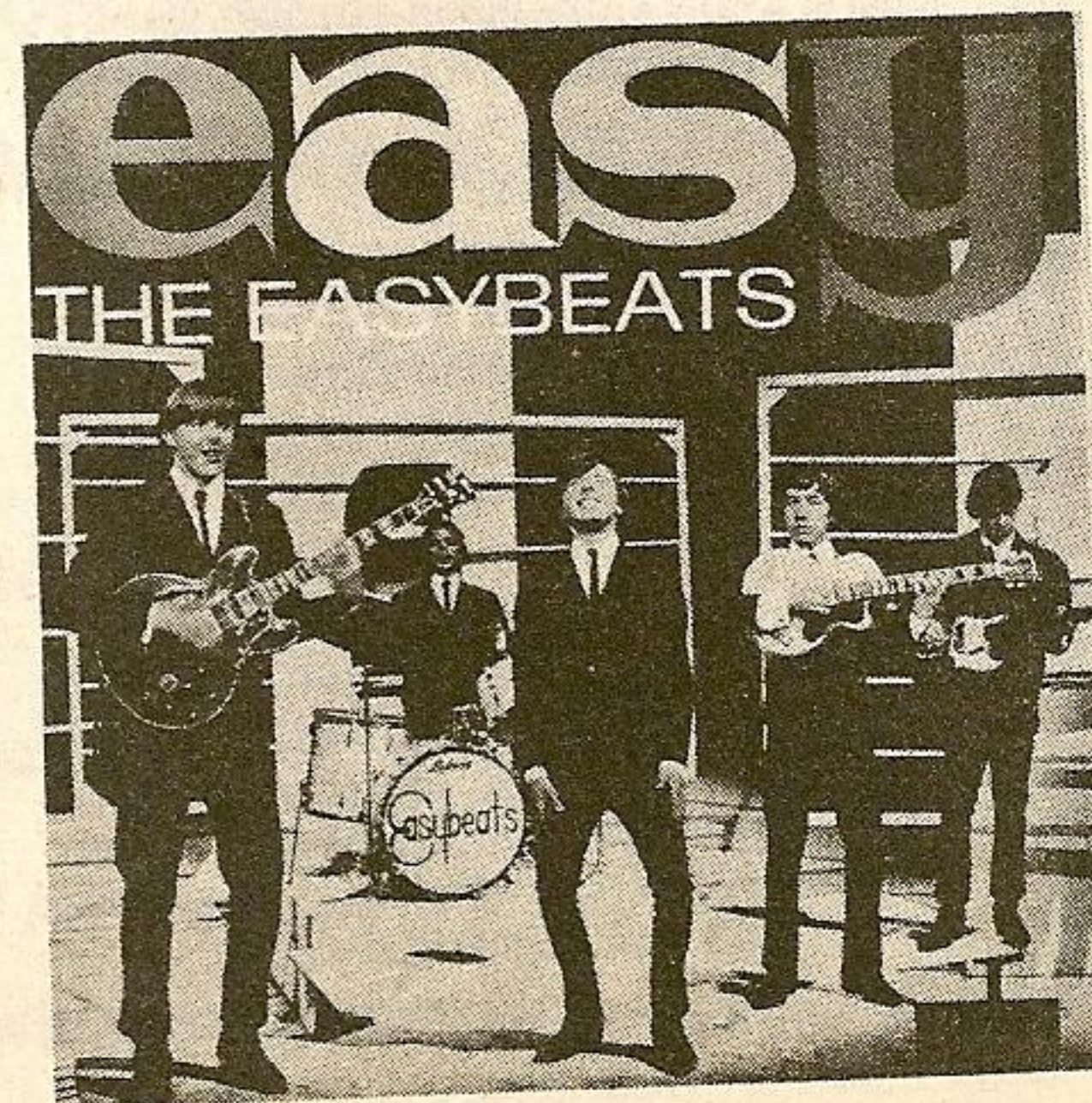
Virtually all of the music recorded during this period would remain unheard by non-Australians if not for the effort of Glenn Baker, Australia's most famous rock critic.

After supervising a few anthologies on big Aussie labels, Baker created Raven Records, most of whose catalog reissues the now impossible-to-find recordings of sixties Australian (and New Zealand) rock groups. On one hand, Baker deserves enormous credit for single-handedly re-exposing a good deal of great music, with excellent packaging and annotation. At the same time, his selection is at times questionable. Some pallid mush and incompetent cover versions (he seems especially partial to those) are jumbled side by side with lost gems on most of his anthologies, and he seems at least as concerned with exposing *anything* Australian as with exposing anything *good* that's Australian, making Raven's output very uneven. Too, Raven releases are hard to find in the U.S., even in esoteric specialty import bins, and are only sporadically available through mail-order collector outfits.

Still, most of his Australian reissues are theoretically still in print. Here's a rundown on some of the groups and their currently available records:

The Easybeats: Probably the most well-respected Aussie group by sixties aficionados (though I think they're overrated). Most of their stuff is worth checking out as among the more inventive pop-rock of the decade. Ironically, the group was composed of three British immigrants and two Dutch ones, the nucleus forming at an immigrant youth hostel. The record to get is the double LP *Anthology* on Australia's Albert label, a terrific buy (44 songs and 12-page booklet) which showcases their development from a powerful Beatle-inspired combo to an arty, very English psychedelic-influenced one which sounds almost like late sixties Kinks-meets-

Two Personal Views



ROCKS

the Monkees and the Turtles. Having progressed to the very top of the Australian scene by mid-1966, the Easybeats moved to London in an attempt to crack the big time, and got a U.K. and U.S. hit with their first try, "Friday On My Mind." Subsequent releases earned praise from Paul McCartney and Lou Reed, as well as a European tour with the Stones, but no more big hits, leading the group to leave Britain and pack it in by the end of 1969. Even if you're not a big fan, the Easybeats records remain intriguing for their seminal power-pop (before it was termed as such), full-bodied orchestral production, and Harry Vanda's unique staccato percussive guitar. The group recorded an astonishing amount of released and unreleased material; in addition to *Anthology*, more is available on *The Shame Just Drained* (Line, Germany), *The Raven EP-LP Vol. 2* (Raven), as well as reissues of their first 2 LPs, *Easy* and *It's 2 Easy* (Albert). While chief songwriters Harry Vanda and George Young's preoccupation with studio experimentation is blamed as a factor in the group's breakup, it proved to be their ultimate forte, as the '70s saw them emerge as the most successful Australian producers to date, AC/DC being their most (in)famous charges.

The Masters Apprentices: In 1966, it was still possible to send a demo to a record company and hear nothing more about it until you heard it played as a single on the radio during intermission at the drive-in. It actually happened to Masters Apprentices' lead singer Jim Keays. His band was one of Australia's very finest, combining the scruffy R&B/rock of Brits like the Pretty Things with haunting minor-key pop reminiscent of groups

like the Yardbirds. The ultra-arresting "Wars or Hands of Time" and the ultra-dreamy psychedelic "Living In a Child's Dream" remain undiscovered classics. The Masters could have well been Australia's greatest had gifted songwriter/rhythm guitarist Mick Bower not suffered a nervous breakdown in late 1967, after which the group grew steadily less exciting and distinctive. Somehow Bower's collapse seemed to fit in with the general instability of the band, which underwent eight personnel changes between 1966 and 1968, singer Keays being the only constant. The early '70s saw the group take a trip to London in a bid for international success—on cruise tickets won as prizes in a battle of the bands contest, and for which they were expected to provide free live entertainment on the journey over. Despite some cult success in Europe with their early seventies progressive LPs, they didn't find enough support to fend off their eventual breakup in 1972. *Wars Or Hands Of Time* (Raven) collects 18 tracks from 1966-72, and although the later tracks can't hold a candle to the Bower ones, it's still a fine record.

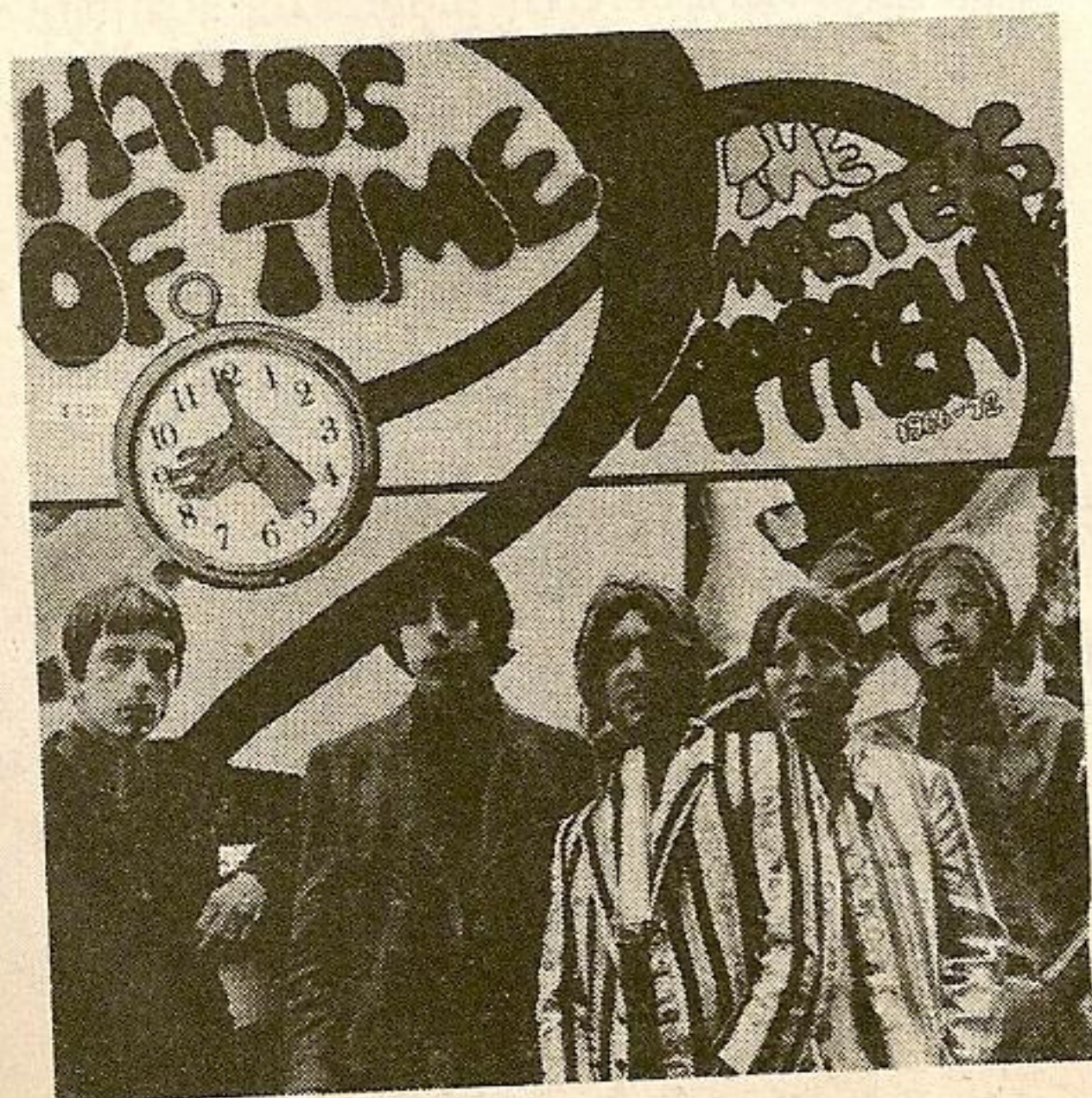
The Missing Links: Absolutely one of the wildest groups of the sixties, sort of a fusion of the Troggs and early Who. Oddly, there were two separate lineups, both very good—the first a raw Kinks-like combo, the second taking it one step further with absolutely savage vocals and demented scrape feedback from unheralded noise guitar pioneer Doug Ford. "Don't Give Me No Friction" sounds like he's playing his axe with a microphone—the feedback climax is as wild as the one on the Who's "My Generation." Truly a band ahead of their time, too far out to even get

any local hits, though somehow they managed to get several 45s, EPs, and even an album released. Currently they have eight tracks on various anthologies (six on Raven's *EP-LP Vol. 1*), and Raven has just reissued their LP, which should be imported to the U.S. soon.

The Bee Gees: Come on, they weren't always so bad. In fact, prior to their international breakthrough in 1967, they were one of the better Beatle-styled groups. Starting out as kind of a teen version of the Everly Brothers in 1963, the Gibb brothers' output from 1964 to 1966 sounds much like the Hollies' material from the same period. Although available on some North American budget labels (e.g. Excelsior), most of this stuff remains unheard Stateside. Feeling that they'd done all they could in Australia, the Gibbs took a ship to London in 1967, found Robert Stigwood, and the rest is history, for better or worse. If you've wondered what the Bee Gees' late '60s songs might have sounded like without the heavy orchestral production, here's your chance.

Bobby & Laurie: Along with the Easybeats and teen idol Normie Rowe, this duo was one of the most popular Aussie acts of the mid-sixties. Like many other groups worldwide, Bobby & Laurie (two male singers backed by a band) were an example of a Liverpool-inspired group that were better and harder rocking than most authentic Merseybeaters. There's now a pretty solid anthology of their mostly original material on Raven (*Jump Back!*)

M.P.D. Limited were a very young trio who landed a #1 hit with their first release, Johnny Burnette's "Little Boy Sad," by dating the girls who worked at the Melbourne record



stores which were surveyed to determine Aussie national charts. Let's see someone try to get away with that anywhere in the world in this corporate day and age! Yet the ride on top was short, and after increasingly unsuccessful releases, the Limited (like many other Australian acts) headed to Britain to try and crack the international scene. They bombed, and split shortly after returning home, just 18 months after forming. Musically, they recall the early Easybeats on their rockers, the early Bee Gees on their mid-tempo numbers. Though acceptable, they weren't as distinctive songwriters or performers as their mentors, though perhaps they could have grown had they not broken up so soon. There's now an anthology on Raven containing nearly all their work (*The Wild Side of Life*).

The Twilights: Supposedly they were a good band in the mold of the Hollies, but the only release currently available is *Twilight Time* (Raven), a collection of concert performances. It's mostly well-known covers, with near-bootleg sound quality. Not only is it for collectors only, it's for Australian collectors only, though having not heard their studio material, I couldn't dismiss them on the basis of this LP.

For anthologies, start with *Ugly Things Vol. 1* (Raven), one of my favorite rock compilations, and the only one I've paid over \$10 for that's worth every cent. Its 20 songs give an overview of Australian rock at its best—the Easybeats at their most power-pop, the Missing Links at their most primitive, some incredibly feverish guitar solos which sound like some bizarre forefather of heavy metal excess, a Merseybeat-like tune about being a drunken bum (written by a 15 year-old), and that's just half of side one. It's like hearing an anthology of U.S. '60s garage bands, but these groups have superior songwriting and instrumental creativity.

Ugly Things Vol. 2 (Raven): 20 more of the same, though not of the uniform high quality of its predecessor.

Raven EP-LP Vol. 2 (Raven): Four groups (Missing Links, the Throb, the Purple Hearts, the Wild Cherries). The Missing Links, as you read above, are great. Only three tracks by the Throb, nonetheless they include a hair-raising punk reworking of "Black is the Color of My True Love's Hair"(!) and a great bouncy Beatle imitation. Purple Hearts: six tracks, mostly undistinguished Stones-type R&B, but another fine hard rock overhaul of a tradi-

tional folk song ("Early in the Morning"). Wild Cherries: three tracks. Glenn Baker thinks they're one of the great groups of the sixties, I don't see why, but it's interesting eccentric hard rock with soul influences and nods to the pre-heavy metal of groups like the MC5.

5 X 4 (Raven): Five tracks by four acts. The Allusions are great, one of the few Beatle imitators who emulate the tough side of the Fab Four instead of sounding like wimped out Merseybeat. Unfortunately, Steve & the Board are average (though enjoyable), and I don't see why the Tony Worsley or Mike Furber tracks should have been reissued at all.

So You Wanna Be a Rock'n'Roll Star Vol. 1 (Festival, Australia): Baker's first compilation, inspired in 1974 by the U.S. *Nuggets* collection. Gives a good overview of both good and mediocre rock of the era, running the gamut from superb Beatle imitations, xeroxes of U.S. hits like "Kicks," incompetent blues rock, syrupy pop-folk in the Seekers mold, and more, though there's too much filler.

So You Wanna Be a Rock'n'Roll Star Vol. 2 (Festival, Australia): I really couldn't recommend this to anyone but hardcore historians like myself. Lots of terribly overblown, overproduced pop which was evidently passed off as "psychedelia". Some really, really lame versions of standards like "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl." Even the best stuff, while good, is really derivative of British bands such as Traffic, the Small Faces, etc. One of my favorites is King Fox's track, which sounds like the best of the limited genre of "heavy" commercial AM rock circa 1970. A bunch of millionaires' teenage sons who had a huge hit with the self-composed track here, their career was terminated by their families after flunking some crucial high school exams.

Also of note were several New Zealand groups, most of whom did a lot of work and had hits in Australia (just as many Australian groups did in New Zealand). Ray Columbus and the Invaders predated even the Easybeats as major stars in the Antipodes, mutating from a Cliff Richard & the Shadows-style combo to a solid "beat" one, and scored a genuine classic with "She's a Mod" (which liberally borrowed the Beatles "yeah yeah yeah" refrain); their story's well documented on the CBS/Epic New Zealand *Anthology*.

The La De Das were probably New Zealand's biggest '60s group, and although most of what's currently available are cover songs, they did some fine original material in the Standells vein, as well as a children's fairytale concept LP in the late sixties. Larry's Rebels have a very nicely packaged anthology on Raven that's unfortunately not too remarkable, though not without some pleasant moments. And *How Was the Air Up There* (on New Zealand K-Tel) is the only available N.Z. '60s comp, and like most of Baker's anthologies mixes a few fine cuts with lame pop and routine covers.

As you can see, what's been reissued so far (and I haven't tracked down everything) is of very erratic quality. If you're curious, I'd advise starting with the *Ugly Things Vol. 1* anthology, maybe also the Easybeats and Masters Apprentices compilations, and going from there. Only the hard-bitten buffs would want to go as far as I have, yet it would be a mistake to dismiss vintage Antipodean rock unheard, as the best of it can hold its own with almost anything produced in the U.S. or U.K. during the same era.

Much of the information contained in this piece was compiled from Glenn Baker's annotation to most of the records listed in the article. Below are label addresses; also try contacting specialist Australian/New Zealand importers Other Side Records, 8818 Sunset Blvd., L.A., CA 90069, or specialist exporters Monash Records, 203 Balaclava Rd., Caulfield, Victoria 3162, Australia.

Raven Records: P.O. Box 92, Camberwell, 3124 Australia

Line Records: Postfach 60 52 20, D-2000, Hamburg 60, West Germany

Excelsior Records: 7500 Excelsior Blvd., Minneapolis, MN 55426

New Zealand K-Tel: P.O. Box 2614, Auckland, N.Z.

The Current Crop

by Clark Staub

While most of this country grows colder for the winter, the land "down under" enters summer, and more than the climate is heating up. Musically, in recent months the alternative

spotlight has been shifting from England to Australia—and for good reason too. Australia has the least densely packed population in the region, but is also the most technically advanced; Australia is home to the world's only egg-laying mammals and the air-breathing lungfish; Australia has the Saints, Hunters and Collectors, and the Triffids. These are the bands that are shaping an alternative sound in an often-ignored country. The sound is diverse: everything from glam-thrash to neo-psychedelia to pure-pop to a rebel-rousing distorted country sound.

What is distinct about the "down-under-sound?" Listen to any of the Boys Next Door or Laughing Clowns records and you'll find they have a character and an originality of their own. Maybe it's the sort of western twang that doesn't quite sound so country-western. Or the vocals, which hide the Aussie accent, that seem to rip right through you or drive you up a wall. Maybe it's the sort of dry desert style that somehow seems to penetrate whatever might be in front of it and coat the listener as a sandstorm does.

Although Australia's music scene is growing, many still have to venture to England to obtain their hopes of fame. But the Aussie variety is vast and the two main independent labels, Au-Go-Go and Hot ("the young sound of Australia"), have impressive rosters of talent. The Australians' influence over the alternative bands outside of their country is evident. The Boys Next Door, who became the infamous Birthday Party, inspired many young wailing bands: the Inca Babies, Bone Orchard, the Stingrays, and even Tex and the Horseheads attempt their vocal attack in the tradition of Nick Cave.

As the Australian bands are gaining more and more respect it is becoming easier to find their independent outings on vinyl. With that in mind I'll list a few records which, although not the easiest to obtain, are around and worth listening to. While the list here is by no means complete, it does give a rough overview of the "Aussie" sound. Read on and rock out...

THE CELIBATE RIFLES *Sideroxylon* LP, *Celibate Rifles* LP, "Pretty Pictures" 7" single: The Celibate Rifles are a sort of punk band that lies somewhere between Crass and the Replacements. Their music is definitely message-oriented and powerful. "Thank You America" is definitely my favorite.

THE DROP BEARS "Proud" 7" single: The

Drop Bears have a sound similar to that of the Celibate Rifles although a bit more bass oriented.

BOX OF FISH "Sex Cat Killer" 7" single: Another punk outfit. I believe they're from New Zealand but don't take my word on that. I heard this single once and loved it, but unfortunately it was somebody else's. I want it.

THE GO BETWEENES *Life Before Hollywood* LP, *Send Me a Lullaby* LP, *Spring Hill Fair* LP, and numerous 7 and 12 inch releases on the Postcard label in Scotland, Rough Trade, and Sire. Originally a three piece and now a four. A female drummer who wants to play like the Velvet Underground (the Go-Betweenes do not sound like the Velvet Underground) and an array of songs that one minute have you wondering why this band has not gained success and the next making you glad that they haven't because that would take all their personality away (sort of like the Pretenders long, long ago). I recommend all that is available, but if I must choose then let it be the "Bachelor Kisses" single.

THE LAUGHING CLOWNS *Mr. Udders-muddich Goes to Town* LP, *Laughter Around the Table* LP, *The Laughing Clowns* LP, *Law of Nature* LP, and numerous singles. The Laughing Clowns have always been one of my favorite bands because of their purely original sound. Edmund Kuepper (the vocalist) has been called a genius more than once. Probably the most original Australian band to date, the mastery of horns, bass, piano, and vocals makes any Laughing Clowns song into an event. With distribution troubles outside of Australia and England, most of their records are scarce. Their best work to date is probably the recently released *Law of Nature* LP, which captures all the original energy they conveyed during the earlier *Mr. Udders-muddich*, with a new twist which is bound to have any listener stomping around in no time.

HUNTERS AND COLLECTORS *World of Stone* EP, *Hunters and Collectors* LP, *The Firemans Curse* LP, *Jaws of Life* LP, and numerous 12 and 7 inch releases in Australia, U.K., and the U.S.: Challenging the Laughing Clowns for originality, the songs composed by Hunters and Collectors are just as the band's name might indicate: rough, primitive, and tribal. Constantly changing their 9-member lineup for various tours about the world, they have released some remarkable songs. Recommended listenings are the "Talk-

ing to a Stranger" single, "Judas Sheep" single and the entire first LP!

THE HOODOO GURUS: The Hoodoo Gurus are the present rave and I can honestly say that I don't know why, but by virtue of this article I shall mention them; they sound like the Alarm.

THE LIME SPIDERS "Voodoo Girl" 7" and "25th Hour" 7" double pack: The Lime Spiders should be welcomed with open arms by all those practicing the psychedelia/garage movement presently in vogue. These guys aren't run-of-the-mill, however.

THE MOODISTS *Thirstys Calling* LP, *Engine Shudders* LP and numerous other releases: The Moodists recently played here in the States. "Enough Legs to Live On" (their latest single) is great. A bit Birthday Partyish, but their recent releases have been getting progressively more original.

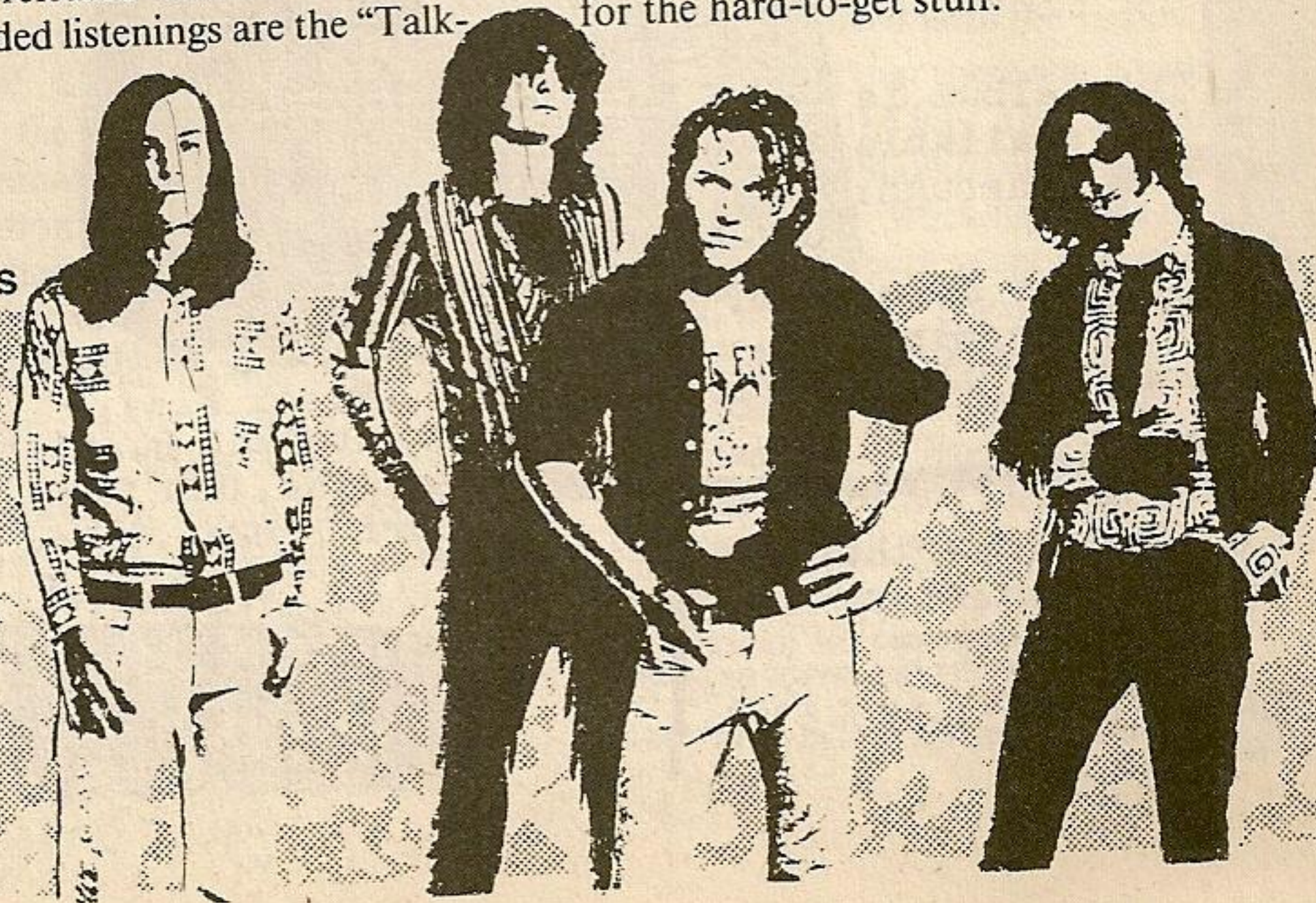
THE SACRED COWBOYS *The Sacred Cowboys* LP and a few singles; I know nothing about this band other than what is on their LP, and I like it. The first song is "Nothing Grows in Texas" and as the title may hint, it is first rate western-flair rompin'.

THE TRIFFIDS *Treeless Plains* LP, *Love at the Wireless* LP, and "Property is Condemned" 7" single: Do you like the Monkees? Do you like funk? Do you like fast, pounding music? The Triffids are all this and add their own originality. They are presently becoming the new British press darlings, and with good cause.

THE SCIENTISTS *Blood Red River* EP: They have a strong following in both Australia and England. They are dark rockabilly with more of that American garage clanging. The Scientists, whose second LP has recently been released, bounce somewhere in a Gun Club, Cramps, Birthday Party vein. They carry on with the psychedelia and are as equally haunting as they are pleasing with their rough-edged noise.

This is a fairly select list of new Australian rock, but there is much more. The Triffids and Celibate Rifles are on Hot Records, 314-316 Victoria St., Darlinghurst, Sydney, NSW 2010. All other bands are on or available through Au-Go-Go, GPO Box 542-D, Melbourne, Victoria, 3001. Or try contacting specialist exporters Monash Records, 203 Balaclava Rd., Caulfield, Victoria 3162, Australia, or specialist importers Otherside Records, 8818 Sunset Blvd., L.A., CA 90069 for the hard-to-get stuff.

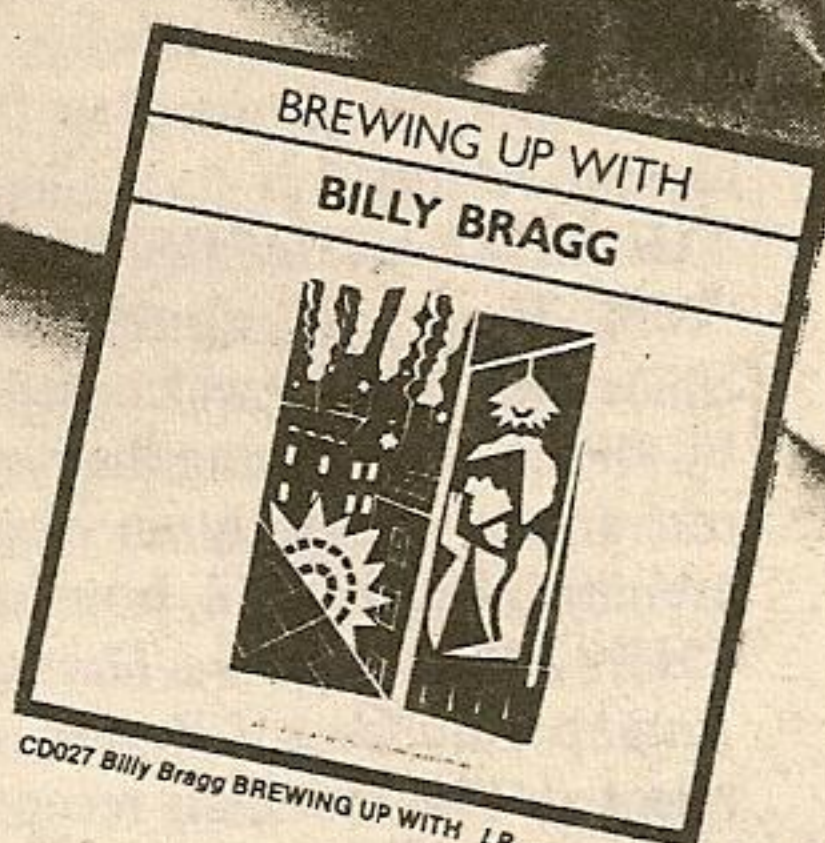
The Scientists



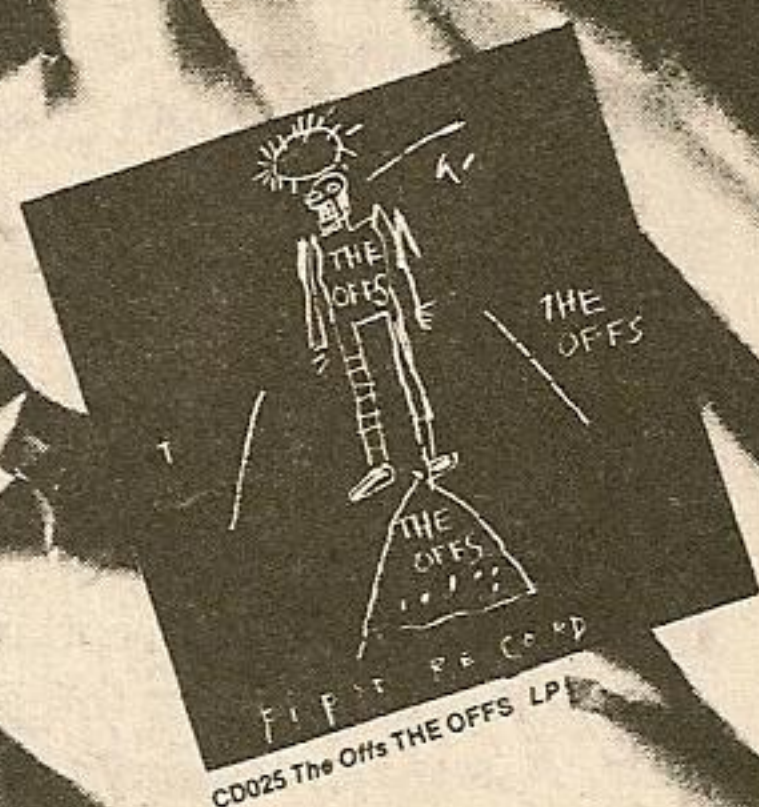
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ASIAN-AMERICAN JAZZ:

An Oral History With Paul Yamazaki

Interview by Brian Auerbach



Jonathan Rosen

Some of the most vital aspects of American culture are being created through the interaction of the country's minority groups. In the thirties and forties, inspired by the possibilities of jazz, first generation born Japanese-Americans, many of whom were confined to concentration camps during World War Two, began playing the music in a serious way. Before and during the camps, there were a number of such big bands, mainly based on the Lunceford and Basie styles. Other Asian and Pacific Islands-Americans became intrigued with the African-American music form. Except for a few artists who toured with big bands, the efforts remained centered on the west coast and eventually Hawaii. The second generation born in America expanded the level of contribution to jazz-based improvisational music. These people began to investigate and then incorporate musical concepts from Asian culture. Though influences were apparent, due to indigenous instruments and some structures, the outcome was quite unique.

As is the case with most musicians involved with exploring musical horizons, these artists, still primarily based on the west coast, are relatively unknown to the general public. In terms of economics, these musicians couldn't possibly survive but through a spirit that supersedes those concerns. Paul Yamazaki is a second generation born American of Japanese descent. He is a buyer for a book store, but in terms of his life he is a cultural worker, musician and concert producer.

Yamazaki became interested in jazz through a friend's record collection. He began with an avid interest in Miles Davis, which inspired a "going backwards" process that occurs with many who come to the music from another culture. Back through Miles to Trane, *Giant Steps*, Cecil, Ornette...his listening journeys led him to Eric Dolphy through Charles

Mingus. The exposure to Dolphy led Paul to playing the bass clarinet, an instrument he developed sufficiently to work with the likes of Ray Collins, Mark Izu, Louis Jordan, and others of the San Francisco new jazz front.

In 1981 poet George Leong, founder of the Kearney St. Writers Workshop in San Francisco, saw that Asian-American creative musicians had no forum in the Asian-American community. After talking with several musicians, including Paul Yamazaki, Leong created the first Asian-American Jazz Festival in San Francisco. The event showcased varying styles: outside, fusion and straight-ahead. With a lot of work and good fortune, Leong sold out two nights at S.F.'s Fort Mason artist enclave. Now that the festival was established, Leong asked the musicians to take over production. At first there was little interest, then Yamazaki stepped in to continue the event, which is entering its fourth season October 1984. For the first production, Yamazaki focused on the emerging avant-garde players balanced with indigenous Asian music. The festival changed venues and there was a good, if curious reception. The next festival took place on one night at still another venue, San Francisco's Herbst Theater. This year's festival will be a tribute to the living tradition of Asian-American players. At this writing the lineup has not been confirmed, but Yamazaki hopes to have some of the first generation players mentioned later in this article. After this festival, Yamazaki leaves as producer to return to his own music.

Paul Yamazaki's concerns are not individualistic in nature. He is looking to new cultural awareness of some very ancient concepts. He is interested in cultural identity and what informs the amalgam: Asian-American. He says: "There is a large body of Asian-American people who try to identify what Asian-American culture is. It is probably the largest question mulled over in the Asian-

American community. What exactly is Asian-American culture? Where is it heading? Does it have a future at all?" Over the past two decades especially, we have come to see that the North American culture is not a melting pot, homogenizing divergent input, but rather an intricate piece of fabric, exquisitely woven and colored with many different strands making up (hopefully) a strong whole.

PY: Like most Americans, Asian-Americans have been intrigued by jazz for quite a long time. Most of my parents' generation, called Nisei, first generation born here (1910-30), [coming to adolescence] mostly in the thirties and forties, a large number of them were interested in jazz, there was enough interest that by the time the Japanese were relocated during WWII, almost every camp had its own dance, jazz bands. Out of that group of people not many went on to be professionals, but there was this one guy Paul Higaki who after the camps went (on to work) with Lionel Hampton for three years. He's the first professional jazz musician that we've been able to trace—actually there is a jazz scholarship at University of Nevada/Reno named after him. His life ended in kind of a Lee Morgan situation. He was around, actively involved until the sixties.

Following that there was a group of people mainly from the Bay Area and Stockton, who were mostly Filipino players—a good number of them still working professionally. Flip Nunez, who spent years and years in the Bay Area, is now in Hawaii, Gabe Balthazar—marvelous alto player, also in Hawaii now, who played with the Kenton and Woody Herman bands...Rudy Tenio, who still works around here. Rudy said that those guys and maybe a small handful of others, almost all Filipinos, were the only hardcore Asian-American jazz people that he saw for fifteen or twenty years. They all knew each other, they all worked up and down the coast. Rudy

said that in the mid-'70s—he called it an explosion—where he first noticed it was at a club called Jigoku, which is no longer in existence—it was located under the Kabuki Theater (S.F.). More and more younger cats (Asians) started showing up, mainly playing straight ahead stuff, but there were a few people like Makoto Horichi and Russel Baba who had training in traditional Asian music and were doing something a little bit different.

There was another person who had his own type of hermetic development, Gerald Oshita. Gerald was brought up in San Francisco (born in Idaho), got involved in music very early. He originally started taking violin lessons and he was going to school in the Western Addition neighborhood (S.F.), and found that he either had to fight or talk his way out of stuff, playing violin. He was getting a little tired of that and he saw Little Richard's band with four tenor players in it—saxophones was the way he wanted to go.

BA: *He is also taking it in another direction, dealing with instruments of different types, antique, archaic instruments...*

PY: At this point he is the only professional player of saurusophone. He's the only person who can repair these instruments. He gets them in unplayable shape—he can restore them. Gerald came through black R&B, he worked in a lot of local clubs, he hung out a lot, and there are about two or three other guys that he used to hang out with. He describes being in the Western Addition jazz clubs—places like Jimbo's, Bop City, Plantation Club, several other places up and down Divisadero within walking distance of his house...12, 13, 14 years old, used to go out there and hang, try to sneak in. Jimbo's was right there in J-town and the stage of Jimbo's was in the basement of a friend's grocery store, and they would go down there and listen to these sets, early morning, and people would go to the Plantation Club around five or six, it was a breakfast club and they would play, it was like the stories of the old days of Kansas City, people playing all night long and then go to the breakfast club and play all morning long. Gerald caught the very end of that and became very active doing all different types of music, R&B, rock stuff, and keeping his own thing happening.

He had a group with Oliver Johnson who later went to Paris and is a mainstay with Steve Lacy for all these years. He and Oliver had a group that did a lot of things that paralleled what was happening in New York at that time. This was the mid-'60s—they were doing things even kind of parallel to what Cage was doing, and Gerald describes one even that happened over at the Palace of Legion of Honor when they came in with a bunch of different types of kazoos, slide whistles, tambourines, different percussion instruments. He had organized this large musical happening with non-musicians and that was a form they used in several institutional structures, and also over at the museum.

Gerald was also at the same time studying traditional Japanese music, shakuhachi, which



is a vertical Japanese bamboo flute. He was also studying European classical transverse flute technique, but his studies were serious enough with the Japanese flute that he studied with the most serious people in the U.S. and then eventually went to Japan for a long time—this was in the early to mid-seventies. In Japan he was covering the traditional music world and Japan and also the new music—was recording all this and was also hanging with people like Sadao Watanabe, straight ahead players in Japan. He was also working in new Japanese theater that fuses elements of traditional Noh, Kabuki as well as post-Artaud theater technique and post-Brechtian theatre technique. So he was involved with all these masses of influences that he's had direct contact with.

As his music has developed, particularly in the solo series, you can see a very unique combination that isn't happening anyplace else—except with Gerald. He's developed a very unique hybrid, synthesis of traditional Asian music, new, European new music and African-American new music. I guess he's most easily heard in the context of Roscoe Mitchell and Tom Buckner. Gerald then went on to become sort of an inspiration for people like Russel, Makoto and a number of other people. To use all those elements—I think what inspired all those people and a number of other people was that African-American music, improvisational music, jazz as it's called most often is—to really become a good improviser you have to explore the self. For the Asian-American part of that self is exploring...taking a deeper look into Asian-American culture and what informed that.

BA: *This is so much a part of the culture anyway, spiritually speaking...*

PY: I think that's one of the reasons jazz has spread around the world, why it is so loved. Like you can have a Yatra Festival in India. Herb Wong told me that for a couple of years in the mid-seventies there was an all-Asian Jazz festival in Macao. He said there was enough interest from people in the Phillipines, Thailand, Burma, Hong Kong, obviously you see the influence. Then you see Bobby Enriques from Mindinao, [Toshiko] Akiyoshi, and a lot of other people who are international level players who got their start from listening to records, who knows how they got them—just all over, anywhere people have access to a radio or record player, jazz has gotten there.

BA: *Russel Baba has brought about a synthesis of form—Asian/Japanese traditional music, African/American jazz—could you discuss the development of the system of personal language, coming from the Asian-American perspective?*

PY: Russel is one of those people that in terms of individual development—like in the same sense that Cecil and Ornette developed—he heard a musical vision and he's followed that. He heard a lot of music as a child, his family was very musical, although he never studied formally. His growth as a jazz musician also paralleled his growth and studies of traditional Japanese music. He studied for a number of years with Seiichi Tanaka, who is probably the leading exponent of traditional Japanese drumming, folk drumming, outside of Japan. He studied with Tanaka for five years formally, and continued an informal association with him for another five years. Russel also studied Gagaku, which is a traditional Japanese orchestral form that even in Japan is a relatively esoteric thing, and he's played in all sorts of settings in the Bay Area.

He has developed this incredible synthesis that you might want to call a Pan-Pacific language, which could only develop with somebody like Russel's background here on the west coast—where he could have access to teachers like Tanaka and to Tobi Sensei, who is his Gagaku teacher, and running into a lot of other people who developed that. His chief collaborator is his wife, Jeannie Aiko Mercer, who is the leading Asian-American traditional Japanese drummer—Tanaka's most talented student. During Russel's most important periods of development, Jeannie has always been working on her stuff, and over the last three or four years they've been doing more formal collaborations together that culminated in the first high point, Russel's album—Russel Hisashi Baba—which is, though almost impossible to get, one of the most amazing things recorded in the seventies. It is my opinion that someday when people look back in terms of the synthesis of African/American classical and people bringing in, from a very deep place, traditional Asian music, that LP will always remain a classic. Just purely on aesthetics, not withstanding its historical value. It's just a totally amazing piece of work—that collaboration between Jeannie and Russel was really a fortuitous thing. Sometimes Jeannie's influence doesn't get

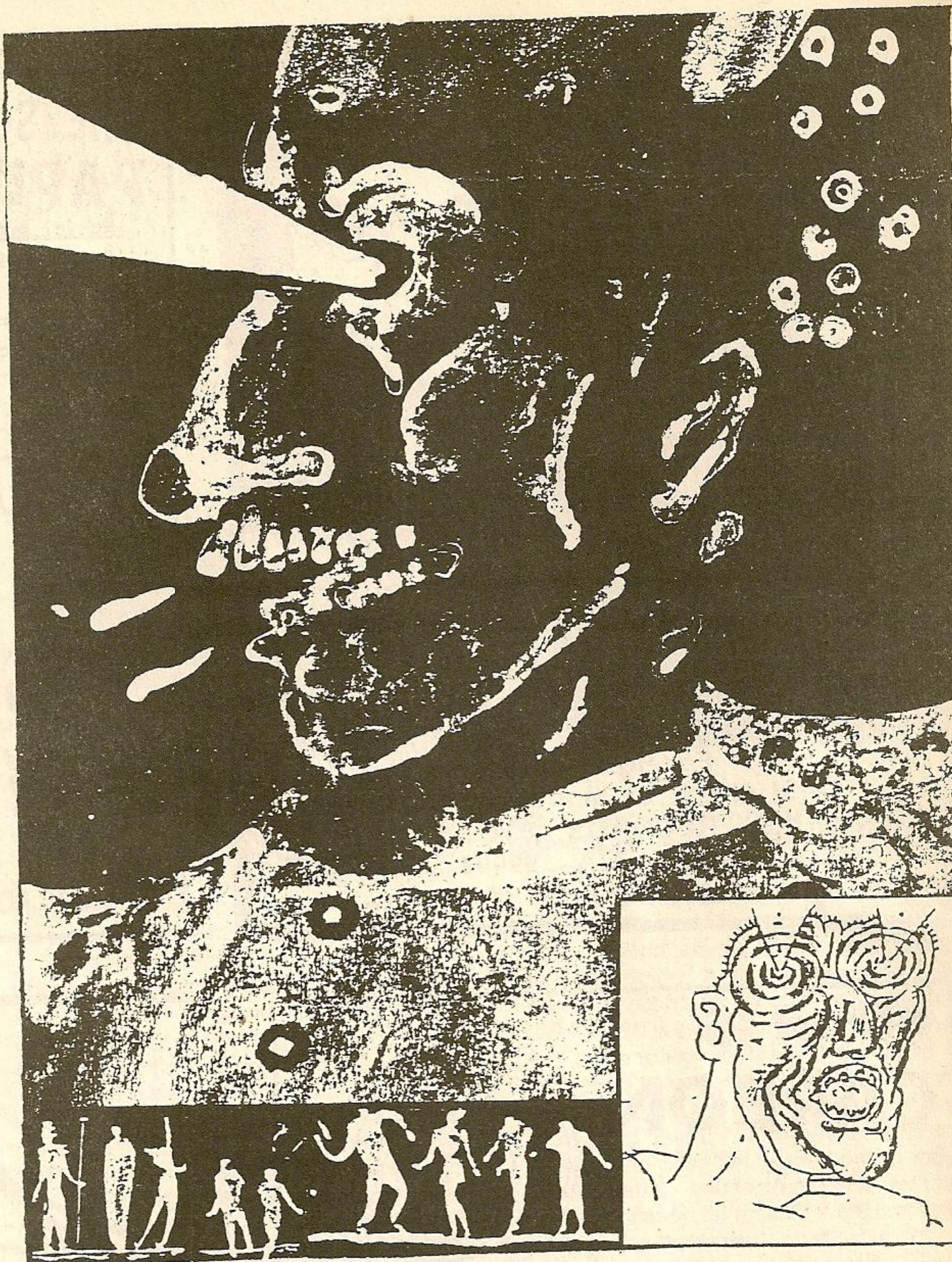
mentioned—it has happened so much in jazz history. They're still working together, they're no longer living in S.F., but they're living north of here now for a period of time, probably going to Japan sometime this year...I think when they're ready to come back it's—whew!!

BA: They did make a real valiant attempt at getting something out there with Mike White (violin) and Eddie Moore (drums).

PY: It's real unfortunate that band found it was not commercially viable to stay together, because it was a real marvelous combination of people. The more you could hear people, especially like Eddie and Jeannie meshing together, given a more extended period of time some amazing type of...but right now there is a lot of activity in N.Y., some in L.A., you hear of people working in different parts of the country. I have to say that probably the Bay Area is where there is a large number of people who have studied both traditional music and jazz, and have tried to reach a personal synthesis, and the music which we are loosely calling Asian-American music is such an embryonic form. Almost every person you can think about reached a very personal and unique example—there is no outside trying to fuse the elements. There is Mark Izu's work, which is very different from Russel, who is very different from Makoto's work, who is very different from Gordy Watanabe's work. There's very little of what you would call stylistic counterpoint. The Gagaku orchestra will someday be remembered as where a lot of those people played together and studied the music for two to five years...

BA: Even though there isn't a stylistic conformity or pattern, at the same time the synthesis is inherent, and the most interesting part is that wholly personal development, because there isn't a giant movement going on. On the other side there is a pivot where you are absorbing the same kinds of information and creating an exchange—where the synthesis is taking place in a wholly American kind of way—not an Asian or Far Eastern way.

PY: That's the Pan-Pacific concept. The Bay Area, we're fortunate over the last fifteen years to have the Ali Akbar School bringing in a lot of people. The Center for World Music brought in a lot of incredible Pacific Island and Indonesian and traditional. You have a whole group of people in Chinatown (S.F.)...incredibly gifted traditional Chinese musicians. You have two electronic music centers, Stanford and Mills, out of four electronic music centers (in the U.S.), two are within 50 miles radius of S.F. The Bay Area is so full...it has the strong blues scene in the East Bay...all this traditional Asian music here...we're talking about some of the very best people who are playing and teaching the music here...[the Pan-Pacific concept] relates to the basic nature of what African-American music is, it's almost balanced perfectly in its dialectic between the individual and the collective. There is a very unique tension there, where neither the individual is subsumed underneath the collective, nor is it a totally



Jonathan Rosen

individual act. That element of crossing between the individual to the collective...the individual has to plough deep into themselves on all kinds of levels to be able to play this music. Even as the main creators of the music continue to be from the black experience in America through its whole history, the structure of jazz and the spirit of jazz allows a great deal of openness and that's why you have players anywhere (in the world) where you have a record player or a radio. All of the open elements of the music make it conducive for other people coming into it—other cultural experiences—although the predominant orientation, and I think this will change over the next couple of generations, is that you won't find most people in Asia, for example, who until the last 10 or 15 years were into copying as closely as possible Bird. Now what you'll see, in Europe you're seeing the same thing, is they will be taking their own indigenous experiences more into this music and creating more particular forms. People like Russel (Baba) and Gerald (Oshita) are just glimpses into that.

Some recordings as points of reference:

Space—An Interesting Breakfast Conversation, Roscoe Mitchell, Gerald Oshita, Tom Buckner, 1750 Arch Records

Are You Chinese or Charlie Chan, Jon Jang and others, RPM

Ohm: Unit of Resistance, United Front, RPM

Russel Hisashi Baba, Ruba*

Flip Nunez, Catalyst*

George Muribus, Catalyst*

Rope a Dope, Raymond Cheng/ Lester Bowie, Muse Records

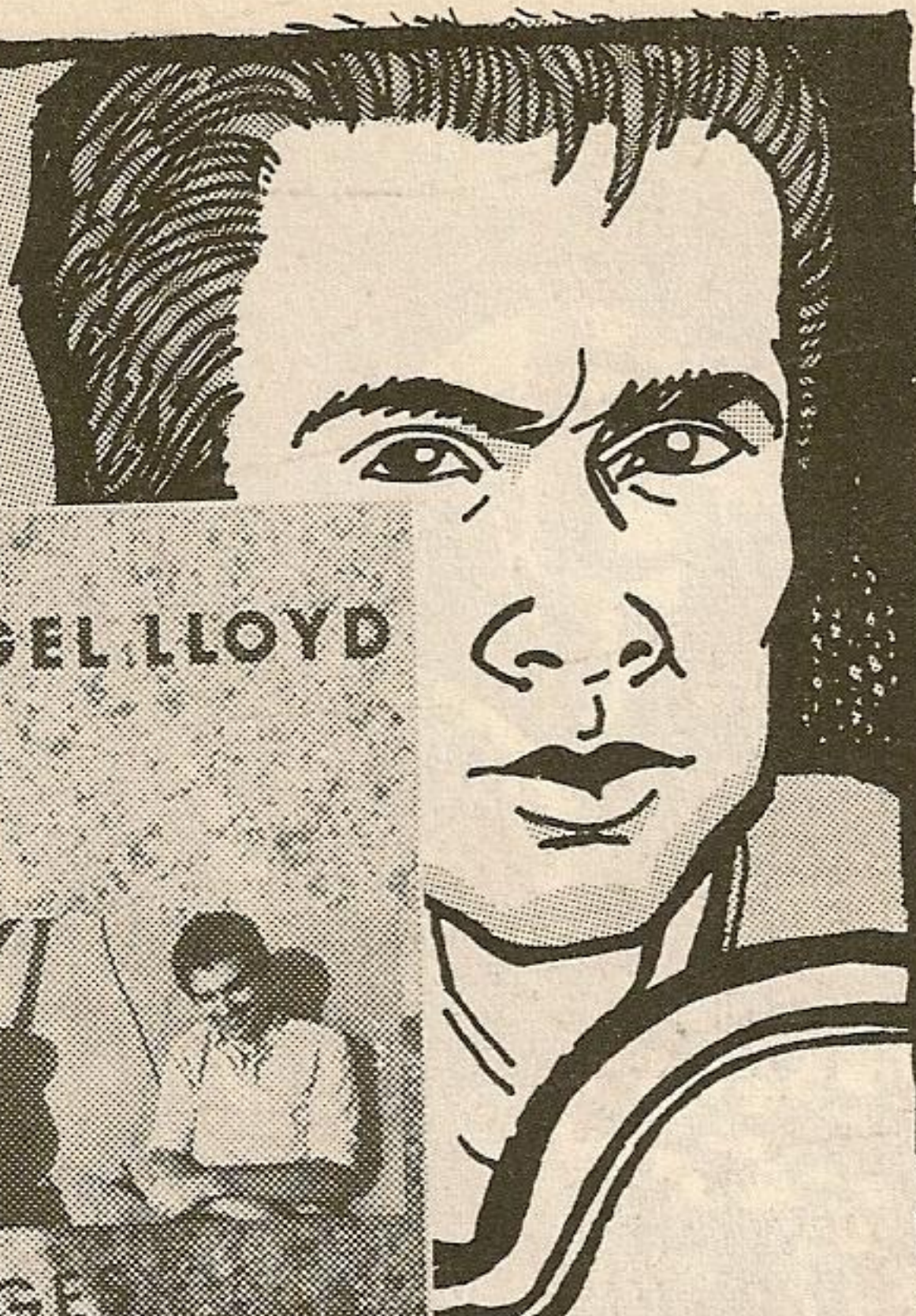
Makoto Horichi, Q-West Records

Polarization, Julian Preister (features composition by Makoto Horichi)

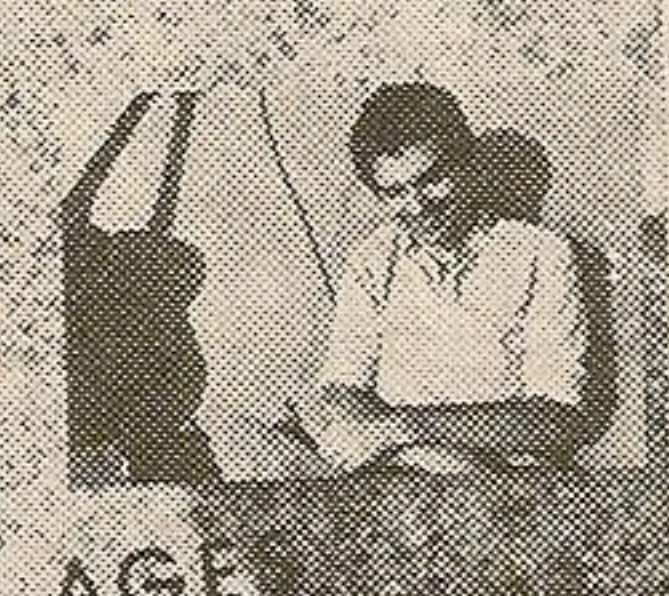
Eddie Moore and Russel Baba (recorded in Europe, currently not available in the U.S.)

*Out of print. Except for Russel's LP, they can usually be found in budget bins. The other LPs are on independent labels; try NMDS (500 Broadway, NYC 10012). Makoto's LP should be available in most stores.

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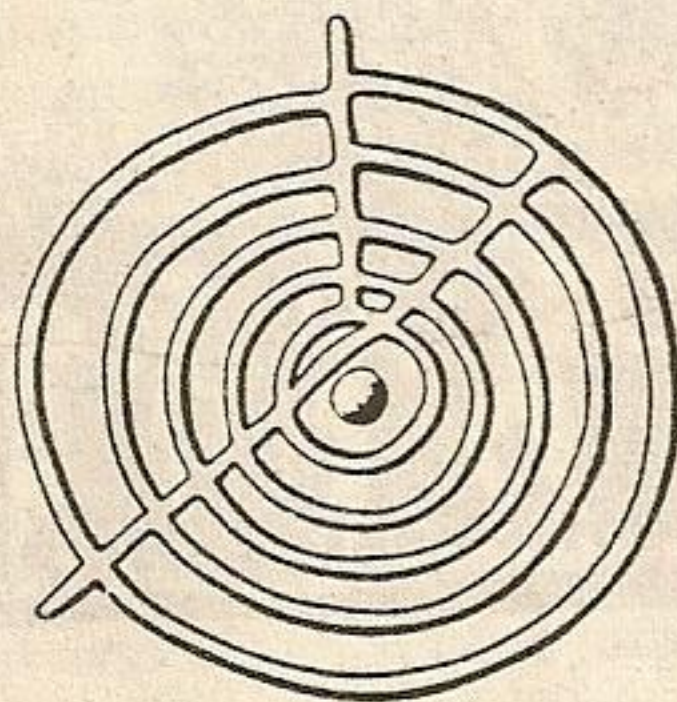


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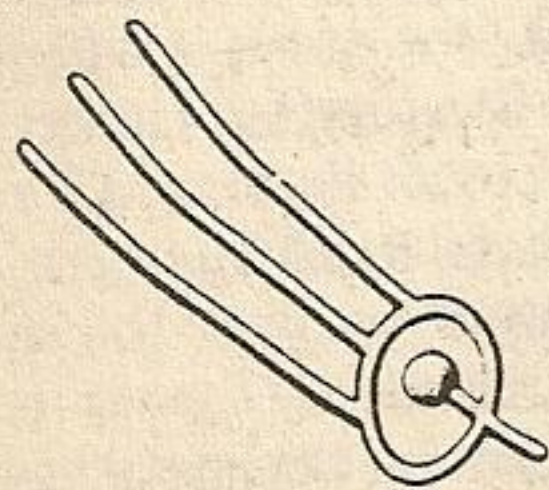
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ARMS TALKS:

Words of Wisdom from the Arms of Someone New

by Bill Paige

Years from now, the Arms of Someone New keyboardist/guitarist/vocalist Steve Jones may still be telling rock writers, "I don't see any reason to stop recording just because we don't make money, whereas I do see a lot of bands that do say, 'If we don't make money by such and such a date we're going to quit.' I think there's a world of difference there."

Then again, he might never get asked.

Despite the fact that not a great deal happens there, Champaign, Illinois (and not to forget neighboring Urbana) is becoming quite the hip place to live these days. The Elvis Brothers live there—more or less. So does Adrian Belew. Right now only half of the Arms of Someone New lives there—the Steve Jones half. Guitarist/bassist/vocalist/blond Mel Eberle, his girlfriend Caroline, and their one year-old daughter are for the time being in Boston, writing music, working, and learning to crawl, respectively.

In fact, this would be a good band around which to build a new television show—*Lifestyles of the Highly Educated and Not-So-Famous*. Jones, left all alone with the transcontinental duo's Tascam 234 four-track tape recorder and "a whole rack of effects—one of everything, I think," does little but play music, watch television, read and work for the University of Illinois as a technical writer and editor ("This is not what I got a Masters in journalism for," he says.) Still, it pays for the Ph.D and the occasional electronic doodad.

"We did a lot of two-track recording a year ago. Our first two cassettes were recorded on a cassette deck and a reel-to-reel, bouncing back and forth. It sounded

reasonable, but it didn't sound to me like the quality I had in mind. I'd say that if you want to press on vinyl you need at least a couple of thousand dollars worth of recording equipment. And a lot of EQ."

"I don't worry about the technical end," Eberle says. "I'm real stupid at electronics. And I can't read any music so my whole thing is feeling—if it feels good and I like it, I go with that. It's as simple as that."

So maybe it's for the best that Jones has the "studio" in his apartment while Eberle plays Mr. Mom. Since the last time they've seen each other, however, each has written about 20 songs. "Having a little studio at home beats hell out of having a big 24-track," Jones says. "With a big studio you'd have to keep renting it out to someone else just to keep the overhead down. You can't use it all the time yourself. You wouldn't want to. It'd be such a hassle to fire the thing up everytime you wanted to lay down one track."

Do these guys ever hope to be famous?

"I used to," says Jones, "until a couple of months ago. We got letters from some agents who wanted to represent us—and they sounded like decent enough sorts—but it was, 'Sign a contract, give us X percent of your advance and X percent of your publishing...' The more I think about it the less I want to be on a label. It just doesn't make sense because people would eventually say, 'Make money for us or you won't be on the label anymore.' As long as we can break even on our releases—great. That's all I can ask for. The way things are going the response to every release has been better and better."

"Our music has kind of a deathly innocence," Eberle continues, "not in a bad way, but, you have to face it. People are so

serious about everything. Muddy said, 'You gotta laugh at everything' and I believe that."

"For me to be talking to you and for my words to be published in a magazine is miles beyond anything we ever thought we'd be doing. Arms of Someone New started as such a lark. It really started itself."

So AOSN is content to be independent?

"I don't really understand the need to separate independent and commercial stuff," Jones says. "I like about the same percentage of each. I don't understand the people who say, 'Oh, you're on an independent label—you're so much better than all that commercial music.' Well, that's not really giving the music a chance, is it?"

"I read an interview with Adam Levy of Roulette where he said something like, 'We really love records and we really love promoting records, but we would never release a record that's artistically good if it won't sell.' And it was such a hypocritical thing to say. It seems to me that people with that attitude are getting more and more of a grip on the indie network."

Is video a natural progression?

"It's pointless to think about that now anyway, it's so expensive," Jones says. "Occasionally I'll look at something and think it has a strong visual image, but that's not really sitting down and writing with a video in mind. If we did a video I would want it to be just that—a video. I wouldn't want to release the music on record."

Arms of Someone New has 3 cassettes and a recent single [see review], all of which are available from Invisible Hand Productions, Box 2081 Station A, Champaign, IL 61820.



Photo: Steve Jones

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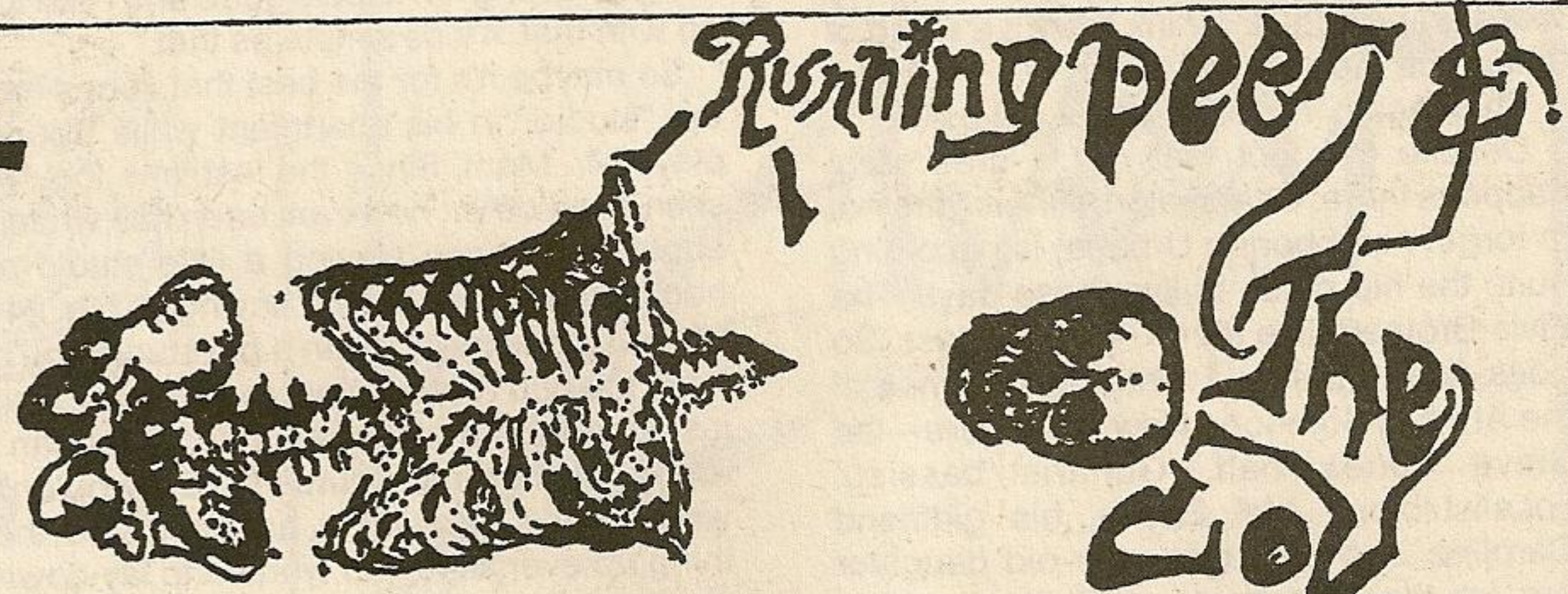


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BLUES IN A



Kristin Bell

Billy Boy Arnold

by John Johnson

Born 9/16/35, Chicago, Illinois. Rocking blues vocalist and harmonica player originally influenced by John Lee Williamson, later by Little Walter and Junior Wells. Teamed up informally with Bo Diddley in 1951 and played the wailing harp on Bo's debut Checker sides in 1955-6, including "I'm a Man", "Pretty Thing", "Bring it to Jerome", "Little Girl", and "She's Fine She's Mine". So when you hear the wild, slobbering harp on top of the manic Bo Diddley beats that comprise the early Rolling Stones and Pretty Things (not to mention their imitators like the Downliners Sect and Q-65), you're hearing rough Limey approximations of Billy Boy's playing.

Arnold's own 1955 records for Vee-Jay also wielded considerable influence, as he supposedly featured the first electric bass on Chicago blues wax and provided the Yardbirds with two nifty songs ("I Wish You Would" and "I Ain't Got You") to cover on their first LP. And of course, the Yardbirds supercharged

"I'm a Man" into a pro-forma model for countless garage band rave-ups, starting with the Count Five's "Psychotic Reaction". Not a devastating technician perhaps, but that made Billy Boy's playing that much easier to copy, an attribute shared with British R&B godfather Jimmy Reed.

Other strong records for Vee-Jay included "You Got Me Wrong" (storming piano by Henry Gray), "Don't Stay Out All Night" (stun-ray guitar by Jody Williams), and "I Was Fooled" (tough citified reworking of a Brownie McGhee tune). Unfortunately, Arnold's 1956-7 singles for Vee-Jay weren't so hot and the label dropped him. A hurriedly recorded Prestige session in 1960 produced some fine throbbing sounds, thanks in large part to Mighty Joe Young's guitar playing. Subsequent releases have been on Testament, Red Lightnin' and a shared Alligator album with Johnnie Jones. Billy's bass-playing brother Jerome was on Paul Butterfield's first and strongest outings after working steadily with Howlin' Wolf. Arnold effectively straddled post-war blues and rock'n'roll—he also served as one source, albeit little-known, for the English R&B boom.

Texas Alexander

by Bernie Pearl

As we sadly hear of the passing of the last of an entire generation of blues singers in recent years (i.e. Lightnin' Hopkins, Big Joe Williams, Roosevelt Sykes, Sam Chatmon, Muddy Waters, Alberta Hunter), we should consider ourselves lucky to have had the opportunity to have seen them perform. Indeed, some of us partook in the joys of the "discovery" of country blues in the 1960's (i.e. John Hurt, Son House, Skip James, Sleepy John Estes, Fred MacDowell, Mance Lipscomb). Certainly we felt cheated that Blind Lemon and Blind Blake and Robert Johnson were gone. But, over the years, as those with as great an art, but a lesser fame became more appreciated, we again feel a loss. One such bluesman, rescued from an undeserved obscurity by both American and European researchers, is Alger "Texas" Alexander.

He was born in Jewett, in East Texas in September of 1900. This places him in the first generation of purely blues singers, as contrasted with the older, more eclectic songsters like Leadbelly and Henry "Ragtime Texas" Thomas. The blues was just coming into its own as a separate music. Deserted by his mother Jennie, little "Algie", his brother Edell, and possibly a sister were raised in nearby Richards, Texas on the way to Dallas, about 75 miles north of Houston. It was there in the country that he heard the cottonfield "hollers", the lonesome "moans" and the blues poetry that characterized his music. He was short, stocky, very dark, and he was remembered as having a gold tooth. He also was remembered as the best local singer during the 1920's. People remembered that he could bring any gathering to silence by his great voice. But, he couldn't play guitar, even though he carried one with him sometimes, in case he ran into someone who could. The list of guitarists who rambled with him is a virtual Who's Who of Texas country blues guitar: Lightnin' Hopkins, T-Bone Walker (known as "Oak Cliff" then), J.T. "Howlin' Wolf" Smith, Frankie Lee Sims, and Oklahoman Lowell Fulson are some. People even recollect Blind Lemon playing with him in the early 1920's. He was Sims' uncle, cousin to Hopkins, as he was to modern bluesman Albert Collins.

His vocal style was pure East Texas country blues, but the Okeh Company decided to record him in New York in 1927 with the accompaniment of one of the most advanced guitarists of his day, Alonzo "Lonnie" Johnson. It shouldn't have worked, but it did. Johnson's light, raggy rhythms, his pretty harmonies (based on major thirds, sixth and ninth chords) contrasted, but didn't conflict, with Alexander's flatted blue notes, bends and moans. "Range In My Kitchen Blues" was only the first of several collaborations between them, and it helped establish

Alexander as a legitimate "race record" star. In fact, among early Texas bluesmen, only Lemon Jefferson recorded more. His lyrics were often humorously sexual ('I got a new way of lovin' a woman, make the springs scrunch on your bed' from "98 Degree Blues"), but he also recorded some deeply mournful songs as well: 'Mmmm, mama's dead, papa's gone astray, she left me in this world, nothin' but a slave' ("Death Bed Blues") and the prophetic 'Mmm, they got me accused of forgery, and I can't sign my name' ("Levee Camp Moan").

He returned to East Texas to continue singing at all manner of events. He prospered, bought a prestigious new Cadillac, and with the success of his records, was regarded with great respect by his peers. He recorded many times between 1927 and 1930, in both New York and San Antonio, with a surprising variety of accompanists: Lonny Johnson, T-Bone Walker, "King" Oliver, white jazzman Eddie Lang, the black string band the Mississippi Sheiks. He also had more idiomatic support from Texan "Little Hat" Jones during the OKeh years.

When the Depression took hold in 1930, almost all "race" recording stopped, only to revive a bit in 1934 when the worst had passed. Undiminished in power, Alexander cut a few good sides for Vocalion, backed by his old buddies Carl Davis and Willie Reed. He was not to record again for 16 years.

Alger Alexander sang in a rich baritone complemented by a stunningly beautiful vibrato, reminiscent of Leadbelly. His tempo was usually slow, his diction clear, his intent sober. He sang 12-bar blues on time when he

had to, but his most characteristic form included an extended moaning passage followed by a repeat of the final line. One hears him resounding in the work of Lightnin' Hopkins and Lowell Fulson, two "youngsters" who worked with him extensively. He served at least one term in prison, but some people recall a stint for murder in the late '30s for which there is no verification. He was definitely imprisoned for a year in 1942, set up by some hometown rivals who had him arrested for singing some "bad blues" with an openly sexual theme (it didn't take much for a black man to get in trouble). He was released a year later, brutalized physically and emotionally. But, perhaps the cruelest blow was yet to come.

The end of World War II saw massive shifts of population and tastes. Independent labels were springing up to meet the demands of a new black urban audience, and rhythm and blues was what they wanted. Aladdin records in Los Angeles contacted the manager of blues balladeer Amos Milburn, a Mrs. Cullen, and asked her to bring some Houston talent out west for recording. She had heard about a couple of good blues singers out on Dowling Street. She went and saw Sam Hopkins and Alger Alexander. She liked half of what she saw. She liked young (32) Sam, but was frightened of the dark, rough old (46) man. He pleaded with her, explaining that he had been a recording star a few years ago, but it was no go. Hopkins, Milburn and Wilson "Thunder" Smith made the trip. Texas Alexander was not to have a second chance. A final session for Freedom Records in Houston in 1950 saw Alexander backed by

Leon Benton on guitar and Buster Pickens on piano. His vocals were under-recorded, the electric guitar too loud and too busy to follow him, the piano was alright. His voice was not as powerful as twenty years earlier, but there was plenty of tone and life left, and with the right musicians and engineer, he could have produced some fine sides. But it was not to be. He went home to Richards, where he died of syphilis in April of 1954.

"TEXAS" ALEXANDER DISCOGRAPHY

The following list of records is available through Down Home Music, 10341 San Pablo Ave., El Cerrito, CA 94530.

Albums

Texas Troublesome Blues, Agram 2009. Sampler of his recordings from 1927-1950 with biographical data.

Texas Alexander Vol. 1, Matchbox 206, 1927-28.

Texas Alexander Vol. 2, Matchbox 214, 1928-29.

Anthologies with one cut each by him:

Tex-Arkana-Louisiana Country, 1927-32, Yazoo L-1004 "98 Degree Blues"

Blues From the Western States, 1927-49, Yazoo L-1032 "Double-Crossing Blues"

Buddy Boy Hawkins and His Buddies, Yazoo L-1010 "Easy Rider Blues"

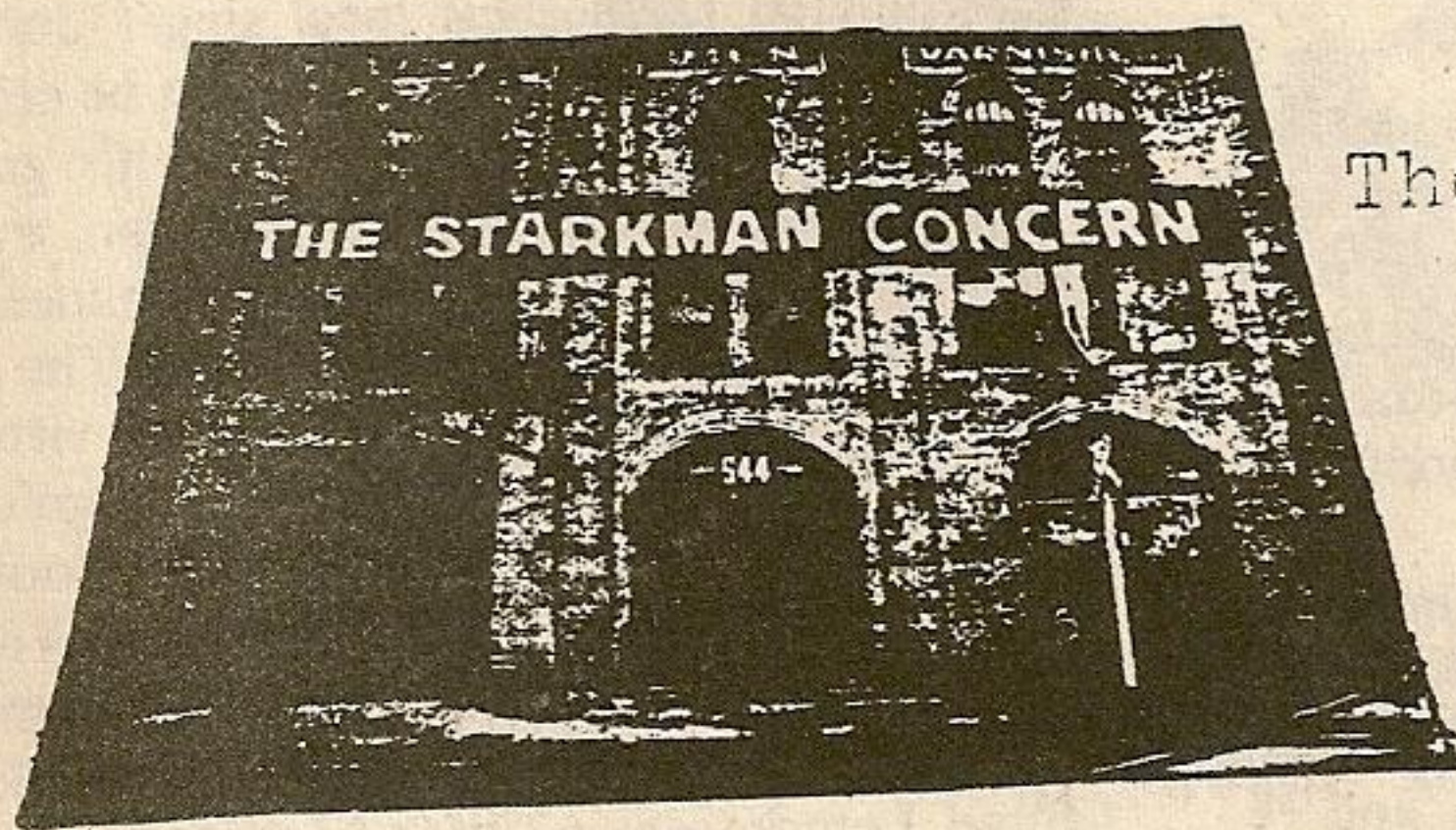
Texas Blues, the '50s Blues Classics 16 "Crossroads"

Out of print:

Texas Alexander Fontana (Dutch)

The Country Blues Vol. 2, RBF 9 (Folkways) "Levee Camp Moan"

There may be more available. I'd appreciate hearing about them.



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by Christopher Stigliano

Y'know, I sorta feel like Paul Revere (the original one, that is), telling all these people that the British are coming. But this time, these British are bands, and they're probably some of the best things coming out of the British rock scene today. No cute boys with MTV haircuts here, these bands are raw and alive and draw from many influences, from the great psychedelic bands of the 60s like the Craig to the power-rocking oi/punk outfits like the Criminal Class and Strike.

There's the Afflicted Man, for example, putting out a number of records highly reminiscent of late 60s sub-Hendrix guitar noodlings. Those records are very good, however. An enigmatic figure, the Afflicted Man (aka Steve Hall) is probably involved with the band the Afflicted and his music is quite guitar heavy. Imagine the raw qualities of the first two Stooges LPs or the early MC5 singles and you've got a great idea of what's in store. One cut, entitled "For the Few I Please", starts off with a heavy, repetitious riff from the Afflicted Man's fuzz guitar and a spoken introduction from him. Filtered vocals and the fuzzed music heighten the psychedelic experience while the Man sings about "underground music". "It's Too Easy" features a bass guitar imitating a tape loop, providing the melody while the guitar screams and squeals pretty much like Sid Bishop's did on classic Deviants tracks like "I'm Coming Home." It's not surprising that the Afflicted Man's records feature songs like "Glue Sniffing", "Hippy Skin" and "Hippy Punk." These recordings are too important to pass up, but due to poor distribution, the people who would most appreciate this music aren't going to get the opportunity to hear this, making the whole situation even more frustrating (after all, even the Stooges were mentioned bi-weekly in *Rolling Stone* during the late 60s!).

Still, the most twisted of these new aggroes are the Apostles. They've recorded a number of EPs and tapes so far, and consist of Andy Martin (sometimes vocals and sometimes guitars); Dave Fanning (guitars, bass, vocals); and Chris (drums and vocals). There used to be more Apostles, but there was a giant walkout by members when Martin joined. No wonder, because his anti-political views are the strangest of any of the anarchist punks I've heard about.

Martin has been called a "closet fascist" and he doesn't deny his right-wing leanings. He defended the notorious skin/punk band Skrewdriver (of "White Power" infamy) on the sleeve of their fourth EP, calling them honest for not hiding their beliefs. That same EP tells us about how Martin was mugged by blacks "simply because he was white." He then goes on to call Rastafarianism a right-wing racist movement (I sort of wish those so-called "monkeys" [Martin's description of his attackers] had thrashed him a bit harder). He also goes on to berate gays. Dave Fanning is an admitted homosexual, which only adds to the confusion.

The kicker is that Martin did this EP with a number of friends after the Apostles' squat

APOSTLES & AFFLICTED MAN

Angry Britpunks in the Age of Thatcherism

was firebombed (National Front suspected) and he went off to stay with some other friends and used the Apostles name for a new record. Of course the other Apostles were mad and the next EP's supposed to feature radical gay and feminist tracts. Then again, there's the fact that the Apostles used to advocate violence and were silenced at an anarchist rally for doing so.

The Apostles' music seems to be as erratic as their political beliefs. They don't like to play live and when they do it is really disappointing. They use backing tapes and synthesizers and sound a lot like influence Alternative TV. On record they cook, using fuzz guitar overdubs and a variety of styles. They're probably the most eclectic group coming out of the British underground at this moment.

My favorites by the Apostles include "Pigs for Slaughter," "Swimming in the Sea of Life," and "Drowning in the Sea of Life." The lyrics to "Pigs..." (from the *Blow it Up, Burn it Down* EP) show their attitude towards the rich as well as toward carnivores, set to a heavy (but not metallic) speed-influenced melody that would send the Who straight to the old folks' home, with influences by the likes of the Velvet Underground and Wayne

County. "Swimming in the Sea of Life" is a departure from heavy rock for the group, and seems to be a folk rock song at first listen. Acoustic guitars open the song, then fuzz guitars take over in the middle and turn the song into a Deviants-style rave-up. This song's off the band's second EP, *Risen From the Ashes*.

"Drowning in the Sea of Life" comes from the notorious fourth EP entitled *The Giving of Love Costs Nothing*, if you can believe that. While most of the other songs on that EP are oi/skank anthems with right-wing lyrics, "Drowning..." sounds more like the old Apostles sound: sort of a cross between early Soft Machine and Red Crayola, with various aspects of other 60s cult groups. It's a strange place to find such an ethereal tune, and whether you agree or disagree with Andy Martin's beliefs, you've got to admit that he's a songwriting talent that's a rarity.

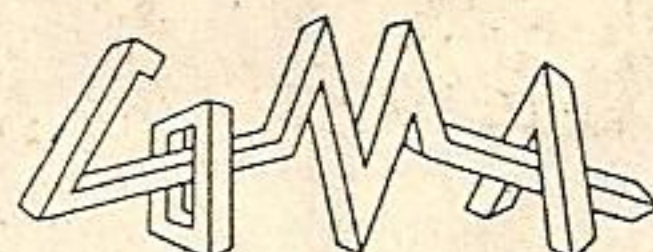
These bands deserve more attention than I've given them here, and their records should be made more easily available to us. The best way to seek out these records is to write to various mail-order outfits in the UK (Small Wonder has a nice assortment) or check the import bins. Until then you can only imagine what the real sounds of young England are.



Kristin Bell



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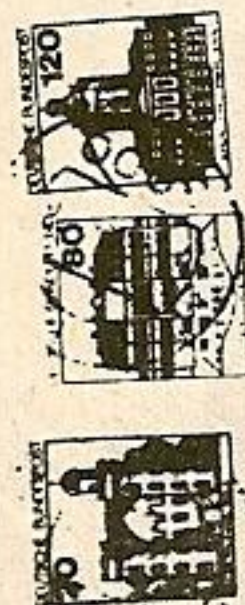
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MASAMI AKITA

A.K.A. Merzbow

by Paul Lemos

To many, the name Masami Akita represents perhaps the most vigorously prolific and creative artist presently working in the realm of difficult music today. Having released literally scores of cassettes in his native land of Japan on his own labels, Low Note and ZSF and several others in London and America, Masami, better known as MERZBOW, fully deserves such a reputation. Astounding as it may seem, each of his releases is quite different from the next, and frequently one could easily be misled into the idea that Merzbow is a corporation of artists, rather than one man. To a degree there would be some truth to this assumption, for Masami works with dozens of artists, live, in the studio, through the mail, labeling most of this material as MERZBOW. Recently I had the pleasure of speaking with Mr. Akita over a long distance wire. Our conversation went something like this:

PL: *Masami, what is the basic concept underlying your work, and when did you begin Merzbow?*

MA: Merzbow was started in 1980 by myself and was named from an object called "merzbow", which was made by dadaist Kurt Schwitters. My basic idea is to present a mixing of cultural noises, consisting of any gadgets or information for changing the context of their established symbolism. Merzbow has various forms and activities such as home-taping, mail music, mail art, live action (or performance) etc... The name Merzbow covers all activities managed by me, and therefore is not really the name of my musical group. I do, however, produce, release and distribute material by other artists on my label, Low Note. Some new releases are *Age of 369*, *Sexorama #2*, and *Controlled Bleeding*.

PL: *What would you cite as your main sources of inspiration, and what artists do you admire?*

MA: I am influenced by everything around me, everything I come in contact with on a daily basis: the cultural environment, TV, information, media, truly everything. Artistically, dada, surrealism, neo-dada and industry have been main sources of inspiration.

PL: *How is your music accepted in Japan, and is there a large underground scene in your country?*

MA: I have no relation with the Japanese independent music scene. I have released

an album, but my main concern is the cassette medium and live presentation. I am most interested in direct responses from an audience by mail, so I have no interest in what the Japanese media says.

PL: *What is the link between your music and the graphic sexual collages that often accompany it?*

MA: I simply use sexual images only for mail music because I have a running concept that deals with the phenomenon of human fetishes. I feel that the use of pornographic accompaniment represents the deeply private medium of cassette music, provided through the mail.

PL: *What types of halls do you feel most inspire performance, and what defines a successful performance?*

MA: Basically I perform everywhere, but I don't like rock venues particularly. Museums and galleries provide the best conditions. Sometimes I will use 8mm film or slides to present either very normal, commonplace settings, such as sightseeing photos. At other moments I will use very abnormal images such as diseased and dead bodies. I am very interested in outdoor performances, playing in dumping grounds, near highways, under bridges...

PL: *With your music receiving a great deal of attention in Europe and the USA, are there plans to release material in other countries?*

MA: I have already released a good deal of work in countries outside Japan. PRODUKTION in Australia has released material in the past and will soon issue a collaboration tape which we made in Tokyo during September; also I have released material in the U.S. on the Aeon cassette label. As far as records are concerned, Selektion in Germany is releasing a compilation LP called *Distruct* which will feature my work. Also I am on cassettes by Die Form and VP231 from France. You can also find a Merzbow track on the English compilation, *The Elephant Table* LP [and on *3 Minute Symphony*—ed.].

PL: *You have released numerous cassettes on your own labels, Low Note and ZSF. What particular tapes do you recommend most highly?*

MA: That is a hard question to address, since all of the tapes are so different. I suppose that the *Material Action* and *Paradoxa Paradoxa* series are some of my

favorites, along with the new one, *Age of 369*.

PL: *Because your music is so very uncompromising, are you employed outside of this area, or does your music support you?*

MA: No. I do not make a living from my musical projects. I am a writer, dealing mainly with the subjects of music and culture.

PL: *Can you tell us about your cultural, political and family ties, and, speaking of family, how do your relatives relate to your work?*

MA: I like Japanese culture and my identity is with Nippon. I find that the investigation of Japanese history, knowing the real history, is useful for me in relating to my consciousness and my Japanese culture as well as my tribal identities. As far as politics are concerned, my music is social, but not really political, however it does reflect capitalism. You also ask about family; well, there's not much to say really, I have no connection with my family. My position musically is quite isolated, but I don't have exclusive points like Whitehouse does.

PL: *What do you feel is the future of the industrial or difficult scene? And what current musical artists do you admire?*

MA: I suppose that the so-called industrial music of the future will become a direct stimulant to man, physically. I personally don't see the necessity of becoming commercial. There are a number of artists I presently admire, such as John Duncan and Stelarc. These artists have a critical approach to society and mankind of the future by their symbolized body. Also I like the Hanatarashi, a band from Osaka, making a new style of industrial approach stemming from traditional rock performance.

PL: *What film and literature has been inspirational in your artistic development?*

MA: As I stated, I am under the influence of everything around me, continuously, and every aspect of life is in some way or another vitally important and fulfilling. I like a lot of film and literature. The films of Otto Muehle, Kenneth Anger and others have affected me deeply, and so have the writings of authors like de Sade, Bataille, and Artaud, among others.

Contact Masami Akita, 209 Suzuka-Heights, 2-14-6, Asagaya-Minami, Suginami-Ku, Tokyo, Japan.

WHAT IS AN ARTBAND?

*In which
Jack dares
to pose a
tricky
question
and even
answers it.*

by Jack Ren Marquette

What, I've often pondered, is an *artband*? I have heard it used as a derogatory label. And sometimes it's praise. Often it's employed as a catch-all title—a category reviewers place upon acts they have no other handy label for.

Let's, for the sake of argument, be quite literal. An *art-band* would be a group of performing *art*-ists, and taken one step further, the performers come from a *visual* arts orientation, as opposed to a conventional musical background. Thus, an *artband* may be distinguished from other musical acts not so much as a style of music, but rather as an attitude or perspective held by the performers toward the music they create and the audiences they court.

Consider some examples, such as they currently exist on the West Coast. Start with San Francisco where such groups abound. The most infamous of these is probably the Mutants, who've been around, off and on, for at least six years. At home in their studio, frequent "rent parties" showcase the band's unique style of anarchistic anti-rock. Last year the group travelled south to L.A. to give a memorable intra-band quarrel (interspersed with a little music) at the now deceased Vex Club. Other acts like the Varve, Fake Stone Age, and Minimal Man (to name a few) frequent the Bay Area.

In Southern California, Beautiful Things are another such group, featuring Nanette Van Haaster, Tony Ortiz, and "Swede" Hanson. All three members are in various stages of completing their fine arts degrees at Pasadena's Art Center College. Together they create a powerfully rough, percussive, satirical form of rock parody, featuring a relentlessly worshipped drum machine. There's a healthy amount of spontaneity and fun in their work, spiced up with a series of sarcastic pokes at the "rock riffs" so central to current fad-pop music.

Then there's Fat & Fucked-Up. Celebrating their fifth year as one of Downtown

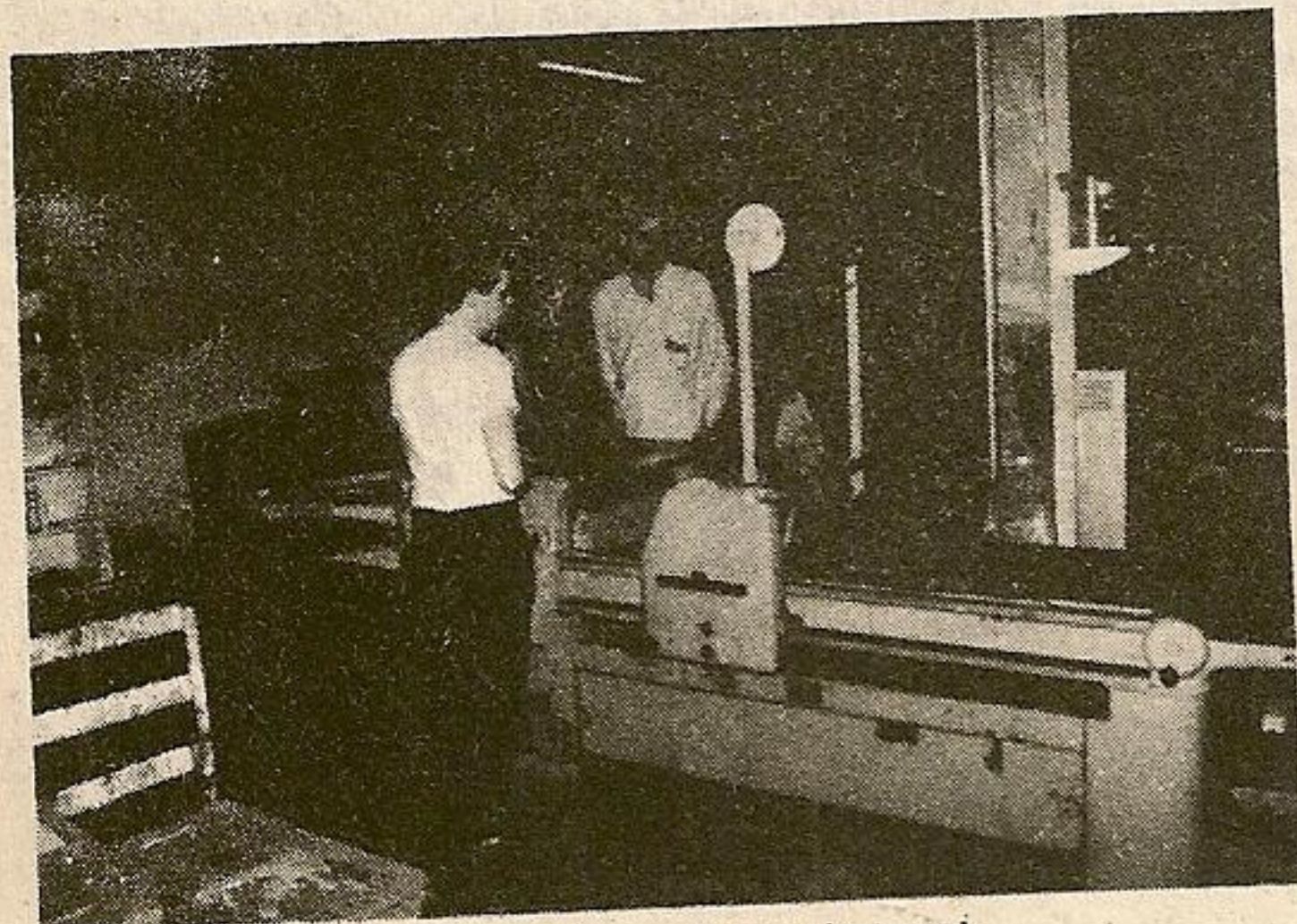
L.A.'s better known artbands, it features M.F.A. videoartist Michael Intriere (cello), painter Josey Roth (vocals and violin), microtonal musician Kraig Grady (harmonia and percussions on metal sculptures of his own design), plus newly added UCLA art student Monica Townsend (vocals and violin). Appearing somewhat like a demented string quartet, F & F'd Up recently played a Sunday afternoon warehouse-loft party, providing a spontaneously created live soundtrack to Fritz Lang's 1924 classic film *The Nibelung's: Kriemhilde's Revenge*. Their work is at once soothing and hostile, bearing no resemblance to the conventional musical structures one would otherwise associate with the classical instruments they employ.

Locally, the list goes on to include Tom Recchion and Fred Nielson's Doodooettes, the elusive Points of Friction, former Anticlub creator Russell Jessum's infamous Food & Shelter (with Debbie Spinelli and Fey Ruzza), and the increasingly popular Psi-Com. All four acts employ films and slides of their own artwork, augmenting their musical performances (although Psi-Com uses mostly Diane Arbus' photos) to create a unique audio-visual synthesis seldom seen in rock club or art gallery.

Recently, an act calling themselves the Blue Daisies (featuring Otis Art Institute student Nic Greene and two buddies) performed at the Los Angeles Contemporary Exhibitions' "Cotton Exchange" open show downtown. Within the confines of a recently vacated storefront at Third and Main Streets (heart of Skid Row), the powerfully raw feedback chords and crinkled sheet-metal percussions seemed strangely at home to a mixed audience of confounded locals and aloof avant garde types.

Finally, what one reviewer* labelled as "Downtown L.A.'s most notorious artband," Party Boys began as a "project" for a party on a turquoise parking lot near L.A. City Hall which had been painted by environmen-

[Jack Marquette books the Anti-club in Los Angeles. This piece reflects Jack's experiences with "artbands" in California, and isn't meant to be an overview of worldwide artbands as a whole.]



Bruce Licher (right) and assistant

Photo: Greg Cloud



Food & Shelter

Photo: Lynda Burdick

tal artist Maura Sheehan. Five years later, the P'Boys are the first of this group of artbands to release an LP (*No Aggro* on Independent Project Records). Self produced, and led by architect Donald Dunham (vocals and harmonica), the band includes painters James Duck (lead guitar and vocals) and Marnie Weber (bass guitar and vocals), two drummers (Gilleen McLeod and Fred Arbogast, congas), plus newly added John Pork (back-up guitar), who also is a member of another artband called Gothic Hut (on Posh Boy Records).

Party Boys, like the others, perform music that has no handy descriptive labels. In a pinch, it's danceable, but more often audiences seem to become oddly entranced—motionless, yet fully attentive. Playing last year at L.A.'s China Club (one of the trendier westside nouvelle bar-restaurants) at painter David Amico's opening, the locals seemed quite confused—unable to decide if the band represented some new musical fashion. More than one argument ensued... "is this Post-Punk?"... "well, you have to admit, it's different" ...and so on. Some loved it. Others hated it. No one was neutral.

This year, besides performing, the band has focused upon the production of their LP. Working closely with artist Bruce Licher (who performs in another aptly labelled artband known as Savage Republic) and his Independent Project Records label, Licher has hand-printed the album cover on an old letterpress. Conceived as an art project in itself, the full color cover portrait of the band has been routinely color separated into four primary components. But then Licher systematically breaks the rules. Some covers have blue ink printed on the plate intended for yellow ink; some have red where black should be; and so on. So in theory (with the added variable of inconsistent inking densities), each of the 2500 covers is uniquely distorted from the

conventional realistic full color effect. Numbered in series, with each grouping's distinct color formula noted, this pressing will become not only an item for the serious record collector, but something for the serious print collector as well.

So what, then, do all these artbands actually have in common? Their music does not sound at all similar from one to another albeit perhaps generally "raw". The common thread here, I submit, is *where it comes from*. It's all a product of the visual arts and lacks conventional musical "blindness". What it has to offer is a fresh and genuinely novel perspective upon the artform it mimicks. Conventional musical performance, be it classical, rock, pop, heavy metal, or even (by now) punk has rules, standards, and expectations. Enter a bunch of visually grounded "anarchists"—perhaps out of boredom with the limitations of their former media—and what happens? Chaos, confusion, and as one friend likes to put it: "art damage"?

It ought to be noted that what I've been describing is not an altogether new phenomenon. Visually oriented musical acts have existed for some years and go back at least as far as the European Dada movement of the 1920's. More recently, such groups have existed and a few have actually made large dents in the popular marketplace. The seventies would not have been the same without San Francisco's art school escapees the Tubes. A group called Talking Heads emerged, in part, from art school at the Rhode Island School of Design. L.A.'s own Fibonaccis may soon enter the mass market. But what is new and contemporary about the whole artband phenomenon is the amazingly large and growing number of such performing teams and their willingness to exist outside of the standard record/music industry "showcase" and promotional hierarchy. Most of the current artbands

known to this writer would rather play a good fun loft party than open to "captured" audiences at trendy venues for a few hundred dollars.

I say it's all healthy, exciting, and ought to be supported with bigger audiences willing to take risks on something really new—rather than sheepishly "packing out" the showcase clubs to hear mostly trendy nostalgia.

Here's a possible path for further encouragement and legitimization of the artband phenomenon. Consider first a recent analogous development in the arts: "performance art"—a category that is really only perhaps fifteen years old. Today it's THE new explosive fine art form. Performance essentially mimics the theatrical form—but deliberately goes about *breaking all the rules*. As it began, according to Linda Burnham (editor of *High Performance*, the L.A.-based international journal of performance art), "The 'performance artist' was a person trained in the visual arts—painting and sculpture—who wished to display his/ her artistic vision in live works." The artband parallel is obvious, yet can be taken two ways. We can either think of the artbands as a splinter group of performance artists, or we can think of them as a whole new fine art form/category just in its inception, as performance was fifteen years ago.

In either case, I am pleased to report that artbands are proliferating at a rate that should cause some concern, if not at least curiosity, within the corporate music business. What's needed now (before they take over) is a healthier, more experimental club/gallery scene, plus a plethora of independent record, press, and video outlets willing to risk investing in a revolutionary movement.

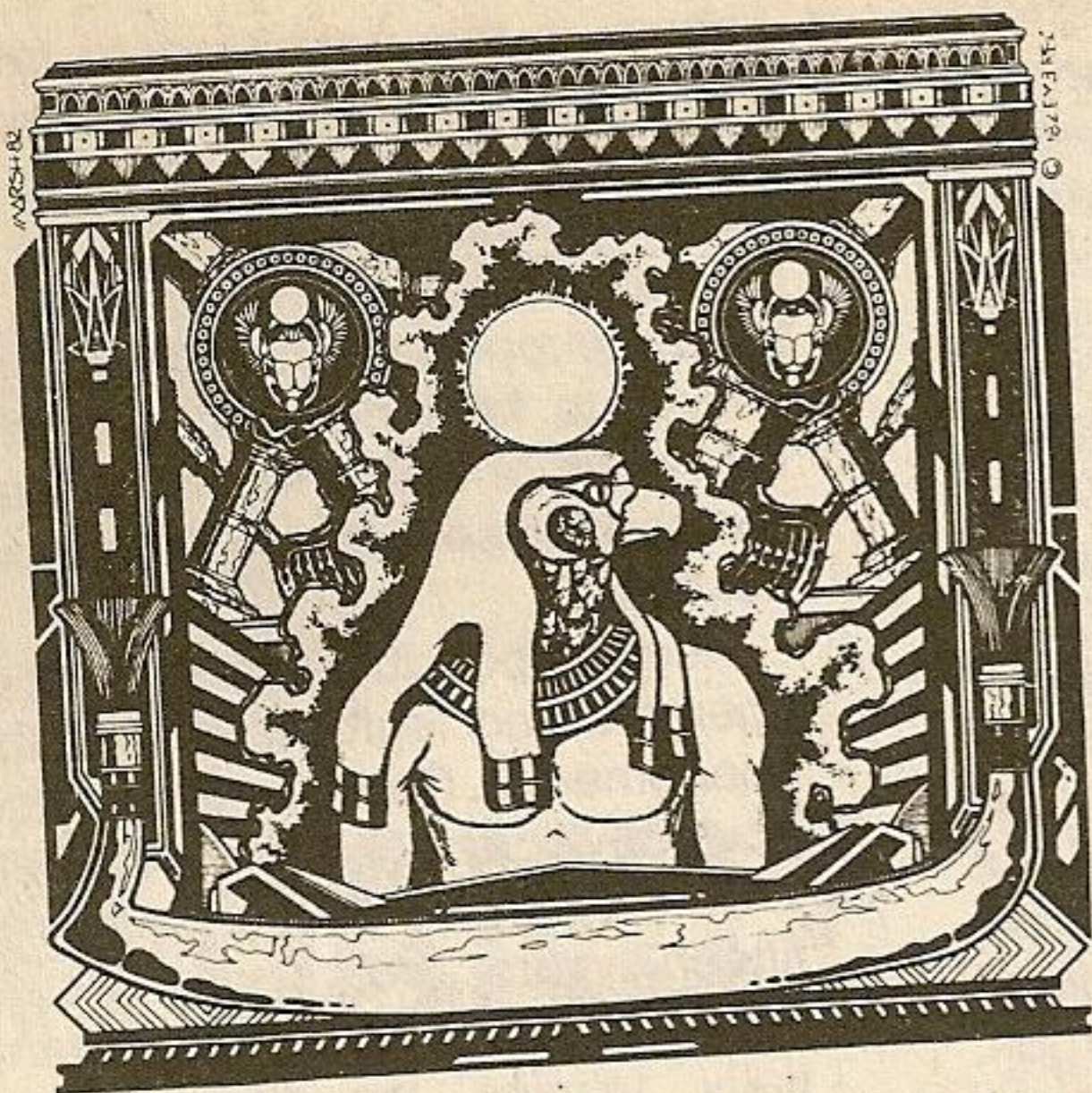
*Craig Lee, writing in *L.A. Weekly*. The band was also voted "Most Hated Band of 1983" in the *Weekly's* annual mail-in poll.



Partly Cloudy



The Party Boys



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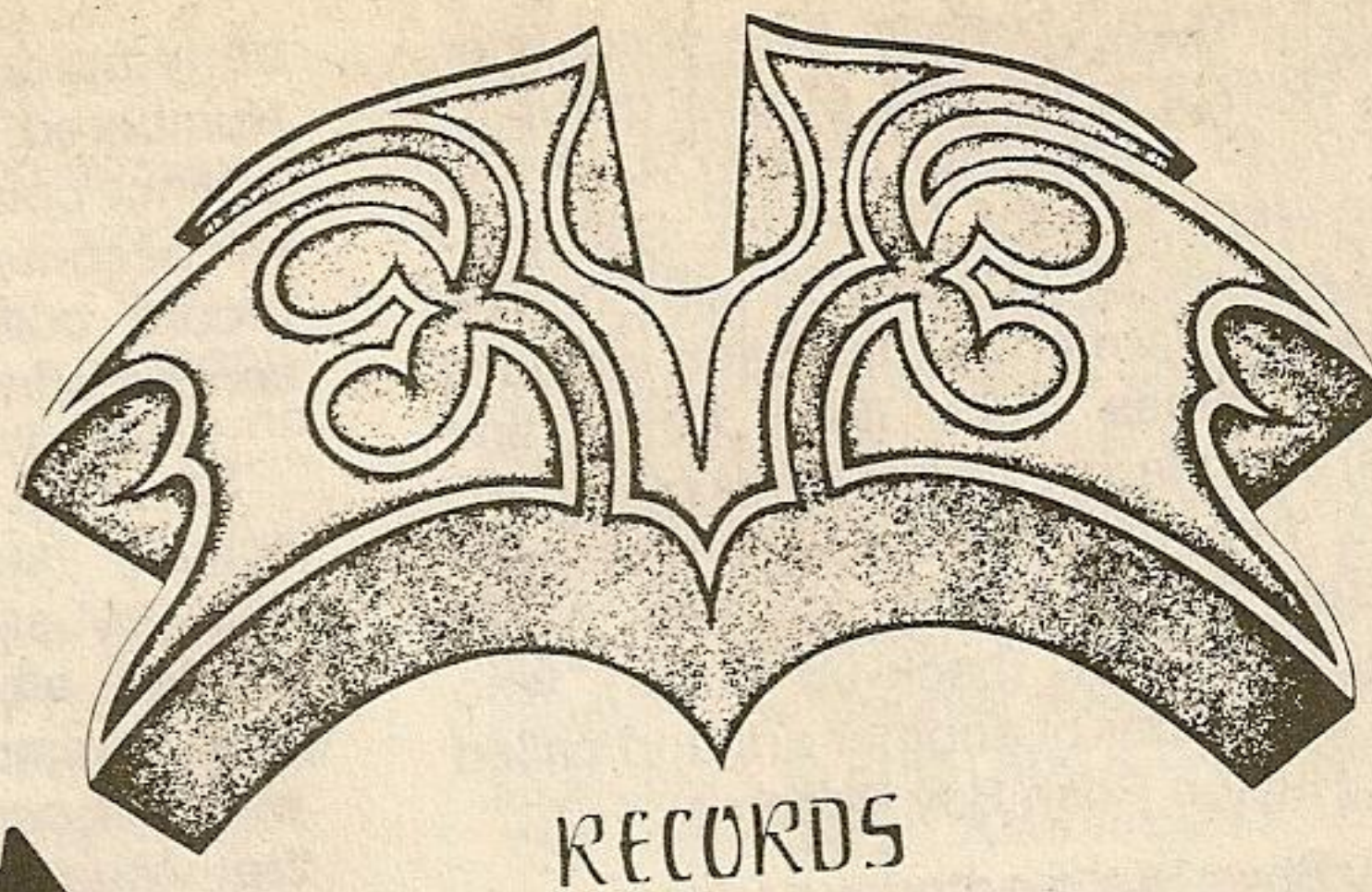
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ALTERNATIVE PERFORMANCE SPACES

Art Galleries and Other Venues

Compiled by Marina LaPalma

Rich Gold once observed that music "did not begin with the discovery that objects make sound but with the discovery that sound organizes humans." "To a Martian," he added, "modern western music would seem to be about organizing humans in rows facing a stage."

Advanced modernism, however, coincided with the decline of the concert hall as the primary place to formally experience music. The 1970's saw the development of all sorts of alternative venues for art, music and performance. Painters and sculptors are often found acting or singing in theaters and concert halls; musicians and composers play in art galleries and museums. Until recently, the likeliest place to find such crossovers was the "alternative space"—non-profit, small gallery-like institutions whose primary commitment was to visual art. These venues are scattered throughout the U.S., Canada, Europe and Japan. The presentation of music has become more and more frequent in such venues; perhaps the intermediary mechanism in this mutation was Performance Art.

Here for the interest of **Option** readers are some places which I have played or will play in the near future. Chosen because I have the data near the top of my pile they turn out to be a small but fairly representative sample.

A Space, 204 Spadina, Tor., Ontario. An active, versatile organization, featuring shows of painting, sculpture, installation, photography, etc. Various committees handle the programming (mine was by the Written Word Committee). Show at the Cameron Public House on Queen St. West, the "in" place to meet, drink and hang out (for older, local residents of the neighborhood daytime, artists and artsy types at night). Good sound, funky stage, cheap drinks, great fun.

Hallwalls, 700 Main St., Buffalo, NY 14202. Established in the '70s. An important spawning ground for a lot of '80s art movers and shakers. Programs frequent performance and music events. Most recently they use the barn-like, friendly Italian Community Center. Great thrust stage with steps at front, good acoustics. Hallwalls, a very professional organization, provided a good sound board; tech help and speakers were tops. Steve Gallagher performance/film director; filmmaker Barbara Lattanzi is technical director. Uh, don't try these first two spaces in the winter unless you have thick blood and a wool coat.

LACE, Los Angeles. 240 S. Broadway, L.A. 90012. Visual art, installations, video shown on regular basis. Also presents performance art and does some musically oriented shows as well. Tom Recchion is musical advisor, Weba Garretson performance coordinator.

Real Art Ways, Box 3313, Hartford, CT 06103 has been dedicated to presenting new arts for years. Close enough to NY City to get a lot of acts that come through there,

but far enough to be a change of pace. Very ably sponsored last year's New Music America festival (which will be in Los Angeles from Oct. 31 to Nov. 10, 1985). RAW director, Joe Celli.

Experimental Intermedia, 224 Centre St., NYC 10013. Run by composer/filmmaker Phil Niblock. No budget/no fees but a funky, comfortable space. It represents the path The Kitchen did not choose, down-home, untrendy and sincere.

Playing the Apple

by Mykel Board

The following is an edited version of a list of NY clubs I put on the PAN (Performing Artists Network) computer bulletin board. For those who don't know, PAN is a central clearing house of music related information, sort of a computerized **Option** for music industry (what a disgusting pair of words) people, especially independents. Since there are a number of people involved in performing who will read this magazine, I thought I would contribute it to **Option**.

This is a partial list of clubs and related venues in New York that are open to booking live music. The list is incomplete and forever changing. Concentration is on rock (in some form) orientation. A few jazz clubs will be listed, but for jazz, it's better to contact a musician who is involved with the scene (one that's relatively unknown to me). The key to entrance to most of these clubs is a press kit including vinyl or a tape, then a follow-up phone call. Exceptions to this are noted below. Area code for listings 212 unless noted.

THE BITTER END: 337 East 8th St., 673-7030 or 254-4698, Bob Roland, Pat Kenney. Small sit-down club with long history. (Lenny Bruce played here). Relatively open booking policy. They often work on the "free ticket" policy, where the band makes up free passes to their show and the club pays the band 50 cents for each ticket that's turned in. As a general note: whenever a club works this way or pays on the door, try to get a representative from the band to be at the door to keep an eye on things.

CBGB'S: 315 Bowery, 982-4052, talk to Carol or Hilly Mon., Tues., Thurs., Fri. after 1. This was the original **PUNK CLUB**, but now they book all kinds of music. It's best to call Carol and arrange an audition night. You don't get paid, you just play and then call back. If they like you they'll book you again. Excellent sound system, but the rental comes

from what you make at the door...you never lose money, but don't expect much. They have hardcore Sunday matinees.

DANCETERIA: 30 W. 21st, 620-0515, Ruth Polski, Houi Montague. Large multi-story club that pays very well. Usually books bigger names, but Ruth Polski is often open to experimentation. It's best to speak to her in person; if you're convincing, she might give you a chance. Houi (pronounced "Howie") runs special cabaret event on Wednesday nights. They don't pay a lot, but they're short and fun. There is a loud sound system, but the soundman never seems to be able to get the vocals right.

THE DIVE: 257 W. 29th, 695-4516, talk to Glenn Gazin, Sun. 5-7. This club works by door percentage. It's medium size (will hold maybe 200 or so), and the PA system is not the best. It's got a friendly atmosphere and they're willing to experiment. They especially like 60's garage type bands.

MAXWELL'S: 1039 Washington St., Hoboken, NJ (201) 656-9632 (tapes, Steve Fallen, Ira Kaplan). One of New York's best clubs is in New Jersey! They're open to all kinds of music and Ira Kaplan is always willing to take a chance with something new. Good sound system.

PYRAMID CLUB: 101 Ave. A (7th St.), 420-1590, Bob O'Brian, 6 P.M. weekdays (better to go in person at night & set up an appointment, Bob is rarely there when he says he is). THE hip club of the East Village. If your band caters to the **ARTSY** crowd (although they have some hardcore), this is the place to play. Stand-up crowd of hip East Villagers. They pay on a door percentage. The sound is mediocre.

For independent booking, especially hardcore or punk bands, you might want to contact **JOHNNY STIFF**, (718) 387-5090. He puts on shows at various venues around the city. Try to give him as much advance notice as possible when you're coming into the city. New York is an easy place to play in. It's a hard place to make any money.

(NOTE: To contact PAN write: PAN, P.O. Box 162, Skippack, PA 19474, 215-489-4640)

RECORDS

LPs

We review only records on independent labels. That means any records which are not manufactured or distributed by one of the "major" labels (CBS, EMI, MCA, Polygram, RCA/A&M, WEA). We welcome unsolicited reviews of independent releases of all types. All reviews must be **concise, descriptive**, and about half a page (typed and double-spaced) in length.

ACTION NOW Pleasant energetic power-pop by this L.A. quintet, the type that picks up lots of college radio play and leaves virtually no impression on me whatsoever. The interesting things about Action Now are: one of the guitarists/vocalists is a woman, Pandora leader Paula Pierce helps out on one cut, they do what may be the first cover version of the Outsiders' "I'm Not Trying to Hurt You" (from *Pebbles* Vol. 9), and they use the same post office as *OPTION*. Likeable, but unmemorable. (Lolita, F.G.L. 15, rue de l'Admiral Roussin, 75015 Paris, France)--Richie Unterberger

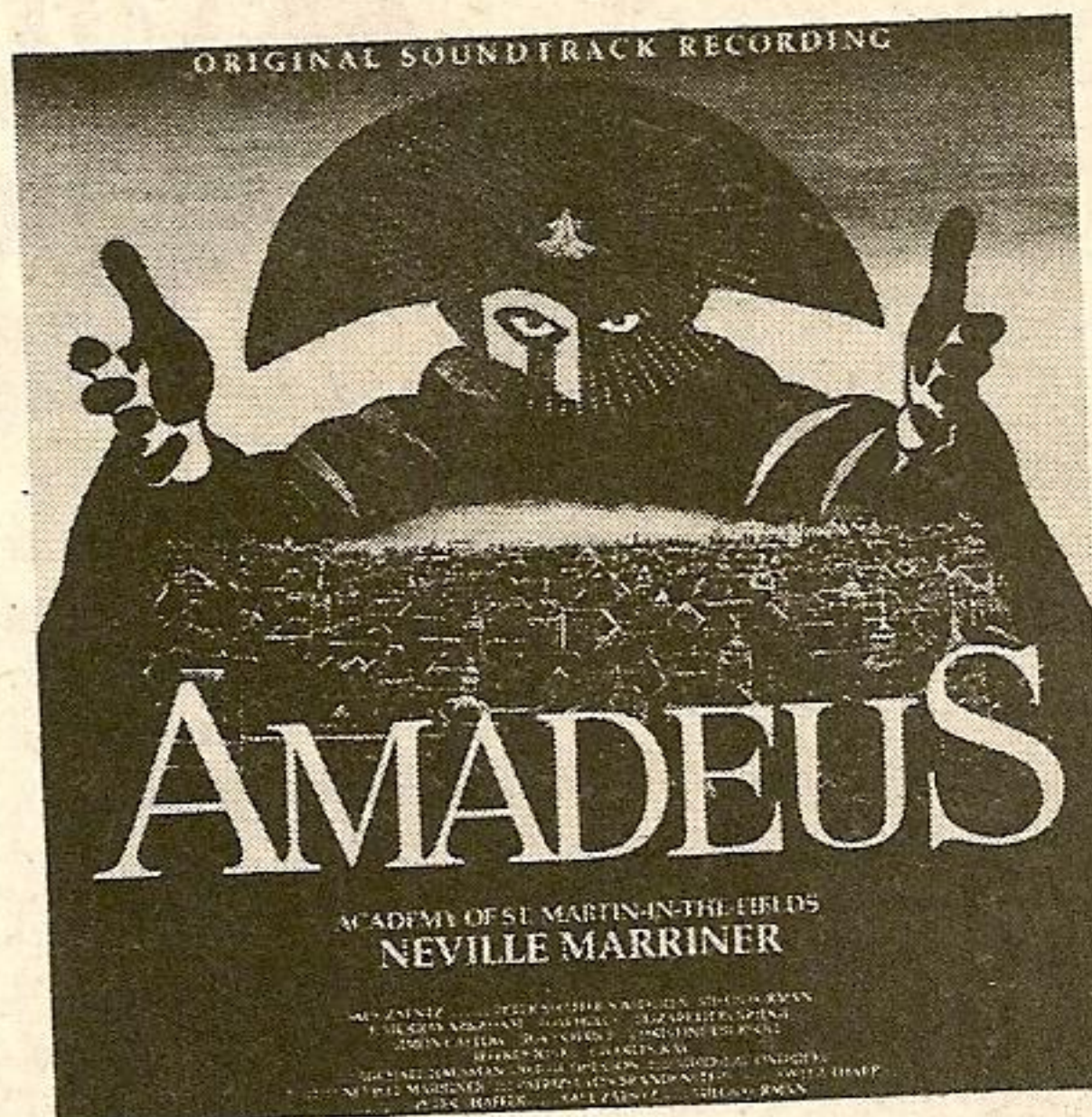
OBO ADDY: Obo Obo Addy, the master drummer from Ghana, has been supplying the Northwest with traditional and contemporary African music for over 12 years now. After about 10 years of performing mostly traditional Ghanaian music, Obo formed Kukrudu, a mixture of both Ghanaian and American musicians and sensibilities. All the music on this album is composed by Obo and obviously draws directly from his traditional roots, though they also reflect western jazz and pop influences. There's lots of good drumming and just plain dancing fun here. (Avocet, POB 6769, Portland, Oregon 97228)--Kevin Uqarte

AFTER DINNER After Dinner hail from Japan, and while they haven't gone to any great lengths to "discover" or "invent" bizarre new sounds or song forms, they've applied a great deal of real imagination and creativity to old ones. While the group draws on a wide variety of instruments (guitar, bass, drums, percussions, synth, piano, violin, koto, and more), there are frequently no more than three or four things playing at a given time, thus creating many sparse settings against which Haco's voice plays. The overall proceedings are reminiscent of a kind of theatrical production. Not that the surrealism of the lyrics is matched by the charmingly eccentric musical backing, which mesh East and West in a twilight zone where both lose their identities and become part of something else. It's rather like Japanese calligraphy--deceptively simple lines crafted gracefully into art. Extremely engaging. (Recommended Records--Contemporary Series, 387 Wandsworth Rd., London SW8 2JL, UK)--C.W. Vrtacek

THE ALBION BAND: Under the Rose Over the years, and through constantly changing line-ups, the Albion Band has never wanted for imaginative ideas or talented musicians to carry them out. The powerful, majestic traditional ballads and the electrified dance tunes that were once their mainstay have given way to artfully crafted, lush folk-pop numbers penned by the band members. This shift was probably seen as a good way to make the best use of the band's big asset, the voice of Cathy Lesurf. Her pure, flowing speech is brought to perfection by the most incredibly perfect diction imaginable; she has an artfully postured singing style that, while not operatic, gains as much by its form as by its emotion. Instrumental accompaniment is atmospheric and enhances the vocals. A polished production has made this an incredibly listenable record. There will be those who lament the loss of all those electrified dance tunes and morris songs. Still, a folk album this is, despite the synthesizers; those fiddle and mandolin parts, those delicate acoustic guitar workings that echo the subtle complexities of dance tunes may be not yet forgotten. Anyway, pop or folk, this record is sure to bear up to endless repeated

listens. Like their last near-perfect record, *Light Shining*, it rates a 9 1/2. (Spindrift, dist. by Making Waves Ltd., 6/8 Alie St., London E1 8DE, UK)--Scott Adair

ALESIA COSMOS: *Excusivo!* A lot of fun, quirky progressive music, typically French in its sense of humor and musical color. This stuff is about as unpredictable as you can get, a real amalgamation of styles. The album begins with a light instrumental, propelled by an ultra quick, ultra light electric rhythm...normal enough. What follows is a non-stop, high energy excursion into eccentricity. Pieces based on a slowed down, warped orchestra, coupled with a looped voice, others imitating electropop-heavy metal instrumentals, and still others based on blasting car horns, charming bossanova rhythms, tinkling electronics etc...you get the picture, a real mixed bag. As a whole, Alesia Cosmos succeeds in creating a most enjoyable, sometimes silly, but always engaging LP. (Planetarium, 5 Quai Turckheim, 67000 Strasbourg, France)--Paul Lemos



AMADEUS soundtrack All new recordings from the fine film, not to be confused with recent similar reissues trying to capitalize on the movie's success. The performances of the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, under Neville Mariner's superb direction, are exuberant and inspired. Of special note are soprano Felicity Lott and pianist Ivan Moravec, in whose solos the aching beauty of Mozart's work is so readily apparent. In a way, it's a shame to carve up Mozart and present his music in this piecemeal fashion--a variety of styles, movements excerpted from larger works, etc. Still, this serves as both a worthy audio souvenir and a helpful introduction to Mozart's music for those just discovering his genius as a result of a popular film. Trivia: some wag chose WAM-1791 as the catalog number to this set--Mozart's initials and the year of his death. (Fantasy, 10th & Parker, Berkeley, CA 94710; 2 LPs)--Bob Sled

ANTARTICA: *New Music From Antartica*, Vol. 1 Antartica is "a new concern created by Kit Fitzgerald, John Sanborn and Peter Gordon dedicated to the proposition that video and music are created equal," according to the liner notes. In the absence of the video, this stands as a sampler of many New York artists associated with the Lovely Music crowd and the group Material. The Love of Life Orchestra and Jill Kroesen contribute the two most rock-like pieces, sounding like Material (both with Bill Laswell on bass). "Blue" Gene Tyranny plays a minimalist pop-jazz piano trio (with additional overdubbed keyboards) which sounds like the music he plays in the background of Robert Ashley's pieces. Ned Sublette sings a funny country swing song written by Jill Kroesen. Rhys Chatham's piece is one of two pieces here that actually sounds like "new music": a bunch of electric guitars, bass and drums in a relentless dissonant pounding which sounds like an uglier version of early Glenn Branca. David Van Tieghem's piece also sounds like new music, but prettier: an electronic tape with melodic tuned drums and percussion. Jill Kroesen reappears to perform/butcher the

old Smokey Robinson tune "You've Really Got a Hold On Me." I don't know if it's a deliberately bad performance or just out of control, but it sounds like an unfunny version of the Flying Lizards. Finally, Peter Gordon contributes an ECM-like ballad for sax, piano and strings. A varied lot, but the one thing much of this music shares is a kind of ironic distance. When Tyranny titles his piece "The World's Greatest Piano Player," does that relieve him of the responsibility of writing a good piece, since it's a joke anyway? It's good to see new music with a sense of humor, but I like to feel that I'm sharing the joke. (Antartica, c/o Lovely Communications, Ltd./Performing Artservices, Inc., 325 Spring St., NYC 10013)--Mark Sullivan

ART ZOYD: *Musique pour l'odysee* A reissue of Art Zoyd's superb first album, when the group consisted of double reeds (oboe and bassoon), tenor and soprano sax, trumpet, violin, viola, cello, bass (contra- and electric) and percussion. They create the finest possible synthesis of rock and classical idioms, yet it cannot be said that their music belongs to any genre other than their own. Many others have made attempts at some kind of classical rock, but with mixed results and limited success. Often the energy found in their music is clearly derived from rock, especially in the riff like bass and cello lines, yet the language is very much like Stravinsky. They have a special fondness for seconds and ninths. Curiously, though the pieces have very strong rhythmic profiles, percussion plays a very small role. Rather it might be the staccato ejaculations of the brass and reeds, or unison rhythms of the strings with dissonant harmonies. Art Zoyd has been heaped with praise and they deserve every bit of it. (Cryonic, dist. by Wayside, POB 6517, Wheaton, MD 20906-0517)--Dean Suzuki

ATTACK OF THE JERSEY TEENS This is a collection of bands that came from the New Jersey scene and not one of 'em were of the 'hey, I'm playing 'real' rock an' I'm a working class hero' type. These guys were honest and weren't born to run, but to rule. Like the Friedles, who were one of the coolest with their shoestring ties and their drummer's daringly long hair. They were socially conscious, as TP and the Indians' "Ally or Enemy" (the most powerful song to document the Native Americans' plight since the Raiders' "Indian Reservation") proved. So if you're expecting a bunch of millionaires pretending to be tough, honest workingmen, skip this one and go directly to Asbury Park. Us realists prefer the hard stuff. (Bona Fide, POB 185, Red Lion, PA 17356)--Chris Stigliano

PATRICK BALL In his second album, Ball offers up more works for the wire strung Irish harp with its marvelous tone. The pieces are traditional works found throughout the British Isles. The range is from the most well known tunes, such as "Greensleeves" and "Londerry Air," to the most obscure, as well as one contemporary work that fits in perfectly. The music, the instrument and the performer are all absolutely delightful. (Fortuna, POB 1116, Novato, CA 94947)--Dean Suzuki

DELIA BELL AND BILL GRANT: *The Cheer of the Home Fires* Pure country, acoustic. Sad and lonesome ballads to hoot'n'hollerin', foot-stompin' songs. I almost expected Delia Bell's voice to be more studied, since so many, including Emmylou Harris, have described her voice as pure and clear--but the quality these people are referring to is not the high, resonant quality a studied voice brings, but a true, heartfelt and heartwarming vocal quality. Her companion, Bill Grant, shares that same trait. Joining them are a band of banjo, bass, fiddle and dobro. Straight from the backwoods. (Rounder, One Camp St., Cambridge, MA 02140)--Stacey Taylor

BETTER AN OLD DEMON THAN A NEW GOD This latest release from the Dial-a-Poem Poets contains works by the ubiquitous Giorno and William S. Burroughs, as well as poets Anne Waldman and Jim Carroll, performance artist Meredith Monk, plus a bevy of New York rockers: David Johansen, Lydia Lunch, Arto Lindsay, Richard Hell and Psychic TV. As per usual, the results are uneven. Giorno's marriage of contemporary pop--this time ta-

king cues from dance music, synthesized percussion--fares much better than his last couple of rock efforts due to the power and punch of the musical arrangement, but lacks the impact of his earlier layered tape delay poems of modern Angst and Weltschmerz. In an attempt to popularize his art, he has also compromised it. Burroughs is Burroughs, as always; cutting, witty and insightful. Carroll borrows from Burroughs with a humorous, but ultimately bleak scenario, with the Carroll character in drugged stupor and "A Peculiar Looking Girl." Two of the more interesting offerings are by Psychic TV, who come up with some powerful New York, post-punk rock, and Lindsay's bizarre and hard to categorize number, "Alisa." Disappointing is Monk's instrumental, which is innocuous. Hell fails utterly in his parody of the electronic preacher and Lunch's "What Is It" is just plain dumb. (Giorno Poetry Systems, 222 Bowery, NYC 10012)--Dean Suzuki

BETWEEN MEALS This is a superstar record so to speak. What you get is Jad Fair (of 1/2 Japanese), Eric Lindgren (Space Negroes), Phil Milstein (from Uzi, a band that very well will take up where Pere Ubu left off), Andy Paley and a bunch of other bozos who sort of got together and recorded one of their (a)typical homages/spoofs/whatever of their garage underground heroes, sent the tapes off to Arizona and had Moe Tucker add the drums. Like previous endeavors by these guys, it stands as a testament to these innovators as well as to their inspirations, and even if Jad Fair's vocal chords tend to drive this reviewer up the wall, I sure have a load of respect for him.

Technical note: by mistake I played this 45 at the standard 33 rpm and discovered that Jad's voice took on a deep, almost fey Bruce Hamptonish (Hampton Grease Band vocalist) moan. Sorta like two records in one then, and that's another reason you should pick this one up and keep 'em off the streets. (Iridescence, POB 3556, Culver City, CA 90230)--Chris Stigliano

BISANTZ-EVANS: Mister Spats Some records are palatable. Some can be called tasty. Others, like **Mister Spats**, are simply delicious. This is a jazz adventure--combining a big sound with an intimate feel to make one compelling piece of music. There are three stars on this album: Steve Evans, who wrote, arranged and orchestrated these pieces; David Gross, whose solos on alto sax and flute are consistently original and lovely; and June Bisantz. Singing four of these nine tunes, she helps give the record texture and balance. Her voice is as haunting as it is sultry, and her phrasing is impeccable. I could go on, but what's the point? This is beautiful music. Put it on when you're with your lover at 2 A.M. Hell, put it on when you're alone at noon. **Mister Spats** will not let you down. (Track Records, address needed)--Steve Hecox

PINKY BLACK & THE EXCESSIVES: Oogum Boogum Likeable mix of rockabilly, R&B, and blues with hints of surf and jazz also tossed in by four piece Nebraska band. "Like Wow" and "A Gun in His Pink Car" are greasy rockers with scraping guitar tones and roadhouse vocals that recall James Luther Dickinson (last heard on *The Border* soundtrack, with an earlier brilliant solo LP on Atlantic). The instrumental "Ode to Billy Dye" recalls Freddie King's fun-filled surfing workouts. There's also a creative cover of Brenton Wood's "Gimme Little Sign," an unlikely choice that clicks because it's as uniquely stylized (non-soul vocal with simple and effective instrumental solos) as the original in its own distinct way. Other three tunes are OK though the blues "Rocking Boat" drags on a minute too long. The band sounds like they enjoy their work and that helps make for one good party record. (Real Gone, 2724 Sumner, Lincoln, NE 68502)--John M. Johnson

ART BLAKEY AND THE JAZZ MESSENGERS: New York Scene Blakey and his young Messengers' fourth outing for the Concord label finds them live at Mikell's club in New York, recorded last May. Veteran Messengers Terence Blanchard (trumpet), Donald Harrison (alto sax) and Mulgrew Miller (piano), joined by Lonnie Plaxico (bass) and Jean Toussaint (tenor

sax), led by Blakey the Elder, deliver a steaming, hard bop outburst. First serving up "Oh, By the Way," by Wynton Marsalis' successor Blanchard, the master drummer and crew blow hot and burn cool throughout the set. Highlights beside the aforementioned tune comprise the tumbling "Falafel," straight ahead "Controversy," and a sensual medley of standards. Blakey's bands continually present the jazz hopes of the future, a long standing tradition beginning way back with Jackie McLean, Wayne Shorter, etc., up to the present, showcasing Wynton, Robert Watson, James Williams and others. Lyrically-minded trumpeter Blanchard deserves as much accolade as any of his predecessors. Blanchard's bold, full-toned brass is the key element of the current Blakey lineup. An excellent writer as well, Mr. Blanchard is a man to watch. The Messengers' creative meld seems in constant flux in the hands of the ageless drummer, so, if you miss this group live, at least we have the record to contemplate jazz music's longest running celebration. (Concord Records, POB 845, Concord, CA 94522)--Randall Kennedy

BOSTON ROCK AND ROLL ANTHOLOGY VOL. 3 I sincerely hope that the limp bands on this flaccid album are not truly representative of Boston bands as a whole. All the bands here appear to have learned about new wave from MTV outtakes and are trying to be trendy and hip but haven't a clue where to begin. (Varulven, Box 2392, Woborn, MA 01833)--Bob Morris

BRIAN BOWERS: By Heart Bowers has always astounded me, playing fiddle tunes on a standard autoharp, though his albums have never been as interesting as his live appearances, where he is relaxed, funny, innovative, and doesn't let the novelty of what he's doing become an issue. This record, I think, finally represents him as the highly entertaining and interesting musician that he is. Part of it is the great choice of material: a cover of the Red Clay Ramblers' (one of the only other groups that plays decent autoharp) "Hot Buttered Rum," Alfred Brumley's classic "I'll Fly Away," a hot arrangement of "Rickett's Hornpipe," and the John Hartfordesque "Zen Gospel Singing" ("We'll all meet in Nirvana by and by") are just a few of the standouts. The addition of the Seldom Scene as backup group, particularly guitarist Phil Rosenthal (one of the most underrated in bluegrass), doesn't hurt either, and Sam Bush even checks in on a couple of tunes. I can't recommend Bowers or this album highly enough, either as an introduction to his work, or as an important part of a traditional music collection. (Flying Fish, 1304 W. Schubert, Chicago, IL 60614)--Larry Polansky

TIM BRADY: Chalk Paper Modern jazz guitar, compositions and improvisations. Brady is accompanied by Neil Swainson on acoustic bass and Terry Clarke on drums/percussion. Some tracks combine composition and improvisation by letting the former build structure around the latter; in others, composition provides the backbone for solo or duo improv. Tracks a little long for my taste (9-11 minutes). (C-Note, Don Mills, 124 Cassandra Blvd., Ontario, Canada M3A 1S9)--Stacey Taylor

TIMOTHY BRADY: Music for Solo Piano Some rather interesting music for piano on this album, well-performed by Marc Widner. The pieces cover the grey zone between composition and improvisation, and I'd say the more compositional pieces, while pleasant in a 20thC Classical way, are less involving than the more improvisational. "Piano Fantasy in Three Movements" uses Cecil Taylor, Thelonius Monk, Bill Evans, and Paul Bley as "points of reference." I can't really find a focus here, however. (Apparation, 37 Spruce St., Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5H 2H8)--Brent Wilcox

GREG BROWN: 44 & 66 This album will be an old friend to a few of you, as it was originally issued in 1980 on the Rose Alley label. The original release was minimally distributed and has been out of print for some time. Since then, Brown has become an increasingly significant force in acoustic music, through national tours, regular appearances on *Prairie Home Companion*, and numerous songs recorded by other artists. This alone would make

the album of historical interest, but it deserves reissue purely on its own musical merits. The songs include some of his best--the oft-covered "Early," the lovely "Ring Around the Moon," not to mention the cryptic recitation after which the album is titled. The arrangements, encompassing folk, blues, swing/dixie, and country influences, are well-considered and refreshingly informal. (If they seem a bit loose in a few spots, the whole album was done in four hours.) Brown's voice seems higher and scratchier than usual; he reveals in the new liner notes that he had a bad cold at the time. Even so, his distinctive phrasing and inimitable vocal personality shine through. The album sports a new cover (personally, I prefer the old one, except that he doesn't look like that anymore), the original side one is now side two and vice versa, one new song (a delightfully on-target slice-of-culture called "Beatniks Gonna Rise Again") has been added, the weakest song on the original release ("Comin' Into You") has been deleted, and the album has been remastered to give it a brighter, less bass-heavy sound (or perhaps it's just that I no longer have to listen to all the scratches on my well-worn original). Recommended to Greg Brown fans and novices alike. (Red House, POB 4044, St. Paul, MN 55104)--Tom Bingham

DAVID BURGIN: Wild Child Fair bluesy vocals and relatively mean harmonica work over electric rhythm sections that occasionally cook. It would have perhaps been better as an instrumental album, although the cover of "Lover Please" is quite nice. The one really shining moment is "Black Mountain Strut" with David Crisman guesting on mandolin; it's a great tune that is airy and bluesy at the same time. The rest here is a bit cliched, pattern stuff, reminiscent of Dr. John and Little Feat in places. Enough good moments for a 6 1/2. (Flying Fish, 1304 W. Schubert St., Chicago, IL 60614)--Scott Adair

ANDREW CALHOUN: The Gates of Love This record probably has a potentially large audience out there. A sensitive, personal songwriter, Calhoun reminds me of Joan Baez, Stan Rogers and Jackson Browne. Idiosyncratic, but immediately likeable phrasing, lovely acoustic accompaniment (acoustic & classical guitars, hammered dulcimer, sparse strings) and well turned phrases all make for a nice effect. My only complaint is that the subject material makes for lyrics that are just a little too sensitive. Typical verse: "Spring has come again, Marcia goes on saying she can't go on; Tyler is tending bar, Hugh and Cindy are getting another car, we haven't spoken in seven weeks. We haven't gotten that little dinner thing going." There are a lot of lines that are much better (blindingly good, occasionally) and lines that are much worse, but most of it is like that, open to interpretation, I suppose. Musically, it's really good, New England folksy. If you like the genre, you'll like it a lot, if not, best stay away. (Flying Fish, 1304 W. Schubert St., Chicago, IL 60614)--Scott Adair

CARTOON: Music From Left Field Make no mistake, this is one fine band. Sure, things sag a bit here and there, but those parts are overshadowed and outweighed by some truly fine playing from this young American band. Using a flexible lineup (meaning that not every instrument plays all the time), Cartoon improvises around themes or prearranged concepts. This gives the music an air of structure as well as spontaneity. Instrumentation is basically keyboards, percussion, drums, violin, horns, and reeds. Interesting musical ideas flow one right after another, meaning that while this LP is basically two side-long pieces, you don't gotta wade through 18 minutes worth of mindless noodling to get to 38 seconds of something you can sink your ears into. Charles Ives and Henry Cow come to mind as ready-made reference points. The former because of their penchant for dual themes and continuous mood shifts, and the latter because they seem to approach rock playing or improvisation from a classical base rather than a jazz/blues one. Oh yeah, they've got a sense of humor, too. (Twelve Tone, avail. from Wayside, Box 6517, Wheaton, MD 20906)--C.W. Vrtacek

CASSIBER: Beauty and the Beast Cassiber is Cristoph Anders (keyboards, guitar), Chris Outler (drums, noise), Heiner Goebbels (key-

boards, bass, vocals), and Alfred Harth (horns, reeds, vocals), and what a good record this is. I love things like "Ach Heile Mich," which starts with some laughter and harmless sounding toy piano-like synthesizer chords. It eventually builds, moving through some neat chord changes, introducing a wonderfully mournful sax, and some impassioned German speaking ("O cure me practioner of souls...my face is puffed out from tears...my soul is vexed with fear and terror..."). And the funny little synthesizer sound runs right through it all. "Six Rays" and "Vengeance is Dancing" move more like "normal" rock tunes, though the first moves with sly syncopation, interrupted by the car horn honking of synths, and the second pits a slippery, screeching sax against a voice-like uptempo synthesizer hook. In between are sound experiments, like the gently pulsing "Robert" or "Last Call." Things end up with the anthemic "At Last I Am Free," the somber piano chords intercut with some double time noise. This album is expertly crafted, with attention to sonic details, a deft hand for tasteful experiments, and first rate playing. Now for the really impressive part--the whole project was improvised in the studio. Given the caliber of the musicians involved, it's not that hard to believe, though it is, nevertheless, an impressive feat. When you consider that a group like the Cars has to spend months on end in the studio to come up with 40 minutes of empty drivel, it makes this record that much more important. I've said it before, I'll say it again, THIS is the rock of the eighties, definite in mood, defiant in style, articulate in its execution, and meaningful (on any level) to listen to. (Re Records, from Recommended Records, 387 Wandsworth Rd., London SW8 2JL, UK)--C.W. Vrtacek

CHINESE PUZZLE: Inside/Outside This new American trio is the brainchild of guitarist David Rosenbloom, alumnus of Glenn Branca's Symphony No. 1 ("Tonal Plexus") for twelve electric guitars. Unlike Branca, Rosenbloom puts a pinch of humor in this batch of tunes. 'Tain't no comedy album, though; instead, Inside/Outside is an accomplishment in rhythmic artistry. Unfortunately, Side 1 is framed with forgettables. But "Great Wall of Prague" is a redeemer and displays the rhythmic sleight-of-hand that's Chinese Puzzle's trademark. Next, "Dadat"'s pulse is analogous to a thirteen year-old attempting to drive a standard transmission. The rhythmic puzzles bleed through to the flip side. "Suitcase," the opener, is a trippy tune where "Purple Haze" quotes arrive as the foot-tapping rhythm departs. The pace changes for "Fast Change on Sleazy Street," a jazzy tune featuring distorted guitar licks on a cool blue bass and drums backdrop. Overall, this is an enjoyable debut--the rhythmic complexities compensate for the fillers. (Rebus Records, c/o David Rosenbloom, 41 Bleeker St., NYC 10012)--Tom Morr

CHOCOLATE SOUP FOR DIABETICS VOL. 1 A great reissue series which captures mid-to-late sixties British psychedelia at its finest. Soaring melodies, exhilarating harmonies, and a sense of wondrous exploration of previously uncharted boundaries of popular music abound. There's virtually none of the turgid, self-conscious "heaviness" which this music eventually fell into, and which unfortunately turns a lot of people off the rediscovery of lost gems from this era. There are too many fine tracks among these 14 obscurities to give justice to, but the best include the Nucleus' "Open Up Your Door," as raunchy and manic as any '60s Texas punk; One In A Million's "Double Sight," which recalls The Who Sell Out; the glorious multi-layered harmonies of the same group's "Father Hernandez"; Tintern Abbey's "Beeside," the best pretentious early synthesizer rock this side of the Moody Blues; the Bees' "Fashion Conscious," great Carnaby Street mod-pop. The most fascinating item is Dantalian's Chariot's "Madman Running Through the Fields," which sounds like the best of Syd Barrett's Pink Floyd; the group was led by odd bedfellows Zoot Money and Andy Summers (yes, the Andy Summers). (Relics Records)--Richie Unterberger

CINDY TALK: Camouflage Heart This is very reminiscent of music by an older trend of great English bands like Wire, Rema Rema, Mass and early Section 27. The music is very desperate, with angst ridden, agonized vocals, hollow, reverberating drums, distant

drones and crunching guitar and bass interplay. "It's Luxury" is one of the most vital opening tracks I've heard in a while, with its insistent, distorted chords and frantic, tom heavy percussives. Then there's "Memories of Skin and Snow," which builds to an echoing wall of despair and is certainly one of the most powerful tracks on this excellent LP. No two tracks are alike; certainly there is a basic stylistic similarity that marks their work, but the drastic shifts in volume and texture add to the overall effectiveness of this material. This is very much a studio LP, in the most positive sense of the term, for many of the songs are built more on atmosphere than on melody, and they succeed because of superb use of tapes, electronics and found sounds dubbed into the mix. Also the cavernous, resonant sound of the recording adds much to the overall effect. (POB 333, Bushey, Watford, WD2 3UN, UK)--Paul Lemos

CIRCLE 1: Patterns of Force This is good hardcore, but the thing that makes this one unusual is that the band is a "Christian" punk outfit. Songs like "Our Sword" and "The Gospel" are fervently pro-Christ and anti-evil/gay/network news (take your pick) amongst other things. Even more confusing are their "secular" songs that are anti-war and violence and contain a few expletives. All I can say is, if it's a joke it's kinda funny, but considering that it very well can be serious (and scary looking at the ultra-conservative religious lyrics), I'm kinda sorry I actually spent money for the record and supported their cause. (Upstart, 11343 Homedale St., L.A., CA 90049)--Chris Stigliano

CLUSTER: Stimmungen Roedelius and Moebius, two of Germany's most prolific electronic artists, both of whom have released numerous solo discs, are back together once more, after what seems like a long absence. Stimmungen certainly was worth the wait, for it represents some of the best ambient instrumental music around. Acoustic and electric pianos, string ensembles, gentle electronic percussives, and an occasional whisp of bass or guitar are employed along with all manners of synthesizers, creating a very rich, beautiful atmosphere. In addition to the richness of the music is the superior quality of the pressing, an audiophile delight. Unlike many albums in this vain, Stimmungen is made up of seven medium-length pieces, all elegantly textured, melodic and never monotonous. To draw comparisons, one may link the overall tone to Eno's shorter compositions; the music is somber, gentle and completely relaxing. (Sky, Nordhauser Weg 16, 2000 Hamburg 61, W. Germany)--Paul Lemos

COUCH FLAMBEAU: Mammal Insect Marriage The album opens on a heavy metal footing, but those dirgy riffs are not to be taken seriously. Most of the songs are quirky, at times arhythmical punk that frequently explode in their hands while they try to play them. The 14 tracks almost form a song cycle, drawing from a host of local references but achieving a wider significance--after all, most any community in America has its "Hwy 100," where mindless kids cruise with "mainstream rock" blaring from their radios. There are recurring characters--notably a sort of preppie David Watts named Jordan--who dwell in suburbs where murder is possible on every back staircase and mayhem probably on any excursion to the zoo. Couch Flambeau are definitely original talents. (Ludwig van Ear, 1815 E. Locust, Milwaukee, WI 53211)--David Lührssen

COZZETTI & GEMMILL: Soft Flower in Spring Keyboardist (and trumpeter on one cut) Bob Cozzetti and tenor saxist/keybardist Tim Gemmill co-lead a quartet featuring Steve Bartlett and Bob Merrihew (one on electric bass, the other on drums--the liner notes are contradictory as to who plays which). The leaders have experience in rock and jazz, but the rock seems to dominate on this disc. There is little swing in the ensemble passages, and the solos don't feel improvised; I had the sense that they, too, had been written out. The use of synthesizers on several tracks adds to the feeling of stiffness, at least partly because the synth programming results in a buzzy, late '60s tone. The synths work on Gemmill's "Blue Jay," where he plays piano over their repeated motifs, resulting in a Vangelis/Tangerine Dream ambience.

The melody moves from piano to synth and back again, and while the repetition produces an almost hypnotic effect, there is chordal variation as the piece progresses, resulting in the most successful compositional development on the album. Elsewhere, the melodies failed to stay in my head. The bassist contributes the most daring solo of the album on the title track, Gemmill's best solo is on "Tree Leaves," where he loosens up a little, but here and on other tracks Cozzetti's piano solos do little more than repeat the chords of the tune. He has an attractive tone on trumpet, but when he plays it on the title track, I experienced myself as distanced from the music. I felt that distance throughout the album; nothing moved me emotionally. C&G, however, seem like sincere, competent musicians, and perhaps in another context we'd make contact. (IIL Records, POB 2168, Van Nuys, CA 91404, dist. by Allegiance, 7525 Fountain Ave., Hollywood, CA 90046)--Bart Grooms

HANK CRAWFORD: Down on the Deuce Joined here by Cedar Walton, Jimmy Ponder and other notables, I was hoping for a cookin' little session. But Crawford, whose roots include extensive work with Ray Charles, has "arranged and conducted" his R&B-based jazz into the ground. The string-popping bass, the gutless drumming and the overall slickness of the production leave me cold. "Down Home Blues" deserves a grittier, smokier treatment and "When a Man Loves a Woman" should have been much more sensitive. Not Crawford's best by far. (Milestone, 10th & Parker, Berkeley, CA 94710)--Bob Sled

CONNIE CROTHERS: Concert at Cooper Union One of Lennie Tristano's long-time students and close associates, Crothers has basically been carrying on in his footsteps during the '80s, first on Tristano's own Jazz Records, now on New Artists. The arrangements are characterized by often massively overweight chord progressions, superimposition of time signatures, and submersion of the melody in a rush of chords spanning the keyboard. The performance, solo piano, recorded before what sounds to be a small audience (though appreciative), often seems to ramble purposelessly, often coming to rather abrupt conclusions. Sometimes it all coalesces in a moment of delicate beauty. I suspect that much of the performance relies as much on visual cues as on audio; of course this is lost in the audio transcription. Another negative is the somewhat muddy recording here; I suspect the mics were placed a few feet away from the instrument and that room ambience dulled the sound as a result. Overall, a difficult record to listen to, but only because the style itself is so unusual. After a few good listens, it rests more easily upon the ears. Fans of Tristano's solo works will appreciate Crothers' work most. (New Artists Records, POB 2048, Cathedral Finance Station, NYC 10025)--Lloyd E. Townsend, Jr.

THE C*NTS: The Fires of Spring The debut album from the band whose name you can't say on the radio--and it ain't no debut from some newly discovered and/or tirelessly hyped pre-fab wonder. No, this band has been pounding out classic garage rock singles since 1980 with no help from anyone. They struggled to get their five singles released and have been through even more hell putting out *The Fires of Spring*--and we should all be glad they had the guts and grit to do it. A dozen wild, witty and wigged-out, no holds barred garage workouts that will leave you on the floor begging for more. From "Apocalyptic Breakfast" through "Electrical Filaments On My Hamburger" to "The Fires of Spring" and around "Every Crease In Donna's Brain," it's a magical mystery tour of the human psyche and the sometimes wicked, but always wonderful world. The best album I've heard in 1984. (Disturbing Records West, POB 2794 Fort MacArthur, San Pedro, CA 90731; mail order only, \$8 postpaid)--B. Tripp

DELAY TACTICS: Any Questions? Synthesizer-influenced band meeting somewhere at the rock/pop interface. Clean sound, well-produced, with a sound leaning towards the softer side of electronic music. (6955 Cornell Ave., St. Louis, MO 63130)--Bob Morris

DIE FORM: Some Experiments with Shock This, Die Form's second LP, is an exceptional representation of experimental music that main-

tains some broad-based appeal, while not sacrificing any of the creativity that has built the group's industrial reputation. The album is divided stylistically, with the first side being devoted entirely to electronic rhythms, interwoven with all sorts of distorted voices and synthetics. The mood here is rather light and very danceable, yet not nearly so blatantly commercial as SPK's recent material. It is the second side of *Shock* that is truly essential for anyone interested in experimentalism, for here we have five dense soundscapes, all very ominous and depressing, reminiscent of Current 93's best work, foreboding and dangerous. (Bain Total, 8 rue du 4 Septembre, 01000 Boug En Bresse, France)--Paul Lemos

THE DIVERSIONS: Here It Is I love to hear musicians who cross-breed various musical styles along with their own personal sensibilities to come up with a sound that's just a bit different, and the Diversions fit right into this category. Rock, surf, pop, and ska get tossed into the new wave blender and the results are very enjoyable. Guitarist Brian Villalva tastefully uses echo and reverb to enhance his clean and accomplished guitar playing while Peter Liska (bass) and John Rowny (drums) provide solid support. And although Villalva's songwriting and vocals are quite good, my favorite tunes here are the instrumentals (five out of twelve). Captivating guitar sound; good stuff. (D.M. Records, 13514 Grenoble Dr., Rockville, MD 20853)--Mark Kissinger

PIERRE DORGE AND THE NEW JUNGLE ORCHESTRA: Brikama Pierre Dorge's second New Jungle Orchestra presents their unique ensemble textures of mostly original material. The percussion heavy orchestra offers swinging arrangements, blues arrangements, bossa nova rhythms, and flat-out big band heads in the best tradition. The orchestra features established "free" sax player John Ichicai, Johnny Dyani on bass and body percussion, and the fine Swedish vibist, Hugo Rasmussen. At times, the band recalls the eclecticism of Carla Bley or the overt playfulness of Willem Breuker's aggregations. Guitarist Dorge offers leads and fills reminiscent of Sunny Ade's brightest guitar players. This coed Swedish band with African musicians plays some of the best post-Ellington African Scandinavian Third World blues on record. By definition, an area largely untouched by the masses, and this album is a great introduction to their multicolored rhythmic pleasures. (Steeplechase, Rosenvaengets Alle 5, DK-2100 Copenhagen O, Denmark; avail. through Rick Ballard, POB 24854, Oakland, CA 94623)--Randall Kennedy

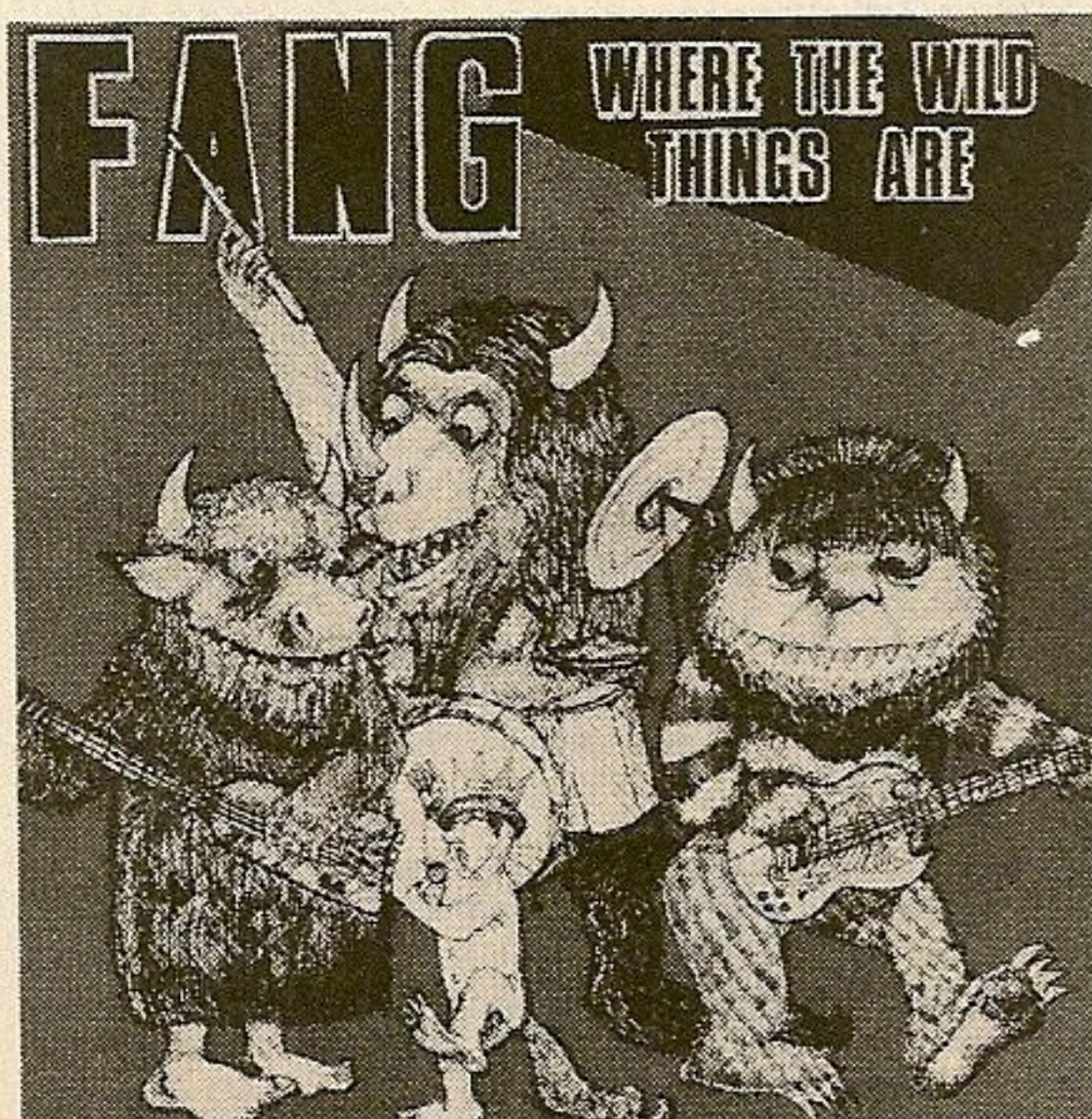
THE DOWNLINERS SECT: The Sect Although this mid-'60s British R&B outfit has quite a cult reputation, they never approached the success of the Stones or the Pretty Things. Why? I say because they weren't nearly as good. Yes, they were archetypal scruffy punks, but their singer had an embarrassingly artless fascimile of a blues growl, they didn't have many instrumental chops, and they didn't write good songs, and in fact rarely tried to (their best original material was written by producer Mike Collier). There is historical significance to this record, however. This was the type of grassroots music exploding all over Britain in 1964, the kind of stuff you could have heard in hundreds of low-level clubs around the country. The Sect had nothing going for them save their honest love of R&B and outrage, but they were one of the few of those groups to record an entire LP. Despite a couple fairly hot numbers, it's mostly mediocre, though the Sect are still significant as being representative of an act who spread the exhilarating British beat revolution to cellars and pubs which couldn't attract the Stones or Animals. But unless you're a thorough collector, you'd do better to pick up some Pretty Things records instead. (Line, Postfach 60 52 20, D-2000, Hamburg 60, W. Germany)--Richie Unterberger

DR. FEELGOOD: Doctors Orders Yet another album from these British R&B vets. To absolutely no one's surprise, it's solid, competent bar band/blues rock with little originality, even on the original material. Still, if I had to choose, I'd much rather have these guys playing my neighborhood hangout than, say, ZZ Top. (Lolita, F.G.L. 15, rue de l'Amiral Roussin, 75015 Paris, France)--Richie Unterberger

JOHN DUNCAN: Riot This is incredible, like little else that you will ever hear. Consisting of four pieces, the record is as baffling and disquieting as any I've recently heard, not through electronic overkill or violent exposition, but rather because of the jarring mood shifts, constant dissonant tones melded with all manners of found voices, radio signals, morse code, atmospheric interference, etc...the compositions are both fascinating and unsettling, musical in the rhythm and combination of sounds, yet totally void of any actual instrumentation. *Riot* is based strictly on the layering and manipulation of found material, yet it maintains a coherence that is rarely demonstrated in most electronic music. There is nothing random about the material here, as is the case with much of the new industrial music. At moments the sound may be likened to Merzbow or the more electronic works of Nocturnal Emissions, but these are only vague reference points; this record must be heard. (AQM, 370 Unomori, Sagami-hara-shi, Kanagawa-ken, 228 Japan)--Paul Lemos

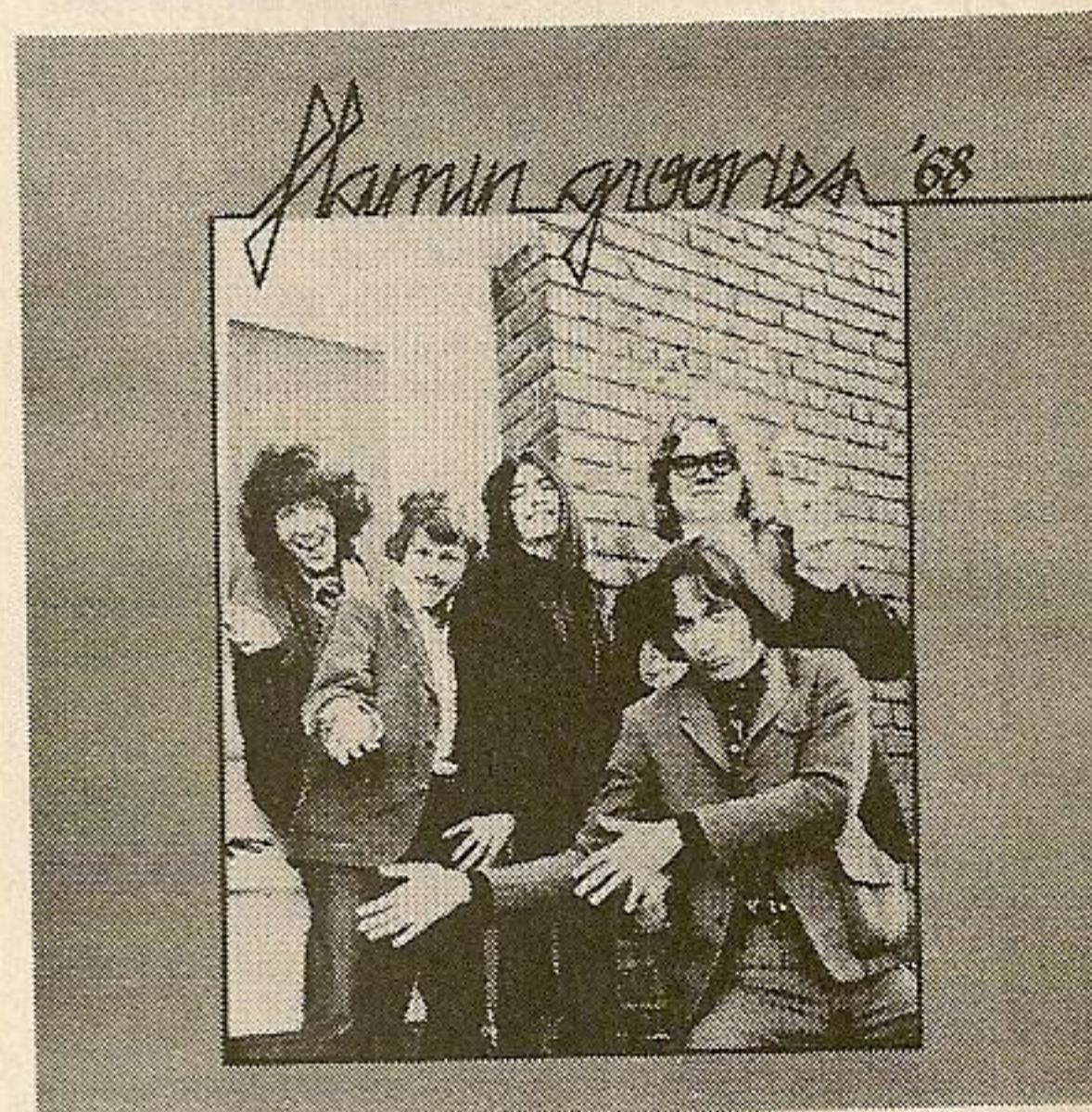
AN EVENING AT THE ENGLISH MUSIC HALL This absolutely engaging album inexplicably languished in the vaults for ten years before its recent release. Recorded before a Troy, NY audience which obviously relished every moment, this collection consists of ten British music hall favorites from around the turn of the century. Some of the songs are still in circulation ("Lily of Laguna," "Sam Hall," "The Old Armchair," a particularly grisly version of "Sweeney Todd the Barber"), others are long-forgotten (the slightly indecorous "Don't Have Any More, Mrs. Moore," the risqué-for-its-day "When I Take My Morning Promenade," the humorously fey "I'm Shy, Mary Ellen, I'm Shy," the touching "My Old Dutch"). Although several of the performers (co-producer Tony Barrand, John Roberts, David Jones, Lou Killen) are well-known on the folk circuit, these are not "folk" interpretations, but are performed with solo piano accompaniment in as authentic a manner as possible, just as one would have heard them on a London stage 80 years ago. There are a couple serious songs, but most range from lighthearted singalongs to out-and-out comic ones. (Of course, what our great-grandparents considered hilarious often strikes the modern ear as merely quaint.) One might speculate that the album sat in the can for so long because Front Hall was unsure whether a market for this type of record exists. In any event, it's great entertainment as well as fascinating history (lyrics and notes on each song are enclosed). (Front Hall, RDL, Drawer A, Voorhessville, NY 12186)--Tom Bin-gham

FAMILIARITY BREEDS CONTEMPT Many different styles are represented on this LP--rockabilly, experimental, new wave, mainstream rock, and even a little folk-edged material. However, the general tenor of the pieces seems a bit lightweight. Bands include the Windbreakers, Oral Sox, Beat Temptation, Radio London and several more. Please note the new address for the label, they just made the big move from Jackson MS to Atlanta. (Big Monkey, 1297C Rock Springs Rd., Atlanta, GA 30306)--Bob Morris



FANG: Where the Wild Things Are Over-the-edge hardcore from a biracial Bay Area band. Actually, the freak-out guitar work makes this one of those punk-metal borderline discs. Fairly playful yet typically nasty--I hope they're being ironic. (Boner, 2146 Bonar St., Berkeley, CA 94702)--Bob Sled

CREMILDE ROSADO FERNANDES: Music for Keyboard Instruments of the 18th Century In this volume of the continuing series of works by Portuguese composers, Fernandes plays works by Carvalho and Seixas. The former is represented by works for an early pianoforte, with its pinched (not meant as a derogatory description), percussive sound. His works are in the classical style, not too far from Haydn, with great clarity and harmonic simplicity. Fernandes indulges in excessive rubato that is inappropriate for works of this era. The works by Seixas are for the delicate clavichord and are of a pre-classical style that compares very favorably with that of D. Scarlatti. Seixas, like Scarlatti, moves farther afield in his harmonic progressions that later composers would, yet his works are more straightforward and less complicated than works of the baroque. Here, Fernandes' use of rubato is far more appropriate, but still overdone for my tastes. (A Voz do Dono, dist. by Titanic, 43 Rice St., Cambridge, MA 02140)--Dean Suzuki



THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES: Studio '68 Let me say right off that I've never in the least comprehended the Flamin' Groovies' fanatical cult following, which amounts to something like a small-scale Grateful Dead among "rock revivalists." These are live studio tapes from January 1968, which to my knowledge represent their earliest recordings ever. Almost all are originals unavailable elsewhere, save a couple early versions of tracks which later appeared on their *Sneakers* EP. I hoped that maybe this would reveal different facets of their sound which would be more to my liking, but again I'm nonplussed. Mostly it's good-timey blues/R&B influenced rock that's not much different than fellow San Franciscans the Charlatans, Big Brother...even the Dead. Not bad, but unexciting. There's also an odd jugband influence on a few tracks, akin to some of the stuff the Lovin' Spoonful did in that vein (a couple of those Spoonful tunes are covered here). Like that Spoonful stuff, it's pretty lame. The only cut which saved this from my "sell" pile was "Good Morning, Mr. Stone," a nice psychedelic workout with lotsa Kaukonen/Townshend/Beck-isms and a brief plagiarism of a snatch of the Who's "A Quick One." A marginal LP, but if you're a Groovies fan I'm sure you'll love it. (Eva, F.G.L. 15, rue de l'Amiral Roussin, 75015 Paris, France)--Richie Unterberger

FLIPPER: Gone Fishin' More hardcore fare for you Flipper fans. Amid the nihilistic and negative lyrics there are some songs that are almost uplifting, such as "In Life My Friends" and the more poignant (?) "One By One." They do some interesting things beyond the realm of most others in their genre by using such things as delay systems, sax, and vibraphone, not to mention some intense, noisy sound effects and biting dissonance in "You Nought Me." These guys are pushing rock towards a kind of post-Cage experimentalism,

as are bands such as Swans and Sonic Youth, without getting so esoteric as to leave their diehard fans behind. (Subterranean, 577 Valencia St., S.F., CA 94110)--Dean Suzuki

FO JAMMI: Name Magic Assortment of styles from mainstream to experimental interwoven in a murky sort of way. Hard to tell just where they're coming from. Some bright spots but mostly mediocre. (Multiphase, 6955 Cornell Ave., St. Louis, MO 63130)--Bob Morris

FOOD AND SHELTER Food and Shelter's music is very difficult to describe because there's more than meets the ear at a first glance. It's positive music with a dark underbelly, simplistic beats made complicated by diverse selections of instruments. A real aluminum or tin cover protects this record--yes, a truly "heavy" record with an insert on everything you always wanted to know about tin. This L.A. band's approach is worthy of your approach--so give it a listen. (Resistance, POB 11563, Marina Del Rey, CA 90295)--Deborah Wigger

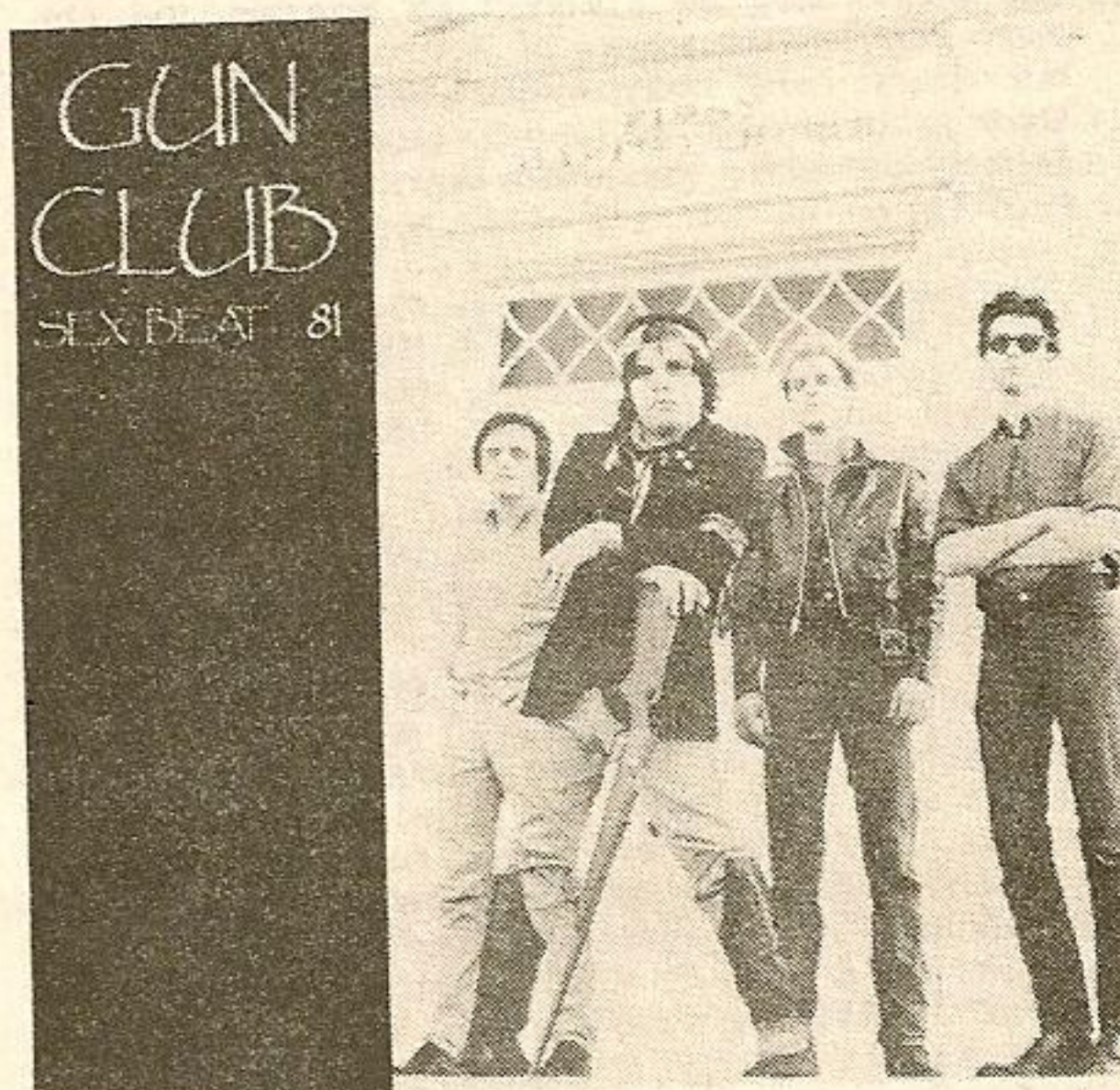
THE 49 MINUTE TECHNICOLOR DREAM A collection of British obscurities from the late sixties. Like its companion volume, *Psychedelic Snarl*, it's not up to the raw zest of the Chocolate Soup anthologies, going more for eclectic pop-rock or progressive rock than all-out craziness. Listening to this makes me feel like I've entered a time warp where there's only two radio stations: a British late sixties pop outfit like Radio One, and an early FM "progressive rock" one in America (when there was still some validity to that label). This isn't to say I don't enjoy this album, but at the same time, nothing here strikes me as really memorable. For the record, the tracks I liked the most were the ones by Rings and Things (unabashedly commercial *Ready Steady Go* type woman-sung pop at its best); the Fox (baroque folk-rock); Kaleidoscope (ornate psychedelic pop, not the American Kaleidoscope); and a mystery track by an unknown group with a haunting melody, foggy production, and a swirling organ (Bam Caruso claims it was sent to them). Also, a warning: both this and *Psychedelic Snarl* have hitherto unreissued tracks by the Misunderstood, one of the greatest obscure psychedelic groups, but these songs feature an almost entirely different lineup, and they're not close to the same league as the original one. (Bam Caruso, 4 Liverpool Rd., St. Albans, Herts, UK)--Richie Unterberger

FOUND FREE: Specially Purchased, Individually Wrapped Found Free are a very talented and energetic Christian funk-rock band from Philly who knocked me out live but have failed to satisfy on vinyl. It sounds as though, once in the studio, they became overly concerned with turning out a polished and professional sounding disc, and the finished product sounds much too controlled and somewhat MOR. A savvy producer would help, a live album would be great. (Sparkel, Box 14491, Philadelphia, PA 19115)--Mark Kissinger

THE FUGS Though some prefer the charming incompetent amateurism of their earlier ESP work, for me this 1966 LP is inarguably the Fugs' best. By this time they've learned the rudiments of rock'n'roll instruments and keeping a steady beat. The result is a clutch of raw and, yet, danceable stompers that are a big leap forward from their tamer jugband-cum-folk-rock days. Their incisive protest and joyous satire (often the categories overlap) isn't blunted a bit by their rising instrumental competence; in fact, it's given the songs a thrust and confidence which heightens their impact immensely. Includes classic out-and-out rockers like "Frenzy" and "Doin' All Right," a couple pretty folk-rock tunes, and the zany 11-minute psychedelic "Virgin Forest." Good liner notes by Allen Ginsberg, too. Anyone who thinks the Fugs' social commentary is dated need only listen to "Kill for Peace," an adaptation of "Twist and Shout" into a statement of U.S. foreign policy. Recorded during the midst of the Lyndon Johnson era, it's tragically still totally appropriate today. (Base, Via Collamarini 26, 40138 Bologna, Italy)--Richie Unterberger

GERICHTIGKEITS LIGA This electronic music ensemble, which actually does live performances, not just in the studio, makes some very

fine music. While having its own characteristic features, the music is not unique, though interesting nonetheless. They make excellent use of drum programs that give their music a dance-like quality, though it is impossible to imagine hearing this kind of stuff at Danceteria. One might make a comparison with the Golden Palominos, as both use similar rhythms and rhythmic sounds in their otherwise outside music. Gerichtigkeits Liga often adds voices (taped?) which have been altered in with electronic mix to good effect. The voices often have an eerie or unsettling quality. The timbres that they choose tend to have a metallic edge to them. The textures consist of abrupt staccato figures layered upon long swaths of white noise or some other contrasting sonority that acts as a backdrop. (Zyklus, Sedanstrasse 75, 2800 Bremen, W. Germany)--Dean Suzuki



THE GUN CLUB: Sex Beat '81 Some live early '81 tapes of what was arguably the finest Gun Club lineup, along with four studio tracks. The Gun Club were (and sometimes still are) the finest punk/blues hybrid (not that there have ever been many). Though they had/have a reputation for inconsistency live, the band's in good shape here, and Jeffrey Lee Pierce is at his on-the-edge best. Problem is, you can't hear him very well. Then again, that's typical of Hollywood club gigs, where it seems you're not intended to understand the lyrics. That makes it an accurate document, but does take away some listening pleasure. Not having the Gun Club library at my fingertips, I'm not sure what (if anything) here is unavailable elsewhere. Some of it may be on *Birth Death Ghost*, another collection of live '81 stuff (with some different tracks) that I haven't heard. The studio tracks are presumably outtakes, though the ones also on *Fire of Love* sound pretty similar to the official versions. The "Watermelon Man" here is more gutsy and basic than the one on *Miami*, though. Overall it sounds good, and "Preaching the Blues" (I presume the version here is an alternate take) is the best Robert Johnson cover ever. But unless you're a big Gun Club fan, you're better off with the studio *Fire of Love* than these mostly low-fi performances. (Lolita, F.G.L. 15, rue de l'Amiral Roussin, 75015 Paris, France)--Richie Unterberger

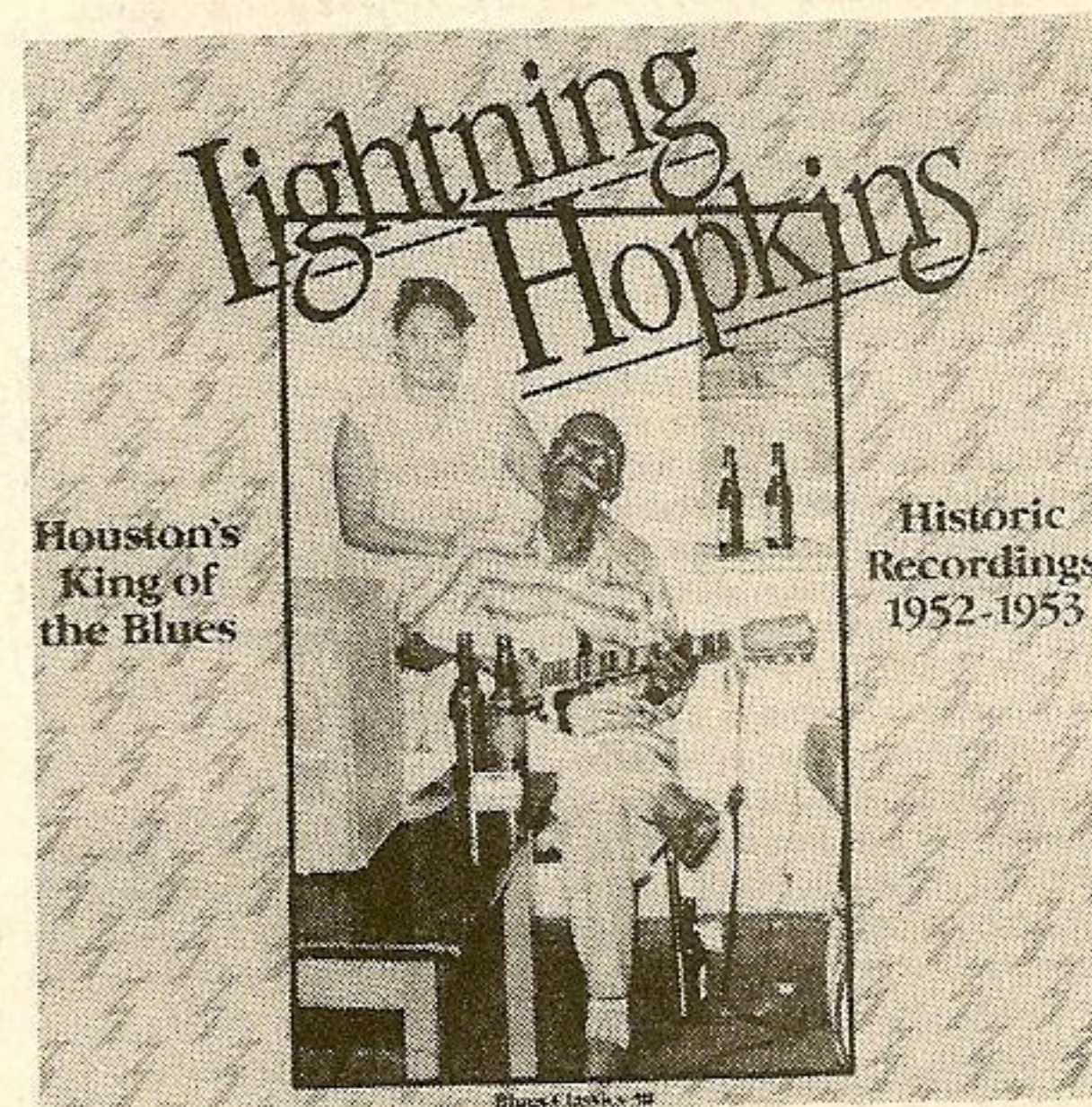
TERRY HAGGERTY: One Fine Day This record is fascinating. I don't like it, but it fascinates me. Haggerty is a guitar player (there are a few guest vocals, nobody famous or that good). The songs are original, but certainly not notable. The thing that stands out is the number of influences at work here. You can hear George Benson, East Coast beach music, and a dozen or so white, top 40 megabands. Anyway, Haggerty is certainly a versatile and proficient electric guitarist. He should be doing session work for other people, though, because, if this album is any example, he just doesn't have much to say musically. (HAG Inc., POB 781, Woodacre, CA 94973)--Scott Adair

THE JOHN HERALD BAND Acoustic country music ranging from bluegrass to rockabilly with Nashville in between. Very strong instrumentally; all players are talented, but Cyndi Cashdollar on dobro is exceptionally so. A couple of songs are out of place with He-

rald's singing style. Though he's gentle and expressive on one of his own compositions, the beautiful "Why Can't I Forget You?" he fails to translate softness and sensitivity on Michael Hurley's delicate "Oh, My Stars." "Foggy River" or the rockabilly-influenced "Gimme Some Heat" are better vehicles for his loud, twangy howl, which makes me think of Leo Sayer singing bluegrass. Probably more fun live than on vinyl. Ar-ar-arroooo! (Rooster, RFD #2, Bethel, VT 05032)--Stacey Taylor

HIGHS IN THE MID-60'S VOL. 10: WISCONSIN Sure, I may be slightly biased (because I'm a Wisconsinite) but this is one great '60's punk comp and shows that Wisconsin certainly had, if nothing else, a thematically varied '60's punk scene. Witness Milwaukee's the Shag and their anti-drug number, "Stop and Listen," the pro-Vietnam protest of Rehabilitation Cruise's "I Don't Care What They Say," Dylan imitators the Love Society and Joey Gee and the Come-Ons (proving that Mouse & the Traps did not hold exclusivity rights on the subgenre), and the Dylan cover of the Deverons "On the Road Again." Special mention must be made to the Young Savages' "The Invaders Are Coming (Trying to Take My Girl)," one great piece of r'n'r stupidity. And if you think the Noblemen's "Dirty Robber" sounds lots like the Castaways' "Liar, Liar" (chorus-wise, leastways), it was more likely the opposite case as it predated the Castaways by five years! Be forewarned, however, that the Wanderer's Rest's "The Boat That I Row," regardless of the liner notes, does NOT appear on this record (it was also the original A-side to Lulu's "To Sir With Love"), and I am sorry that I'm not knowledgeable enough to know what the song in its stead is. Other than that, there's hardly a clinker here. (Archive Int'l Prod., c/o Bomp, POB 7112, Burbank, CA 91510)--Jamie Lee Rake

ROBYN HITCHCOCK: I Often Dream of Trains With punk and heavy metal coming in for revision, it was only a matter of time before progressive rock would be changed by a new generation who harken back to the halcyon days of looking through the import bins for the latest releases on Harvest and Vertigo. Robyn Hitchcock (formerly of the Floydian Soft Boys) is from England, so he could pick the albums up by the bushelful, and it seems like he picked up a ton of Kevin Ayers/Syd Barrett styled twisted prog-pop that reeks of early seventies art-deco that flourished on these labels 'til punk looked like a better money-maker. Hysteria always repeats itself, and where the Soft Boys epitomised the British LSD experience, Hitchcock takes off into early deviations of the dregs of Carnaby Street. I kinda expect Hitchcock to go into hiding until 1987, when he'll appear at a Mont de Marson styled punkfest and release a few obscure 45s until fading into retirement once again. (Midnight Music, POB 333, Bushey, Watford, WD2 3UN, UK)--Chris Stigliano



LIGHTNING HOPKINS: Historic Recordings 1952-3 Playing whatever happened to be handy--a cheap guitar, either acoustic or electric, perhaps an equally shoddy amplifier--Lightning waxed these sides (originally 78s) in Houston in the early 50s. Backed by sparse, restrained rhythm playing (bass and a minimal

drum kit), Po' Lightnin' pours his heart out on blues both typical and topical. This is Hopkins at his classic best: the off-center virtuosity, a voice that never rises to make its keen emotional points, the country roots and the urban urgency. Lightning was quite prolific in this period and my reading of the liner notes indicates that these tracks have never before been on LP, making this a useful addition to any collection. (Arhoolie Blues Classics, 10341 San Pablo Ave., El Cerrito CA 94530)--Bob Sled

HOT RIZE: In Concert A lot of bluegrass bands seem to fall into one of two categories. The first is "authentic, backwoods twangy" and the second, "fast and flashy." Hot Rize, a clean-cut looking quartet, seem to strike a happy medium. We've got standard classics by Lester Flatt and Grandpa Jones here. Pretty good accent; you won't find a single gerund that doesn't end with the "n", omitting the "g". Does this mean that bluegrass is like opera, sort of a historical art form? Nobody really talks like that anymore, do they? Anyway, this record is, unlike opera, a fair amount of fun. On the other side of the coin, these fellows are certainly musically proficient. Still, the emphasis seems to be on the overall effect; they don't lean too far toward the instrumental pyrotechnics or the country-western beer drinking songs. An interesting and amusing point is the inclusion of two songs by Red Knuckles and the Trailblazers, sort of an incognito alter ego of Hot Rize. They don dark glasses and hats to two real "traditional" numbers, "Texas Hambone Blues" and "Oh, Mona." All in fun, but perhaps not necessary, because one (like me) is apt to take the whole album more or less in fun, anyway. A good record, perhaps not cranked up enough and just a bit lackluster, so it rates a 7. (Flying Fish, 1304 W. Schubert St., Chicago, IL 60614)--Scott Adair

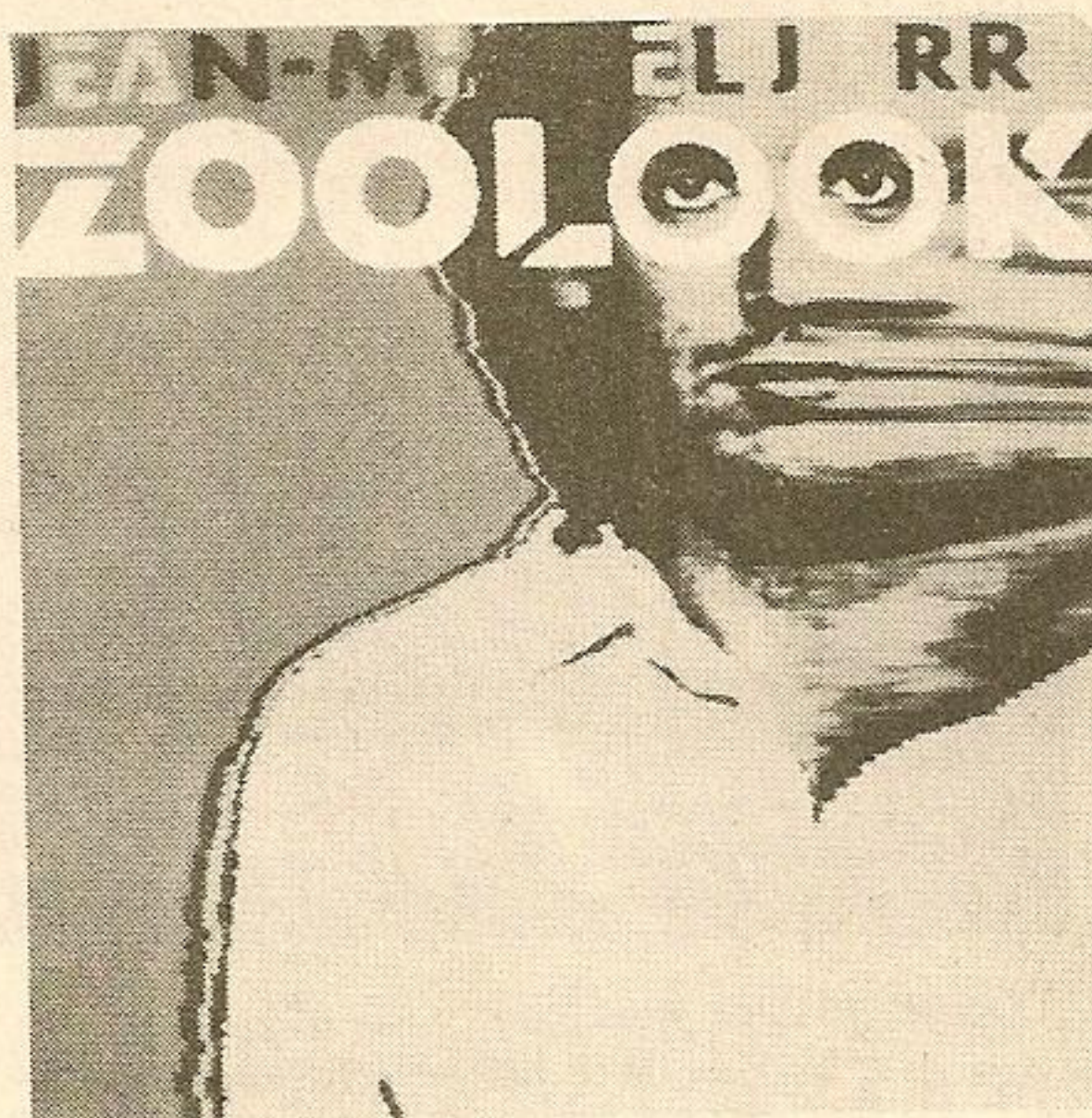
HULA: Fever Car Hot!!! This stuff will certainly get even the most jaded listeners up off their dusty old butts, dancing, wailing or at very least nodding. Finally, after what seemed like a long absence, Hula has returned after releasing the great *Cut From Inside* LP well over a year and a half ago. Their emphasis has always been on strong polyrhythms, but never has the production been so full-bodied as here. The infectious, slapped bass line, coupled with driving percussives, immediately force response. Unlike most easily categorized dance music, Hula builds intensity and forces listening as well as movement, for the music maintains an experimental edge, with its multi-tracked interweaving voices, whispers, and chants. Overall, this is an excellent example of thinking man's dance music. (Red Rhino, The Coach House, Fetter Lane, York, UK)--Paul Lemos

DAVID HYKES AND THE HARMONIC CHOIR: Current Circulation The first domestic release by the Harmonic Choir is full of wonderful and incredible sounds. By working with the vocal cavity and apparatus, the singers emphasize and project specific overtones. This technique is on display in spectacular fashion in "Subject to Change," a solo performance by one of the choir members. In this piece, the singer manages to bring out the overtones to the point where they are almost of equal dynamic strength as the fundamental. The overtones sound as if they are produced on a synthesizer and the performance is simply amazing. The effects of the music are enhanced by the performance space; cathedrals and chapels in New York that have very long reverberation times and add a timeless quality to the music. The music itself is based largely on drones and very slow moving, consonant, and sometimes rich harmonies. The pace and quality of the music is peaceful, but never boring. This music certainly goes far beyond the meditative qualities that might be attached to it. (Celestial Harmonies, POB 673, Wilton, CT 06897)--Dean Suzuki

ROLAND SHANNON JACKSON: Pulse Nine solo pieces for drums with occasional voice accompaniment (and one piano piece), ranging from under a minute to over eleven. Jackson has in recent years made his Decoding Society band into a major force in modern jazz. He manages to avoid grandstanding as a band-leading drummer, so here he takes the opportunity to express many of his ample percussive ideas. The vocals are the intriguing factor as Jackson uses them to provide structure or

as counterpoint, as an additional percussive device, as melody, as message. His lyrical sources vary, ranging from Shakespeare to the contemporary poet Michael Harper. This is Shannon Jackson in a new and fascinating light. (Celluloid, 155 W. 29th St., NYC 10001)--Bob Sled

JON JANG: Are You Chinese or Charlie Chan? The title cut is a hard blowing oratorio inspired by the racist murder of a young Chinese-American beaten to death by two white men last year. The piece is flip, serious, angry, and rousing at the same time, with a fluid form which allows for razor-sharp transitions from street rap to group agitprop chorus to post-bop instrumental flights. Outstanding performances by all, with particular praise directed toward Jang and trumpeter George Sams. The Asian roots theme of this album is more musically and less verbally/programmatically followed up by "Wazo's March" (spotlighting Japanese percussion) and "Sheng Illusion" (the Sheng is an ancient Chinese pipe instrument with an otherworldly nasal pitch). As exciting as Jang proves himself to be as a composer/conceptualist/pianist within the terms of his Asian sensibility, he also glows on a pushed-to-the-limit version of Ellington's "Mood Indigo." The Bay Area's answer to AACM: energy, brains, morality and heart. (RPM Records, POB 42373, S.F., CA 94101)--Norman Weinstein



JEAN-MICHEL JARRE: Zoolook Jarre, once known for his dreamy solo synth noodling, expands his horizons here. He's experimenting more with pop forms and the big Beat while at the same time growing more avant garde in his execution. Jarre seems much more aware of using sound as a tool, and to that end has employed the adventurous guitarist Adrian Belew and recruited Laurie Anderson for some wordless vocals. Also joining in are Marcus Miller on bass and Yogi Horton on drums. Together, they create a smart and inventive blend of electronics, rock and voice, enticing but never overly obvious. This invites repeated listenings which continue to satisfy. (Disque Dreyfus, France, avail. through Jem, 3619 Kennedy Rd., S. Plainfield, NJ 07080)--Bob Sled

JAZZ MONTEREY 1958-1980 This double record set celebrates 25 years of one of America's and the West Coast's premier cultural institutions (the Monterey Jazz Festival) by presenting a very balanced cross-section of artists and musical styles. It is interesting that with the exception of one track (Jimmy Giuffre Three, recorded 1958), all of the music contained here is from the mid-sixties to 1980. The recordings reflect the mainstream leanings of the festival, offering Woody Herman, Buddy Rich, Clark Terry, Toots Thielmans and Jon Hendricks. Other streams are reflected with great tracks from Joe Henderson with Elvin Jones, Bobby Hutcherson and Don Moore (b) recorded in 1966; and from the same evening (9/17), Cannonball Adderley with brother Nat (cornet), Joe Zawinul (p), Victor Gaskin (b) and Roy McCurdy (d). It is a pleasure to reflect on the power of Henderson's music from that period, and Cannonball is so fluid. The Giuffre track provides a listen to his unique search for sound combinations with a trio of tenor sax, guitar (Jim

Hall) and trombone (Bob Brookmeyer). The blues are well represented via Johnny Griffin's incredible playing, backed by Ron Matthews (p) and the Bay Area rhythm section of James Leary (b) and Eddie Marshall (d) from 1978. Rounding out the package are fine offerings from Joe Williams, Benny Golson playing a gorgeous "I Remember Clifford" with John Lewis, Richard Davis and others; a track from Joanne Brackeen and her trio (the most recent--1980), and a long jam with Buddy Rich, Dizzy Gillespie and a big band from 1970. The recordings are of high technical standard, with interesting notes and a nice layout. It is hard to imagine how this LP wouldn't appeal to most folks interested in standard jazz forms. (Palo Alto Records, 755 Page Mill Rd., Palo Alto, CA 94304)--Brian Auerbach

GARY KAIL/ZURICH 1916: Creative Nihilism Fantastic endeavor. Read the liner notes--what was involved is explained and even more fascinating to listen to. Contains variations of word and sound collages. Some pieces have a hypnotic quality. All pieces done by ingenious technique. The Gary Kail album refers to solo projects created by Gary Kail within a five year period. Zurich 1916 refers to works including other warped and genius individuals. These albums could be listened to in two ways--either with headphones, each 30 minute side at a time, or while eating breakfast as background music. What comes across is a "no rules" with structure, intact and obviously well thought and mastered. This kind of work is a tall order to fill, and Gary Kail/Zurich 1916 have achieved the goal to a level of perfection that it would appear they were looking for. If it reminds me of anything, it reminds me of Throbbing Gristle without malicious intent. (Iridescence, POB 3556, Culver City, CA 90230)--Deborah Wigger

HENRY KAISER: It's a Wonderful Life The latest and most accessible of guitar-improviser Kaiser's solo albums. Side one, a side-long piece called, naturally enough, "It's a Wonderful Life," is a free improvisation featuring his electronically treated electric guitar. Side two contains two guitar improvs, one electric and one acoustic, and the humorous, polyrhythmic "Let's Drink 100% Healthy Milk and Study Hard!" which features more of the adventurous Linn Drum programming he debuted with Fred Frith on *Who Needs Enemies?* Overall, this album has the greatest emotional range of any of his recorded work, and could easily convince new listeners. (Metalanguage, 2639 Russell St., Berkeley, CA 94705)--Brent Wilcox

GEORGE KELLY: Plays the Music of Don Redman Chances are exceedingly good that you've seen G. Kelly and never knew it. If you've seen "Moscow on the Hudson," you've seen Kelly--he's the legendary tenorman Robin Williams' character has idolized from afar for years, and who quite plainly (and quite kindly, unlike the older days) blows Williams off the stage. Fortunately, Kelly is the same character in real life. His first band, the Cavaliers, included Panama Francis and Grachan Moncur during the early '30s; he moved to New York and the Savoy Sultans in 1941; played in the Rex Stewart and Cozy Cole bands in addition to fronting his own bands in the '40s and '50s, and has had his own band since. Yet this is his first album under his own name! Only a few sides from the '50s, on Winley and Apollo, fill out the rest of the Kelly discography. Pairing this underrecorded musician with the music of the almost-forgotten Don Redman should earn producer Bernard Brightman the Medal of Honor, for in doing so he has given us the rare opportunity to make up for an audacious oversight before both are gone (Redman, unfortunately, died in 1964). Redman is probably the one arranger most responsible for the development of the swinging big band sound of the '30s; it was his work that sparked the Fletcher Henderson band to greatness in the mid-'20s, before the Basie and Ellington bands got started and while Bennie Goodman was yet a teenager. His charts of the '30s often had a bop feel and structure; bop wouldn't appear for another 15 years. On this album, Kelly is joined by trumpeter-altoist Glen Zottola, pianist Richard Wyands, bassist George Duvivier, drummer Butch Miles, and guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli; the band is as good as the leader and the composer are; the performances are uniformly

superb. Nothing more need be said, except that you should immediately add this album to your collection if you have any interest at all in jazz present and jazz heritage. (Stash, 611 Broadway Suite 415, NYC 10012)--Lloyd E. Townsend, Jr.

THE KLEZMORIM: Notes from Underground One does not get an opportunity to hear Klezmer music nowadays, so these folks are a real treat. A blend of old world European traditions with American jazz, the Klezmerim carry on a form of music almost totally neglected nowadays. Its raucous, joyous, somewhat silly style keeps reminding me of ancient cartoons I remember from childhood days in front of the TV. More fun than a pound of calf's liver! (Flying Fish, 1304 W. Schubert, Chicago, IL 60614)--Jeff Jobson

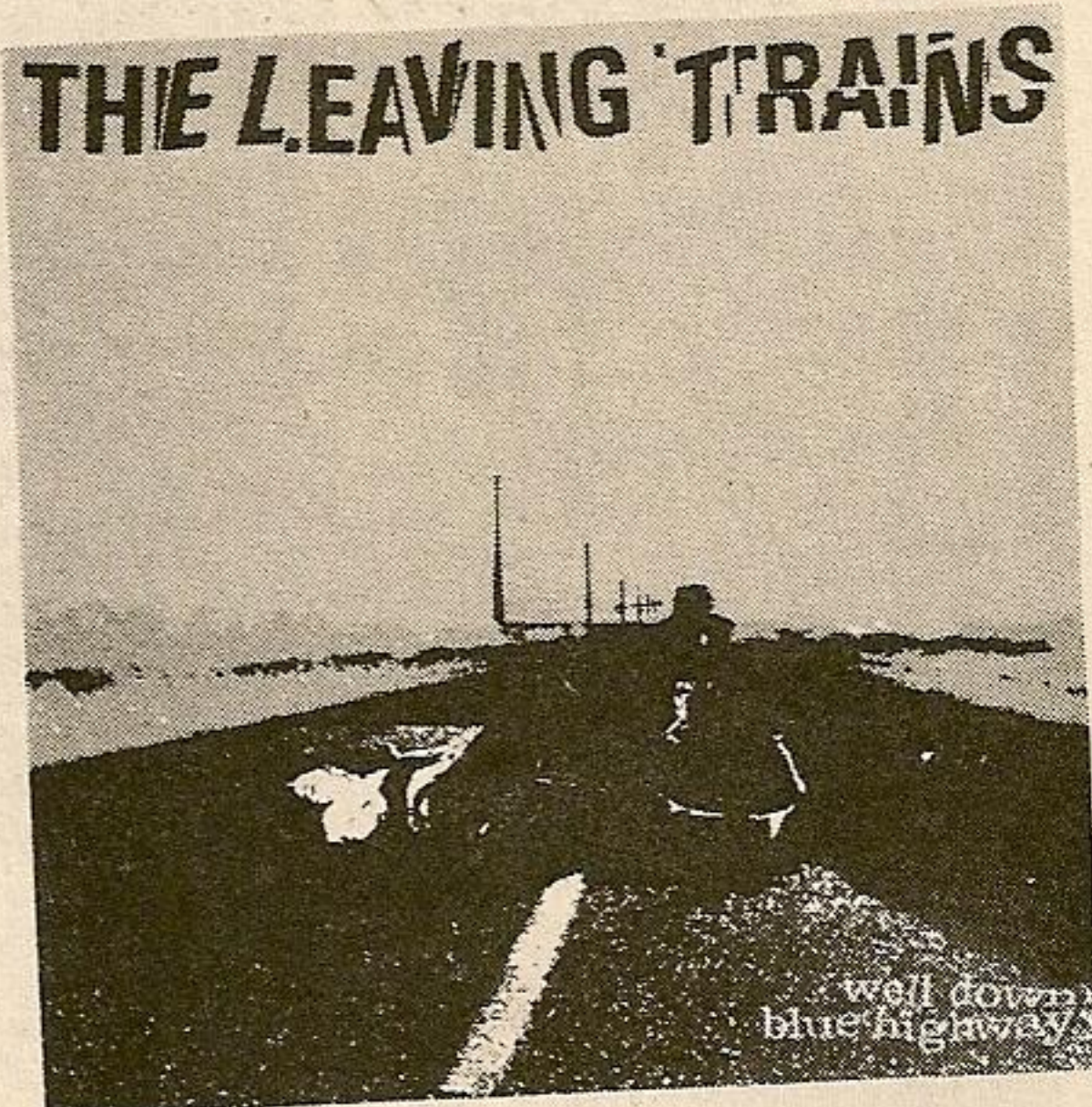
LEE KONITZ WITH HAROLD DANKO: Wild as Springtime Sax/piano duets can be a trying beast, often ranging from the hopelessly maudlin to wildly formless "free" blowing sessions. This particular duo of Lee Konitz (alto sax) and pianist Harold Danko combine to create a melodic and satisfying partnership in music. The repertoire includes "Hi," "Beck" and "Ezz-thetic," which Konitz recorded in 1951 with Miles Davis, Max Roach and others, circa "Birth of the Cool" era. Their artistic rebirth here is the result of the mature and sensitive interplay between an old pro and younger pro. Danko is as fine a pianist as can be found on the scene, and is assured enough to hold his own in the most revealing of presentations, three of his current releases being duets. Konitz, of course, is the old pro, having been under the tutelage of the late, great Lennie Tristano and survived the jazz wars of cool, bop, and free movements. His renderings can be characterized as being the epitome of both subtlety and exuberance. These duets work and display a superb collusion of talent; your ears are the beneficiary of the tasteful conspiracy. (G.F.M. Records, 18 Castleton Court Suite F, Newton Mearns, Glasgow, Scotland; avail. through Rick Ballard, POB 24854, Oakland, CA 94623)--Randall Kennedy

MARTY KRSTALL, BUELL NEIDLINGER et al: Marty's Garage Wow. This cluster of seven tracks from the early '60s, early '70s and early '80s features Neidlinger and Krystall on bass and sax respectively. Despite the time span of the recordings, the album holds up magnificently as a batch of superb, crisp and tuneful modern jazz. Krystall was too young for the earliest sessions, but the presence of such giants as Archie Shepp and Cecil Taylor is fine compensation. The one recent track adds some jarring synth playing by ex-Mother Don Preston. Nevertheless, one could easily believe this was all preserved in one contemporary recording session as the playing is fresh, exciting and fluid. Strongly recommended. (K2B2 Records, 3112 Barry Ave., L.A., CA 90066)--Bob Sled

STEVE LACY & MEL WALDRON: Herbe de L'Oubli This is a fine and very listenable record. It is rather atypical of hat Hut, as it is less than experimental. The title cut consists of a simple piano ostinato over which Lacy lays down an extended, improvised melody. The simplicity is retained on Monks "Epistrophe," a straight ahead vamp characterized by a lazy swing. As restrained as it is, the piece is elegant and Lacy and Waldron seem very much at ease with each other. They stretch out a bit and are more energized in "Hooray for Herbie." The irregular accentuation and more oblique lines improvised by Lacy recall the more typical hat Hut style of jazz, but it is still conservative. Regardless of the approach taken by these two excellent musicians, the result is music of a very high caliber. (hat Musics, Box 127, West Park, NY 12493)--Dean Suzuki

DON LANPHERE QUINTET: Into Somewhere Don Lanphere is another of those musicians who made a bit of a splash in the late '40s/early '50s, and disappeared. He's on a couple of Fats Navarro records from '48-'49, and Artie Shaw's small-band and Jerry Wald's orchestra records of that time. He played in the mid-'50s Herd (led by Woody Herman). And then he vanished from sight. Personal vicissitudes, leading to the decision to concentrate on religious work. Fortunately, Lanphere didn't

forsake writing and performing; he merely restricted it to his hometown region. In '82 in Seattle, he joined with a fellow named Jon Pugh, who will someday be known as one of the top three trumpeters of the '80s (alongside Wynton Marsalis and someone we haven't discovered yet). The initial result was "Out of Nowhere," released on the Hep label to world acclaim. This album is the logical sequel, not only because of the title or the inclusion of "Noble Indian Song Pt. 2" (expanding on the version released on "Nowhere"), but also for the continuity it proffers for watching this group mature. The "Cherokee"-based Pt. 2 opens with an attractive bop passage leading into interweaving solos by Lanphere on soprano and Pugh, then Lanphere on tenor. Outstanding--especially at some 80 bars each minute (disco holdouts, that's 160 bpm!) My favorite arrangement here has to be the 3/4 "Take the 'A' Train," which teeters on common time for some 7 minutes. Lanphere has a mellow, full sound quite pleasant to hear, even when trucking along at top speed; the band (Don Friedman, piano; Jeff Fuller, bass; and Ignacio Berroa, drums) provides flexibly solid support throughout. Quite highly recommended. (Hep, 34 London St., Edinburgh, Scotland, UK)--Lloyd E. Townsend, Jr.



LEAVING TRAINS: Well Down Blue Highway

First off, this band owes serious debts (in this order) to the Gun Club, the early Stones, Creedence and the Doors. That said, the Leaving Trains is a fine, distinctive outfit that stands well on its own. The playing is powerful and the vocals convincingly ragged. Best of all is that this debut LP includes some first-rate songwriting (check out "Creeping Coastline of Lights"). The territory explored here sounds ripe for resurrection: good old blues rock performed with a tough punk edge. (c/o Enigma, Box 2896, Torrance, CA 90509)--Bob Sled

DANIEL LENTZ: Point Conception A hypnotic, driving, harmonically dense, and beautiful work for solo piano and an eight-part cascading echo system (or nine pianos, circumstances permitting). Arlene Dunlap plays remarkably well, and this piece has really convinced me that Lentz is an excellent composer. I've had mixed feelings about earlier releases of his, but this one is so single-mindedly effective and stunning, well, I've no more doubts. It's 40 minutes that just flew by! (Cold Blue, 1831 Orchid, L.A., CA 90068)--Brent Wilcox

LETHAL GOSPEL: Penetrating Tales Unlike the neo-British invasion pop currently being labeled psychedelic, San Francisco's Lethal Gospel take psychedelia back to its root meaning--music for an altered mind--and produce a mutant R&B/funk-based rock with homage to Hendrix, heavy echoes, and recording effects. The result is unique, strange, and sometimes disturbing. Unfortunately for L.G., the punk satanic/Christian imagery of the record's jacket is likely to mislead. Though anyone should be free to package a record any way they please, the commercial reality is that many stores which bother to carry indies at all know little about the records they stock. One often has only cover images to guide the way. (Army/Dangerous Rhythm Records, c/o the Combine, 2440 16th St., #180, S.F., CA 94103)--A. 'Enthal

BENJAMIN LEW/STEVE BROWN: Twelfth Day First issued on Crammed discs in Belgium, Lew (synths and rhythm machines) and Brown (of Tuxedo Moon on sax and keyboards) make music that is graceful, exotic and seductive. Joined by Honeymoon Killer Marc Hollander on percussion and bass clarinet, together they concoct a blend of brittle melodies, atmospheric arrangements and subtle rhythms. By combining a certain minimalism with world music influences (particularly North African), this record is captivating and intelligent without being the least bit forced or demanding. (Original Music, R.D. 1, Box 190, Lasher Rd., Tivoli, NY 12583)--Bob Sled

THE LIMITS: Teenage Bedrooms Aspiring poppesters dabbling in bubblegum and 10cc-style calculations. Best outing is dreamy ballad "Holiday From You," with cool vocal harmonies and hook-ridden keyboard playing. Lots of ringing guitars and an overall lightness of sound that makes the Rubinoos sound like gravel crushers, but the packaging betrays a decided lack of innocence, and for some reason power pop never mixes well with double-edged irony. Shows promise, though, especially when the cutie pie stuff is toned down and the band concentrates on simply performing their well-crafted material. (Flying Governor Music, 1724 Elm St., Bethlehem, PA 18017)--John M. Johnson

ARTO LINDSAY & THE AMBITIOUS LOVERS: Envy Arto, the remarkable "noise" guitarist from that incredible band DNA (you heard 'em first on No New York), the early incarnation of the Lounge Lizards, and most recently amongst the golden Palominos, has this swell new record! His new band, the Ambitious Lovers, includes three Brazilian percussionists, and guest appearances by Anton Fier and David Moss. It's a bit like "DNA and the Golden Palominos go to Rio," less noisy and sharp than DNA, sparser than the Palominos. But it's Arto's slashing, chopped guitar and growling croon that make this unmistakably his handiwork. He even sings a melodious tune in Portuguese. (Editions E.G., dist. by Jem, Reseda, CA 91335)--Brent Wilcox

LITTLE WALTER JACOBS: Blue and Lonesome Though of dubious legality, this is certainly one of the most solid collections of previously unreleased/rare material I've heard, well-packaged to boot (complete with liner notes in English and French). These 14 cuts of the greatest blues harmonica player date from 1952-61, probably taken from filched Chess masters of super rare 45s, unreleased and alternate takes. Nary a clunker here, all tracks featuring Walter's light wit and incomparable virtuosity in both regular and chromatic blues harmonica. A good mix of fast shuffles and more standard medium tempo numbers, all easily up to the level of Walter's official Chess releases. A couple of really fine ones in "Blue and Lonesome," minor-key anguish which recalls Otis Rush at his best, and the jump instrumental "Fast Large One," which shows a definite and intriguing bop influence. Not for collectors only. (LeRoi du Blues)--Richie Unterberger



LOGOS DUO: Improvisation/Composition Logos Duo is the Belgian team of Moniek Darge and Godfried-Willem Raes, experimentalists with an improvisational bent. This album is com-

posed of works premiered at Brussels, Bristol, Florence and Manhattan. Their compositions fall more toward European "serious" music (Nono and Stockhausen spring to mind) than the experimental new age fusion predominant on the continent these days. At their best, Logos Duo sonically resemble the later, greater Henry Cow, and they are rarely less than at their best on side 1. "Improvisation" is the more immediate piece, a battle between clarinets, violin, alto, and peculiar percussion. Side 2's "Composition" is less effective due to its origins in musical theater; there is a definite sense of something missing in these performances, and the music seems not to be the focal point of the work. At the end, it sounds like the soundtrack to a Punch and Judy show. It is also hindered by vocals unfortunately rendered by Darge, who is straightjacketed by her limited voice. An interesting record, though; Logos Duo ably wander the frontier between "serious" contemporary composition and the more free forms of jazz and improvisation. (Logos Foundation, Kongostr. 35, Gent, Belgium)--Steven Grant

JEFFREY LOHN: Music from *Paradise Paradise* is a three part ballet choreographed by Karole Armitage, and parts one and three are included on this disc. Part one, "Dirge," is described by Lohn as an "anti-paradise," and was inspired by the death of South African resistance leader Steven Biko. "Dirge" is sonically in the Glenn Branca school of electric assault; however, while Branca is a modern equivalent to the 19th century spectacular Romantics, Lohn captures the immediate feeling of this century's danger. "Duck Dance" is divided between a prelude section and a dance section. The prelude section is described as "quasi-serialized pizzicato miniatures" and is altogether uninteresting. (For my money, "quasi-serialized" is a contradiction in terms.) The second section is much more successful, as definite themes develop and finally pull together in the final bars, with a permutated melody that reminds me of an out-of-kilter player piano, much like the Mothers' *Uncle Meat* album. (Daisy, dist. by NMDS, 500 Broadway, NYC 10012)--Roger Kleier

LOST GENERATION: *Return from Incas* An unlikely slab of punk-out fury from a decaying factory town surrounded by prospering suburbs. Those circumstances give songs like "Never Work" (previously out as a single) a special urgency. Other topics include OPEC, cartoons, clubs and unity. A taste of reggae and some hot guitar round out their convincing approach. (Incas, 272 Benham Ave., Bridgeport, CT 06604)--Bob Sled



FREDDIE MACGREGOR: *Across the Border* Alas, Freddie makes an unconvincing stab at the pop reggae market, chasing an overproduced and commercial sound that even Bob Marley and Peter Tosh avoided. The use of synths and vocal arrangements is overblown and a few tracks are downright embarrassing. Too bad--Freddie has a pleasing tenor that would sound fine in a more roots-oriented setting. Here, there's too much mush. (RAS Records, Box 40804, Wash., DC 20016)--Bob Sled

JOHN MCCUTCHEON: *Winter Solstice* A fine holiday record in an American traditional style from perhaps the leading hammer dulcimer player around, joined by acoustic group Trapezoid and members of the Washington Bach Concert. Tasteful and sophisticated playing by all concerned, especially McCutcheon, and one interesting thing about this record (especially for me) is that about half the tunes are Jewish, like the exquisitely played "Moshe Dor." McCutcheon's own composition, "Christmas in the Trenches" is a standout, with its ethereal fiddle quotes from "The Minstrel Boy to the War Has Gone." The recording quality is excellent as well. Though this review will come out too late for this year's holidays, throw out the Mormon Tabernacle Choir and Perry Como and get this album for next year. (Rounder, One Camp St., Cambridge, MA 02140)--Larry Polansky

COUNTRY JOE McDONALD: *Peace on Earth* Part of me admires Country Joe for his persistence, having released 20 or so albums since his star peaked at Woodstock. Part of me also admires his sincerity and steadfast advocacy of peace, love and justice. And part of me wishes he'd stop making records. Despite, or more likely because of, help from "heavy" friends such as Maria Muldaur, Bob Weir, and Mickey Hart, this is lame and tame stuff with an early seventies type sound. Tepid covers of "You Can Get It If You Really Want" and the doo-wop classic "Pledging My Love" (sung with Muldaur). Joe should cut the complacent nondescript rock backup and go acoustic to get more out of his songs, as he does on "Garden of Eden." Actually, I was more interested in a couple items in the liner notes than the record itself. Is the Roy Segal he gives thanks to the same one I went to high school with? And what does he mean by writing "Vietnam War courtesy of CBS records" to the credits of "The Girl Next Door?" Um, perhaps, but weren't a lot of other parties to blame as well? Still an attraction in Europe, he has a long way to go to recapture the creative heights of the *Electric Music for the Mind and Body* days. (Ragbaby, Box 3316, S.F., CA 94119)--Richie Unterberger

JIMMY MCGRUFF: *Skywalk* McGruff's latest LP, like all his records, features that distinctive thick choked organ and easy looping groove, beloved by jazz deejays for reading over during breaks and setting the mood for relaxed afternoons. About half the cuts feature a rhythm section that's too funk-based for my taste; I prefer the swing and bop backup on the rest. McGruff has released 56 LPs in the last 21 years; maybe that's too much, considering the homogeneity of his output. Though this one is fairly representative of his style, it's certainly not among his best, and should appeal mostly to McGruff completists and the odd customer looking for some acceptable jazzy background music. (Fantasy, 10th & Parker, Berkeley, CA 94710)--Jimmy James

JACK MICHELINE: *Reads Tigers in the Sky, Sings a Song, Recites Some Poems; flexi + prose/poem booklet "Purple Submarine"* *Purple Submarine* is the story of Scarlet, a 17-year-old male who would rather be female, and chronicles her adventures on the street, in school, in restrooms, closets, alleys, & working class bars. On the two-sided flexi, Micheline recites three poems, sings a song & tells a tale about the race track called "Tigers in the Sky." The *Purple Submarine* prose poem and flexi continue the tradition of Lautreamont, Rimbaud, and Baudelaire, the "sustained, systematic derangement of the senses." Bleak, tragic, accurate poetry and song, with handset and handbound photo offset. (Greenlight Press, POB 360, 1230 Grant Ave., S.F., CA 94133, or try City Lights Books, 261 Columbus Ave., S.F., CA 94133)--Nik Wax

GREGORY MILLS: *Esfoma* Comparisons with Charles Ives will be made, and Mills has named one of his pieces "One for Ives." He possesses a fluid technique and a compositional sensibility unlike the currently fashionable Glass-Reich school. His music is pianistic because it utilizes a lot of piano techniques, like trills and glissandos, and sharp, brittle attacks of 32nd and 64th notes. He stays away from the consonant for the most

part, but comes back to it on occasion.

Nowadays, serious composers are trying to win large audiences again with rhythmically hypnotic, repetitive pieces that still end up sounding a lot like exercises, in spite of the interweaving time values. Or--they try to create moods, not adhering strictly to any high-falutin compositional system, like Winston. Mills does neither. He's not startlingly original, but he's not trendy and boring either. He's a solid new composer with an informed set of musical criteria who may one day find his own voice and shake things up. (POB 4692, St. Louis, MO 63108)--Pasquali Babalugats

A MIDNIGHT CHRISTMAS MESS The idea seems to have been this: get together a bunch of the sixties-inspired groups that Midnight seems to love, and record a spiritual cousin to Phil Spector's *Christmas LP*. Given the contrived concept, and my feeling that a lot of these artists are overrated, I wasn't expecting much, but my expectations were surpassed incredibly. There isn't a stiff among these tracks, and some are really good. Wednesday Week's "Christmastime Here" is affecting wistful power-pop about Xmas in New York, enough to make this transplanted Easterner feel homesick. Nadrooj and the Wolrats' "Forget It" is only loosely related to Christmas, yet it's positively the best new garage rocker I've heard--real wild. Also vaguely holiday related is the Cheepskates' "Last Minute Rush," a hot surf instrumental with jinglin' bells. I also like the Dogmatics' sullen "X'Mas Time (It Sure Doesn't Feel Like It)," which sounds rather like Bruce Springsteen. A satire? Whatever, I hope the big Northeast stations latch onto this instead of the Boss' "Santa Claus is Coming to Town," which they've been playing to death for many Decembers now. Other names you may recognize: Johnny Rabb, Justin Love, Plan 9, Yard Trauma, and Screamin' Jay Hawkins (a solo piano number). And the Droogs help Midnight owner J.D. Martignon close the set with a cornball spoken thanks to all involved (just as Spector did on his LP). By the time you read this it won't be timely, yet against all odds, this is a worthy successor to the Spector LP, and will hopefully be played for many years to come. (Midnight, POB 390, Old Chelsea Station, NYC 10011)--Richie Unterberger

MOBY GRAPE Remember Moby Grape? They made one superb, highly acclaimed album in the 1960's (repackaged, incidentally, with original cover photo by San Francisco Sound) at the inception of the Haight-Ashbury era. Unfortunately, they were never able to live up to the promise of their first album afterwards. They have broken up and reformed several times since, always with uneven results, as is the case here. Bassist Bob Mosley comes off the best this time. He is in very fine voice, avoiding the mealy mouth quality that plagued some of his earlier efforts. Most disappointing is Jerry Miller's guitar work. He has always been a very fine and distinctive guitarist, whose hallmark sound is created by a deep-body Gibson with old Fender tube amps. Here he goes for a more contemporary sound and his work becomes almost faceless. Their one countryish tune brings to mind the fact that they had at least a hand in influencing lots of L.A. bands of the Eagles/Poco ilk. By the way, terrific cover art by S.F. favorite son, Mouse. (San Francisco Sound, 555 Post St., S.F., CA 94102)--Dean Suzuki

MICK MOLONEY & EUGENE O'DONNELL: *Uncommon Bonds* Moloney and O'Donnell are transplanted Irishmen now living and performing in the U.S. They are joined on this album by a large number of Irish and American traditional musicians, including Norman and Nancy Blake and two of the Clancy Brothers. There is some very incredible picking, strumming, squeezing, whistling and fiddling on this album, but any individual performances tend to be just a bit lost in the overall delightful effect of this record. While you might not describe Moloney as a sensitive interpreter of meaningful folk songs, he is still a great singer, in a certain style. These are fun, slightly campy or dancehallish numbers. Whether it's a tall tale like "St. Brendan's Fair Isle" or an Irish novelty song like "Miss Fogarty's Christmas Cake," the fun and high spirits are infectious. The sentimental songs are exactly that, sentimental. Many of

us take music too seriously sometimes, so it's a bit hard to imagine that "Bonny Blue-Eyed Nancy" really has "golden hair in ringlets fair" or that we would care if she did, but believe me, it is possible to do fun or sentimental songs that are tasteful, not hokey. The album is not totally without its serious moments. "O'Hara, Hughes, McCreesh and Sands" is a ballad of the hunger strikers of 1981. "The Bay of Biscay" is the tale of a woman visited by the ghost of her sailor husband, seven years gone. Both fine songs, though I could imagine them being done a bit more successfully by a number of other artists. Moloney's style is a relatively straightforward one, suited better to rollicking joy or sentimental melancholy than to bitter politics or haunting ghost lovers. The instrumentals include some cheery jigs and a lovely tune called "Farewell My Gentle Harp" with O'Donnell's lilting fiddle trading lines with the harp of Rosalyn Briley. A refreshing record. (Green Linnet, Inc., 70 Turner Hill Rd., New Canaan, CT 06840)--Scott Adair

THE BEST OF THE MUSIC MACHINE FEATURING SEAN BONNIWELL Often dismissed as just another trashy one-hit wonder ala the Count Five and Mark and the Mysterians, the Music Machine were actually a fairly interesting and talented mid-sixties group, if somewhat limited. With their alternately fuzzy/piercing high guitars and a demonic carnival organ, they had a distinctive sound which was well-suited to vocalist/songwriter Sean Bonniwell's twisted gravel growl, ominous melodies, torturous stop-start tempos and anguished, surrealistic lyrics. Their hit "Talk Talk" is a proto-punk classic that they never matched again, though the minor hit followup "The People In Me" came close, with its great haunting melody and background vocals. Otherwise, this LP features most of their Original Sound singles from 1966-67, plus an album track and four previously unreleased Bonniwell originals. A few clunkers here, and the only one of the previously unavailable tracks that's real good is the slow, tense "Dark White" (with great violin-like distorted guitar). But mostly it's solid sixties angst, and though they're never given credit, I'd bet it influenced fellow L.A. heavyweights Love and the Doors (they actually predated the latter). Excellent detailed liner notes by Sean Bonniwell. One thing: the "Talk Talk" mix here somehow has less bite than my scratchy Original Sound single. If that's the result of state-of-the-art remastering, then let us have the original mixes please. (Rhino, 1201 Olympic Blvd., Santa Monica, CA 90404)--Richie Unterberger

NEIGHBORHOOD RHYTHMS



NEIGHBORHOOD RHYTHMS (PATTER TRAFFIC) spoken word compilation The latest in Harvey Kubernik's blossoming spoken word series and the most fascinating release so far. Once again, the participants run the gamut from established poets to local music figures of note to hangers-on and scenesters. There are some very literate moments here and some crummy examples of the "I talk, therefore I am a poet" school. Some pieces are simply voice, some have elaborate musical background. But mostly, this is a collection of honest voices displaying humor, angst, lust, distress, pain, insight, irony and sheer observation. The sequencing and editing have been handled

with care, lending to the cohesiveness and flow of the whole package. A succinct description of the LP doesn't do it justice, but highlights for me include Ivan E. Roth, Wanda Coleman, Exene Cervenka and the moving, powerful coda by Dave Alvin (yes, from the Blasters). On the negative side, there's a relentless "L.A.-centricity" here that gives the project an unfortunate parochial flavor; though this project is intended as a portrait of Los Angeles, that may limit its appeal outside of SoCal. Yet repeated listenings yield new surprises and discoveries each time, so expect to enjoy this record again and again. (Freeway Records, Box 67930, L.A., CA 90067; 2 LPs, marketed by Rhino, 1201 Olympic Blvd., Santa Monica, CA 90404)--Bob Sled

NEXT EXIT: Metropolitan West The production sounds like big-bucks and the band sounds like a greatest hits package by various artists, there are Clashlike vocalizations, Qingo Boingo style instrumental attacks... "Concrete River" is an almost Stoneslike ballad, "Stress" sounds like the Boomtown Rats, but the important thing is that it all sounds good. If these guys were just a little more gimmicky we would be watching them on MTV today, but I fear they will make it at least as far as a major label, 'cause they already sound like they're on one (or several). (KDT Records, POB 85781, Seattle, WA 98145-1781)--Geo Parsons

NISAVA Nisava are four San Francisco Bay area acoustic musicians, with several friends, who specialize in the ethnic folk musics of Bulgaria, Scandinavia, and Macedonia. Unlike many ethnic bands who recreate well known folk tunes primarily to accompany dance, Nisava seeks out less familiar tunes, recombinates, rearranges and adapts them to come up with authentic, yet fresh versions of the traditional folklore. They also write some original melodies that faithfully reproduce the stylings of the old country standards. Side one features the asymmetrical lurching rhythms of Bulgaria, while side two combines some Macedonian tunes with the more sedate fiddle dominated melodies of Sweden and Norway. This is a seemingly incongruous, yet refreshing blend. Instrumentation is clarinet, accordion, fiddle, bass, percussion, and assorted backup, and the level of playing is uniformly excellent. A worthwhile addition to any ethnic collection, and it sports a lovely cover, too. (1212 Ordway St., Berkeley, CA 94706)--Scott Fraser

BOBBE NORRIS & LARRY DUNLAP: Hoisted Sails Bobbe Norris is an absolutely superb singer with a lower register unmatched by anyone for with a lower register unmatched by anyone for gorgeousness. This album is full of beautiful old standards and ballads as well as things that swing. And there are a few new tunes as well. The title track, for instance, is vintage 1981. "Hoisted Sails" is lovely and Brazilian and sounds right at home among the rest of the all-American songs. Larry Dunlap's piano is just right. He knows how not to detract with too many notes under the vocals. He approaches the duos with bassist Frank Tusa with great feeling and lush harmonies. Fine listening for those of you who long for yet another interpretation of beauties like "I'm Glad There is You" and "We'll Be Together Again." (Palo Alto Records, 755 Page Mill Rd., Palo Alto, CA 94304)--Betty Huck

NO-Y-Z: Sheer Electronic Din This excellent picture disc LP contains a journey. It brings one through many different styles--slight industrial and rock sounds, an interesting funk piece; and mostly, as expected, electronic collages. Voices appear with and without distortion to comment and basically be bizarre. This is one of those difficult to classify records. I hear scattered and complex minds working, yet with a strange overall continuity. The types and quality of electronic devices creates almost too much bombardment of sound. I like it. The music varies from light to dark textures with a dry humor. Also, side two comes complete with a portion of ingrained skip-repeat voice and music combination (very disturbing). Don't listen to a record by its cover (you'll see what I mean). (Arza, POB 411, Maywood, CA 90270)--Deborah Wigger

NYAM NYAM: Hope of Heaven A very gripping, beautiful record, textured and atmospheric, supported by a strong sense of rhythm and songwriting. This will almost certainly be a pleasure for anyone who longs for music that picks up where Magazine and Joy Division left off. While not as complex or dynamic as the former, nor as mournful and powerful as the latter, Nyam Nyam's music shares the sense of emotion and musicality that made both of the above groups essential. **Hope of Heaven** is a strong debut, full of haunting songs, varied and well conceived. (Situation 2, 17-19 Alma Rd., London SW 18, UK)--Paul Lemos

THE NYLONS: One Size Fits All The second album by the Nylons offers more of their rich, tight acappella harmonies that recall both the days of doo wop and other vocal traditions as well as a more contemporary, slick sound that has compelling musical qualities. Actually, the voices are accompanied by very tasty percussion that complements the ensemble singing rather than dominating it. Their choices of oldies, such as "Silhouettes," a terrific version of "Up the Ladder to the Roof" and a haunting rendition of "Town Without Pity," hit the mark with excellent arrangements that keep them from sounding dated. Their original material is uniformly fine whether it evokes nostalgic recollections or funk sensibilities. As Paul Cooper's song advocates, "Bop 'Til You Drop" and make sure you don't miss 'em. (Attic, 624 King St. W., Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5V 1M7)--Dean Suzuki

ORANGE DONUTS: Back at the Ranch Heartland hardcore with their rock'n'roll roots showing. You get a sense that these guys understand what rockabilly's all about, especially in the pumping, country-ish bass and drums. Also noteworthy are the abrupt tempo changes, along with the usual raw energy one would expect. Vocals aren't half bad and the recording has a very live feel to it. (Fresh Sounds, Box 36, Lawrence, KS 66044)--Bob Sled

THE ORTHOTONICS: Wake Up You Must Remember The Orthotonics are a Richmond based band who've been building a strong reputation over the last five years as a good group to see live and dance to. After an earlier cassette only release, we finally have their first LP. "Informed pop" might be a way to describe these folks. There's a discernible Etron Fou influence here. A couple of tracks even sound a little Pere Ubuish, but the Orthos are not quite as frenzied as those two can be. Some tunes have a reggae sound while others sound more like new wave. Guitarist/singer Rebbi Sharp sings some fine lyrics. In "Womanfish" she goes on about how as embryos we were all female with gill like structures on the sides of our necks. If you're familiar with their influences, the Orthos can't help but grab and hold your attention. And even if you aren't and don't care, they're still a tight group with a lot of good ideas. Finally there's Fred Frith twirling the knobs and helping out with the mixing, which is always a good idea. (Generic, POB 7105, Richmond, VA 23221; dist. by Plan 9, 3002 West Cary St., Richmond, VA 23221)

THE OUTTA PLACE: We're Outta Place When I first heard this record I hated it. All my fears were founded; the new era of garage groups were becoming wimpy and rather boring at that. After a few listens I softened my views a bit. The Outta Place do some decent covers on this 12" EP like Keith Kessler's "Don't Crowd Me," but there are plenty of slow times like an emasculated version of the Sonics/Swamptrats "Louie Louie" (if you can imagine that) as well as a "bonus" track of a psychedelic "Batman Theme" that reminded me of the "cute" B-52s and Devo songs these garage people despise. Bands like Plan 9 can be powerful (listen to them do "Looking at You"), but if the new psych bands take after the Outta Place we can expect a garage backlash any day now. (Midnight, Box 390, Old Chelsea Station, NYC 10011)--Chris Stigliano

PEBBLES VOL. 15: The Continent Strikes Back! The Netherlands 1965-68 Like Sweden, Holland apparently had a much more active rock scene

in the sixties than anyone over here imagined. Also, as in Sweden, the 16 groups on this volume all sung in English and produced some surprisingly vital music, considering that they were struggling with a foreign language. Most of these guys sound like the Pretty Things, but clumsier, more tortured, and more morose. That's not meant as a put-down; it's gutsy, primal stuff that somehow sounds different than anything in the U.S. or U.K. As the sleeve sardonically notes, this bluesy angst well befits a country with no black people and the highest standard of living in Europe. Highlights include a couple fine rare R&B cuts from the two best-known Dutch '60s groups (the Outsiders and Q65), a first-rate mod track from the Motions (great Townshend feedback), a psychedelic piece by the Dream that recalls Syd Barrett's Pink Floyd at their most playful, and some spaghetti Western-like blues from Les Baroques. Though not as good as the best stuff from mid-'60s Sweden, this is an enjoyable, varied, and historically valuable sampler, with excellent liner notes. (Archive Int'l Prod., c/o Bomp, POB 7112, Burbank, CA 91510)--Richie Unterberger

PENGUIN CAFE ORCHESTRA: Broadcasting From Home From the stately grace of a Scottish air to the dusty jump of a south of the border band, these folks do it all, and make it their own. From the credits on their four releases, it's obvious that Simon Jeffes is both the creative impetus and mainstay in this group, yet it speaks volumes that he's managed to keep himself surrounded by basically the same cast for nearly a decade. Jeffes orchestrates acoustic guitars, ukeleles, pianos, violins, bass, cellos, pennywhistles, cheap electronic keyboards, and all manner of percussion into a subtly understated brew that takes the essence of a group like the Incredible String Band one step farther by infusing it with a wry wit. And the sensitivity for musical atmosphere is right up there with Brian Eno at his best. This is not a bunch of hippies trying to pass off third world dabbling as Art. This is masterfully constructed music from a man who truly understands the value of each instrument he uses, and performed by players who know that they can transport you from an Irish meadow in springtime to a hot Jamaican beach with technique. There are no solos here, no lyrics, and most pieces are constructed upon fiendishly simple riffs or melodic ideas. But there's a magic operating at the center that comes from the hearts of the people involved in the Penguin Cafe Orchestra. This is a giant step past the musical water colors of Windham Hill or ECM. Absolutely recommended. (Editions E.G., avail. from Jem, 3619 Kennedy Rd., S. Plainfield, NJ 07080)

PREACHER JACK: 3000 Barrooms Later This is bona fide boogie woogie for your dining and dancing pleasure. I've never been much of a boogie woogie fan (it reminds me too much of Shakey's Pizza Parlor), but I suppose as far as boogie woogie goes, this rates highly. The LP contains a variety of boogie woogie piano treatments of blues/gospel/rock'n'roll. Preacher Jack's shouting style is pretty rough around the edges. If Jerry Lee Lewis is the "Killer", I'd probably classify Preacher Jack as the "Maimed". Good mood music for drinkin' whisky at the dinette. (Rounder, One Camp St., Cambridge, MA 02140)--David Lankford

RADIO TOKYO TAPES: Vol. 2 Features too many excellent bands to mention and play favorites with. You'll have to look and listen for yourself. Contains depth and emotional content; a mellow record with fire. Much use of echo and driving beats exists throughout. No doubt your eccentric tastes will find a niche in this compilation. Cream of the crop of local L.A. art bands. (Ear Movie, Box 5040, Santa Monica, CA 90405 & Enigma, POB 2896, Torrance, CA 90509)--Deborah Wigger

RENALDO & THE LOAF: Play Struve and Sneff The vinyl release of a 1979/1980 cassette by England's answer to the Residents. Roughly recorded, extremely silly, and often downright W-E-I-R-D, it's everything you'd expect from these folks! Loaded to the top and over with curious tunes, nonsensical lyrics, and

fun times, this is music to melt watches by. Titles include: "Meanings of W.E.I.R.D.," "Of Bad Teeth," and "Fluorescent Showboat to Tangier." What more can I say? (Ralph, 109 Minna St., S.F., CA 94105)--Brent Wilcox

BLAIN RENINGER/MIKEL ROUSE: Colorado Suite--Made to Measure Vol. 3 A very pleasant surprise! Colorado Suite is a semi-classical piece consisting of four extended pieces, all instrumental with the exception of the more rock oriented "Windy Outside." For the most part the sound is somewhat like recent works by Philip Glass, with repeated, interwoven string and keyboard signatures. Actually, more than anything else, it is the layered uninterrupted organ sound that vividly brings to mind Philip Glass compositions. Blain Reninger's violin playing is beautiful throughout, and for me, the strongest attraction. Although comparable to works by other artists, Colorado Suite is very active, and more varied than either Glass's or Reich's material, yet the sound is not quite as dense, but let's not forget, this is the work of only two men, and it is with that fact in mind that I can say Colorado Suite is a very impressive record. (Crammed Discs, 52 rue Paul Lauters, 1050, Bruxelles, Belgium)--Paul Lemos

THE RESIDENTS: Whatever Happened to Vileness Fats? It seems, back in 1972, that the Residents began a feature-length video called "Vileness Fats." For technical reasons, the project was abandoned, incomplete. Now they've resurrected the existing footage, and edited a half-hour tape called "Whatever Happened to Vileness Fats?" It has something to do with an immortal Indian princess and a schizophrenic, one-armed midget. This record is the newly-composed soundtrack. While undeniably Residential in tone and tune, with quirky rhythms and unexpected melodies and songs, there's not much really new here. They're treading water, it seems. It may work better with the video component (the still photos on the jacket are an inspired combination of Dr. Caligari and Alice in Wonderland), but as an album alone, it's lacking. (Ralph, 109 Minna St., S.F., CA 94105)--Brent Wilcox

TONY RICE: Cold on the Shoulder Whenever I read liner notes touting a particular artists as the best this or the greatest that, I sarcastically think "yeah, sure." After listening to this LP, much to my chagrin, I sincerely thought "yeah yeah." The notes yakked about Rice's voice. He really does have a powerfully mellifluous and soothing vocal style, much like Ricky Skaggs (incidentally, Rice and Skaggs once played together in the band the New South). This LP is lethal stuff--sweet contemporary and traditional bluegrass/folk tunes with a lot of soul. None of the songs are Rice originals, but that seems immaterial. Rice and company, which on several cuts include Vassar Clemens and Kate Wolf, provide some outstanding renditions with very hot pickin' (in particular the title cut and the Flatt and Scruggs tune "Why Don't You Tell Me So"). This is a swinger. (Rounder, One Camp Street, Cambridge, MA 02140)--David Lankford

FERDINAND RICHARD: En Avant (Eight Songs in Eight Tongues) Richard, bassist and vocalist for the French group Etron Fou Leloublan, has a wonderful imagination. He comes up with a wide variety of stories and morality plays here and frames them with music by himself (basses, vocals), Tom Cora (cello), more bass (Christiane Cohade) and some drums (Rick Brown). How successful is this project? Well, "Contribution to Anglo American Culture" is great. Despite the fact that it clocks in at about thirty seconds, the barked out lyrics say more than most five minute songs. Dig this: "Some eat soup/some serve soup/some die." Pretty much sums up life, eh? And the closing item, an extract from "Everyday Things" by German Urs Engeler, contains some stark yet captivating imagery. Engler himself delivers this one gasping for breath as if he'd just run three miles while being chased by a rabid dog. The thing is, though, these two standouts are both unaccompanied. The rest of the stuff tends to be written in a style similar to much of Etron Fou's work, that is, one instrument (usually

bass) holds down an odd tempo riff or melody line while everything else darts in and out around it. This works great in Etron Fou, where Guigou Chenevier's energetic, slapp happy drumming whips the whole thing along and gives the other instruments something substantial to work from. Here, things only sometimes hit the mark. "History of the Best" and "Man of Dirt" hold my interest, and the former in particular works well, but the rest of the tracks seem somewhat underdeveloped and don't ever seem to be as complex as Ferdinand's plot lines. Since, in my opinion, the two strongest cuts have no musical backing whatsoever, I can't help wondering if this project would have worked better as theater, with only a little music and more drama. (Recommended, 387 Wandsworth Rd., London, SW8 2JL, UK)--C.W. Vrtacek

RIDERS IN THE SKY: Live The Riders blend authentic western music and slapstick comedy into a unique and refreshing act. They sound in top form on this release. Ranger Doug is a fine rhythm guitarist and vocalist (yodels and all). Woody Paul (fiddle) & Too Slim (bass) are equally talented. This is a perfect record for your next hoedown. (Rounder, One Camp St., Cambridge, MA 02140)--Tom Wilk

THE RISING STORM: Calm Before... The Rising Storm were the pinnacle of that odd mid-'60s sub-genre known as "prep rock," wherein rich private school kids got their parents to buy them equipment and actually recorded LPs. Usually these were pressed in quantities of only a few hundred, mostly to be sold to their classmates and at their gigs. Such was the case with the Rising Storm (Phillips Academy '67), who were but one of a few of several "prep" garage bands to emerge from Andover, Mass., a notorious feeding ground for the Ivy League. Most of these discs were of historical interest only, but the Rising Storm were a shining exception. What really makes this for me are the pretty, moody folk-rock ballads (group originals), somewhat in the spirit of early love (whose "Message to Pretty" is covered here)--great for late rainy nights. There's also a couple good originals in the more standard teen garage mode. Even the covers are standouts--the best "Baby Please Don't Go" I've heard besides Them's, a version of "Don't Look Back" that might just be better than the Remains original, and also what may be the only two cover versions of Rockin' Ramrods songs (big Boston '60s group which never made it nationally). Far from a period novelty, the Rising Storm were a fine group with considerable potential, one of the best high school rock groups ever--even if they themselves didn't realize it at the time, scattering upon graduation to continue their education. (Eva, F.G.L. 15, rue de l'Amiral Roussin, 75015 Paris, France)--Richie Unterberger

RODNEY ROBB FOR PRESIDENT Following in the footsteps of NPR's Star Wars radio series (right down to the metallic vocoded voice used for C3PO, which reappears here as the voice of robot Rodney Robb), Minnesotan Comics Jim Newstrom and Don Fisher have produced an audio drama about a robot running for president of the United States. Since there's nothing particularly pointed or timely about the duo's skits, which gently satirize political speechmaking rather than specific current political speakers, there's nothing about this disc that won't be just as effective or lame in 1988--if you can remember it that long. (Bellwether, POB 22409, Minneapolis, MN 55422)--A. Enthall

THE ROULETTES: Russ, Bob, Pete and Mod Considering that the Roulettes were best known for backing bland British teen idol Adam Faith, this album was much better than I expected. These guys did look fairly square, but actually they were one of the better hitless groups of the mid-'60s British beat boom. Here we have 16 tracks from 1963-66, including some of the best non-Beatle Merseybeat, some surprisingly tough R&B based numbers which recall mod groups like the Small Faces and Action, and some very pleasant pop-pap-rock. "What You Gonna Do" is a killer track which sounds good enough to be a cover of some obscure American R&B/pop classic, but it's actually a group original, co-written by

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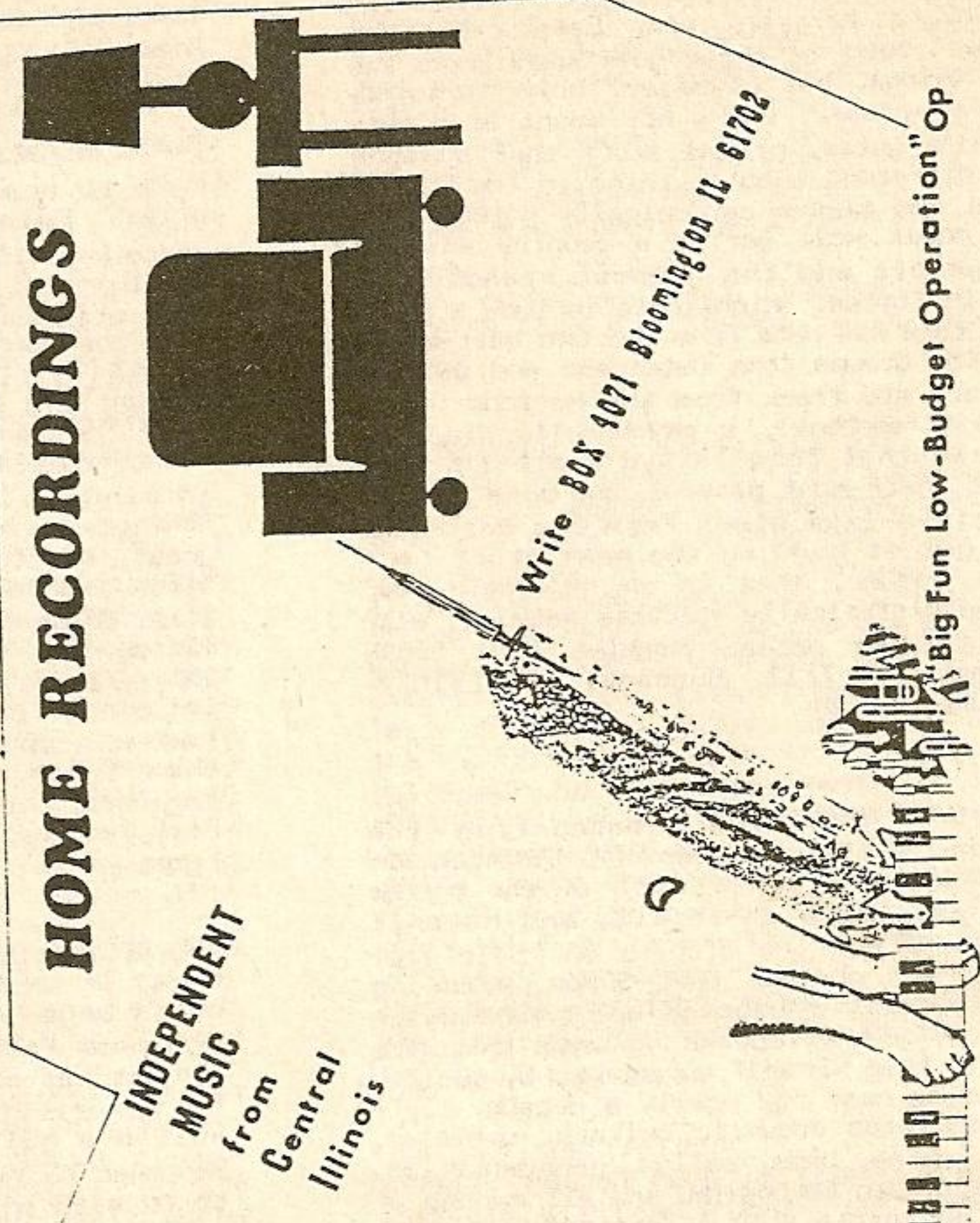


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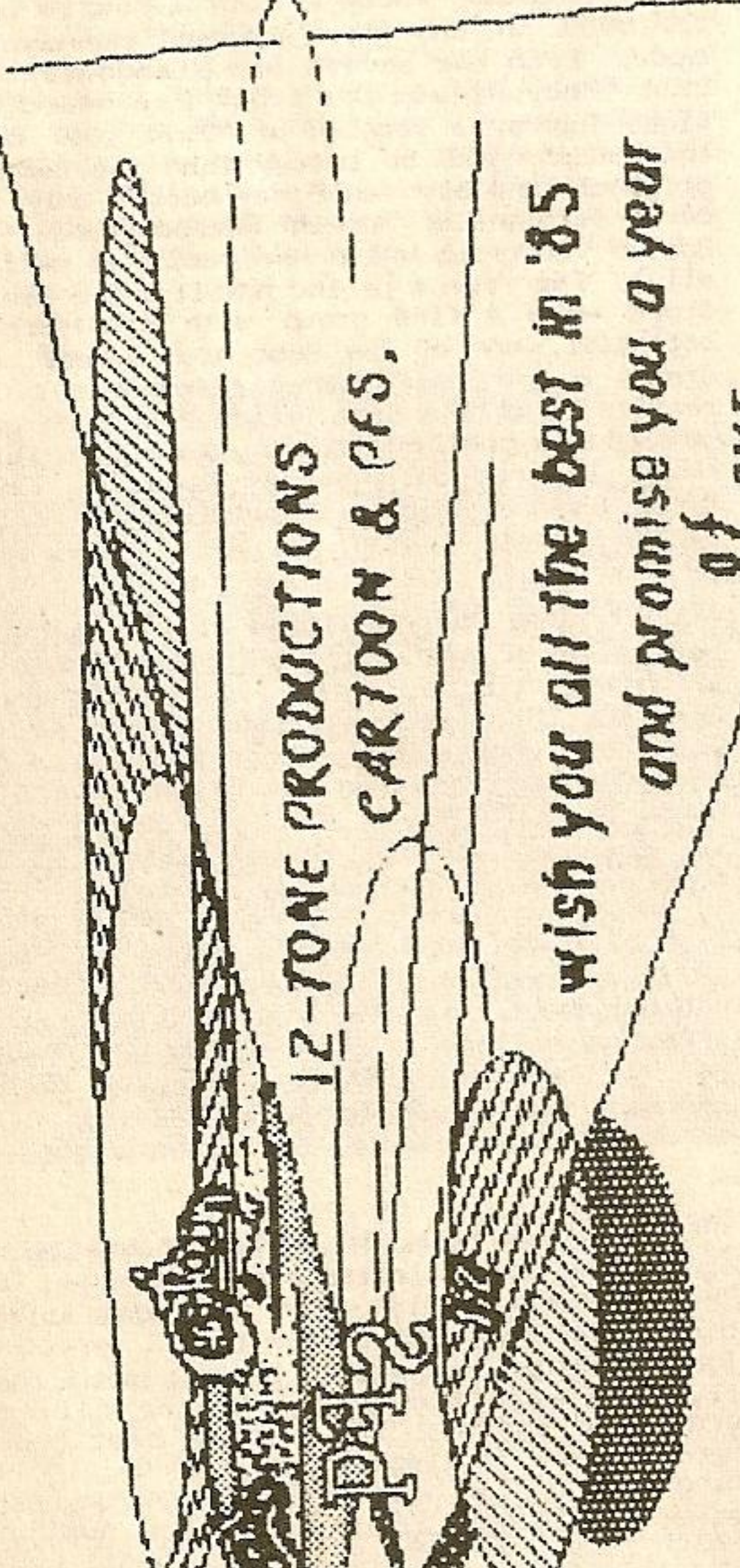
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Russ Ballard (future Argent member) of all people. Could have been the hit they never got, if only they'd had the wisdom to release it as a single. Overall, one of Edsel's better British beat reissues. (Edsel, Western House, Harlequin Ave., Great West Rd., Brentford, Middlesex TW8 9EW, UK)--Richie Unterberger

CONGO ASHANTI ROY: Level Vibes Jamaican Roy has been knocking about the international reggae scene for over 15 years. His 1968 debut was produced by Lee Perry, and he was more recently associated with the late Prince Far I. Here, Roy gets down to some roots rockin', backed by a crew of top-notch players. His voice is especially appealing, ranging from a winning falsetto to the reedy, nasal sound of Eek-a-mouse or Mikey Dread, to a more substantial tenor. Recorded in London and Kingston, much of the engineering was done by Adrian Sherwood, giving the LP an invigorating, modern quality. (Sonic Boom, 2012 Graham Ave., Redondo Beach, CA 90278)--Bob Sled

MIKEL ROUSE: Quorum Rouse is a New York composer with a hand in many fires. His ensemble Broken Consort works in contemporary chamber music. With Iirez Iirez he dabbles in pop music. Here he has created a percussion score for LinnDrum or 18 percussion players. The piece can conceivably work with dance ensembles, environmental or visual mixed media, or as a piece alone. On its own, Quorum is a challenging percussion immersion. The themes are stated and developed in a rhythmic vitality that gives nods both to Western antecedents (Bartok) and to non-Western musics (African drum ensembles and, more reconditely, Gamelan music). For non-aficionados, the effect is something like listening to only the percussion tracks of Peter Gabriel's album in the same genre. Challenging and provocative. (Club Soda Music, 405 W. 45th St., NYC 10036)--Mark Dickson

SAVIA ANDINA This Bolivian group plays folk music on indigenous folk instruments of their homeland. The sounds of the percussion, including the Chullucullus, Recu and Wankharas, the various flute and recorder-like instruments such as the Kena-Kena, Zankhas and Pinkillos, plus the guitar and charango (a small gut string mandolin-like instrument) are quite charming. The music is delightfully tuneful and attractive. Both the instruments and musical style have been appropriated by many American pop and folk musicians, Paul Simon being not the least among them. Fans of Latin American music should definitely tap into the discs issued by Inter-American Musical Editions. (Inter-American Musical Editions, Organization of American States, 1889 F St. N.W. 5th Fl., Washington, DC 20006)--Dean Suzuki

SCHWANTZ LEFANTZ: Can't Stop Third-rate imitation Steely Dan with none of the dynamism that made Steely Dan first-rate. These guys would probably go over big at one of those glossy, upwardly mobile nightclubs frequented by tax attorneys with white powder on their moustaches. (Four Dots, Box 233, Denton, TX 76206)--Bob Morris

17 PYGMIES: Jedda by the Sea This second release by the Pygmies, who include present and former members of Savage Republic and Food & Shelter, is quite well developed. Melodic, beautiful, with British folk strains amidst third world rhythms, and atmospheric instrumentals mixed with moody vocals that are emotional but not gloomy. A bit like the Raincoats, with touches of Savage Republic, it's an adventurous album, eclectic and experimental but not alienating. (Resistance, Box 11563, Marina del Rey, CA 90295)--Brent Wilcox

THE SEVENTY SEVENS: All Fall Down If you did not know any better, you might think the Seventy Sevens are a secular band in the vein of U2, the kind that expresses its religious convictions in commercially acceptable ways. Well, they are, in a way. They consider their music the mission and the career. They are one of the few bands in the "strictly

religious" market to satisfy the tastes of "new wave" fans, meaning they have lotsa ground to cover. On their second LP, they alternate between sounding like current Talking Heads ("You Don't Scare Me"), a slicked up Cramps ("Mercy Mercy"), a relatively good Police-copy ("Make a Difference Tonight") and too much else to cover. Nonetheless, they have some surprisingly powerful dance textures for a Christian rock band and rarely make direct reference to the Holy Trinity, making them that much more commercially palatable. Now let's see a Jesus pop band to fill in for the Butthole Surfers (or Joy Division, at least!)--Jamie Lee Rake

THE SHAKERS: Break It All A fascinating 1966 album of Beatle imitators from, that's right, Uruguay! The only South American '60s rock record I've ever seen. What's more, it's decent. Spanish cover of "Ticket to Ride" aside, it's all originals written in English. Musically, it recalls the Fab Four circa *Hard Day's Night*, especially mid-tempo numbers like "I Should Have Known Better." An odd sidelight to the Mersey phenomenon was that most of the best Beatle-based groups came from outside Liverpool (Hollies, Easybeats, Beau Brummels, etc.), and accordingly the Shakers' Merseybeat bastardizations sound better, and certainly rock harder, than almost any non-Beatle Liverpool combo. As you'd expect from a group writing and performing in a foreign language, the accents are broken and the grammar almost pidgin. Yet they had a good grasp of the British Invasion essentials, catchy tunes and enthusiastic harmonies. And one track ("Won't You Please") sounds like Mike Nesmith's country-flavored Monkee tunes. As Audio Fidelity Records deleted this long ago, this disc is likely an exact reproduction (legal or otherwise) by private parties or old unsold copies which lay in a warehouse for 15 years. Whatever the case, it's now available through mail-order collector companies. (Audio Fidelity Records, 221 W. 57th St., NYC 10019)--Richie Unterberger

ELLIOT SWARP: Carbon This new album by multi-instrumental improviser Sharp, with an accompanying band, is similar in style and direction to his earlier album, *ism*, and to his group's album *I/S/M:R*. Dense and energetic, you might call this "industrial jazz", like a combination of Material and DNA. Carbon has more third world flavor to it, and some cuts are distinctly African. But it's urban-soundscape music through and through, designed, it seems, for concrete floors, and hard, white walls. A very good record! (Zoar, 29 Park Row, NYC 10038)--Brent Wilcox

SOLOMON'S SEAL: The Old Road Beautiful traditional and original music in traditional style. Clean, clear production and interesting instrumentation--strong whistles, all types of fiddle-playing, mountain dulcimer (chorder, as well as picked!), and just enough piano and/or synthesizer to give a deep, rolling bass line. Banjo also comes in on a few tracks. The group works well together--they combine traditional reels and jigs with originals. Well-researched--no big name fiddle tunes here--everything is fresh, new and wonderful. A must for all traditionalist fans. (Front Hall, RD 1, Drawer A, Voorheesville, NY 12186)--Stacey Taylor

JIM STALEY: OTB A swell free-improvised record! Staley plays trombone, and while I've always had a strong saxophone bias, he plays with such humor and imagination I've changed my mind. What a swell instrument! Side two features eight duets with John Zorn, who really plays a mean game call, and can play his clarinet for me anytime! (Lumina, 263 Lafayette St. #4, NYC 10012)--Brent Wilcox

BUDDY STARCHER: The Boy From Down Home Buddy Starcher, whose radio and TV career has spanned over 40 years, is one of the generally unrecognized pioneers responsible for popularizing country and western music. Starcher is probably best known for writing "Song of the Waterwheel," which Slim Whitman recorded. This LP is comprised of recording sessions of May and September 1946, and is pure country and western with a measure of swing added for extra pleasure. The remastering of these recordings has produced a surprisingly good quality sound. Fans of Tex Ritter or Mac Wiseman will find this an interesting buy.

And maybe even anyone with a pair of Dingoes. Highly recommended. (Cattle Records, c/o Reimar Binge, Moenchstockheim, Rosenstrasse 12, D-8722 Sulzheim, W. Germany)--David Lanford

SWANS: COP Swans are the most powerful, gut-wrenching outfit in America, and if last year's *Filth* was not sufficient testimony of this, *COP* will eradicate all doubt. Their music is visceral, relentlessly intense, and emotionally draining. *COP* presents eight songs that deal with the struggle to not only survive in a Malthusian world, but to comprehend why we exist in the first place. Swans' view of life is not a pretty one, but rather a depiction of man's subconscious existence, his need to inflict or accept pain, his urge to vilify himself and his society, and his endless drive to carve a path to his own demise. This portrayal examines humanity stripped of the restraining codes of culture and civilization, ground down to the most basic yearnings of the ID. Each song is a devastating personal view of conflict either with oneself, with bureaucracy, or with one who sadistically abuses the power of authority. The music is dense and dissonant with emphasis on relentless, regimented structures. There are no solos or points of improvisation, just extremely loud, rhythmic interplay between musicians, offset by Gira's embittered, pulverized lyrics, delivered with both rage and resignation. Certainly, *COP* is one of the most powerful albums I have heard in many years, and reinforces the fact that Swans are a potent force in American music. (Some Bizarre, 17 St. Anne's Court, London W.1, UK)--Paul Lemos

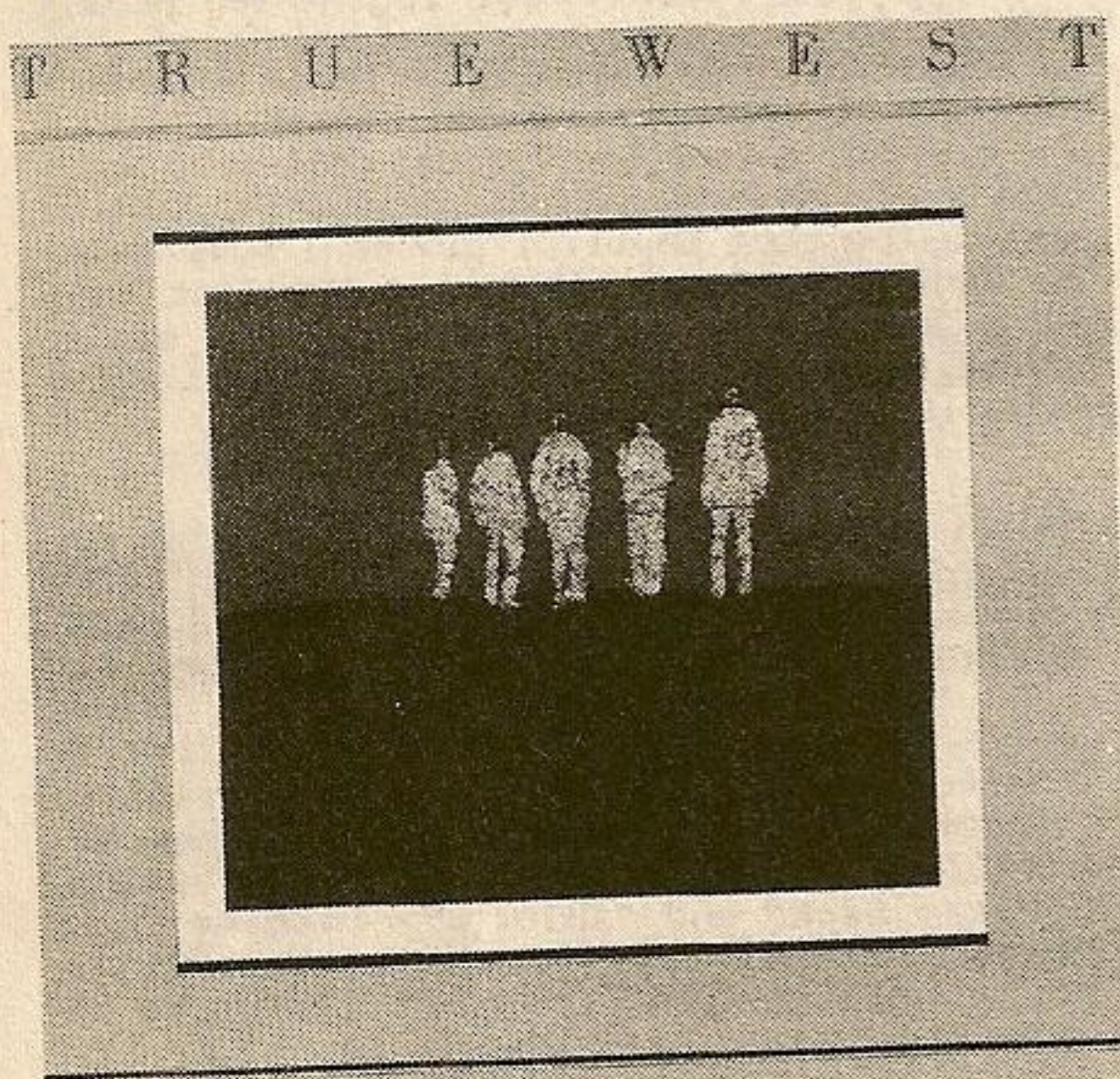
HAJIME TACHIBANA: Hm Many thanks to Ralph for releasing Tachibana in the U.S.! His first solo album, *H*, was a diverse, experimental, eclectic joy, and available only as an import. *Hm* (or "H minor") follows right along. Avant-jazz is blended with pop minimalism in a selection ranging from the jazzy, serialist "Liquid" and cool "Piano Pillows Going Abstract," to the peppy, pop "Sex Symbol Strikes Back" and "AB1013." Imagine Fred Frith or Zappa collaborating with Philip Glass and enjoying it! Can't listen to it enough! (Ralph, 109 Minna St., S.F., CA 94105)--Brent Wilcox

TEN TEN: Ordinary Thinking Ten Ten are a contemporary pop rock quartet from Virginia who take equal parts inspiration from Haircut 100 and Herman's Hermits styles to create this polished, produced, and professionally arranged album aimed at AOR radio. (Generic, POB 7054, Richmond, VA 23221)--A. 'Enthal

THROBBING GRISTLE: Mission of Dead Souls Throbbing Gristle didn't invent industrial music, as the genre has been around since at least the '40s, but they were the ones who first named and defined it. As the Velvet Underground's influence has been to punk bands, so has Throbbing Gristle's influence been to industrial bands. Both have indirectly influenced many groups, weren't particularly successful when they were together, and got most of their recognition after they broke up. Industrial music makes a lot of punk and heavy metal sound limp by comparison, and this LP is one of the better industrial albums around. One cut in particular stands out. When people ask me what industrial music is, I play them this cut, "Vision and Voice." Sometimes they say "that's not music" and walk out, but at least they've been forced to define what they mean by music. In addition to being an intense, loud, and sometimes ferocious album, this is also of interest to collectors as it is a recording of their last concert (on May 29, 1981 in San Francisco). Industrial is still underground music. Even in supposedly enlightened L.A., there aren't any radio stations playing it. Like I said, some people don't even consider it to be music. Buy this LP and judge for yourself. (Mute Records, no address given)--Bob Morris

KEITH TIPPETT AND LOUIS MOHOLO: No Gossip This is simply one of the best free improvisation jazz albums around. Tippett is a woefully overlooked pianist whose technical abilities and musical sensibilities are vast. Coupled with the energetic drummer Louis Moholo, these two have created a fiery, fre-

netic, but thoroughly captivating music. Rather than being simply a flurry of notes, this music is exciting, invigorating and demands attention. "Black and White Unite" is a nearly continuous onslaught of sound that leaves the listener drained, but blissfully so. "Dedicated to Mandela, Biko, Sobukwe" is a more varied work. Over Moholo's perpetual motion drumming, Tippett works with a variety of textures and ideas, with passages that make reference to more conventional jazz, some lyrical and beautiful arpeggios, as well as some pull out all the stops jamming. Side two begins with the most extreme piece, which includes bird calls, guttural utterances, Tippett damping the strings with his hand inside the piano, and other unidentified sounds, not to mention some absolutely stunning playing by Tippett. Finally, "All People...God's People...Don't Worry" is a very interesting piece which finds Tippett exploring the lower, oft neglected, register of the piano. This is an album that must be heard. Buy it and support the ailing FMP. (Behaimstrasse 4, 1000 Berlin 10, W. Germany, also dist. by Rick Ballard, POB 5063, Berkeley, CA 94705 and Cadence, Cadence Bldg., Rt. 1 Box 345, Redwood, NY 13679)--Dean Suzuki



TRUE WEST: Drifters True West is arguably the best of the "new psychedelic" bands, because they invoke the feel of the early sound without conjuring up a lot of specific mentors. Also setting them apart are a finely tuned twin guitar attack (more Television-inspired than '60s) and a hummable sense of composition. This LP displays their strengths to great advantage. (PVC, c/o Jem West, 18629 Topham St., Reseda, CA 91335)--Bob Sled

DUKE TUMATOE: Dukes Up Bluesy boogie-rock ala ZZ Top with scattered J. Winter, E. Bishop, James Gang, and Cream-era Clapton traces as well. Two covers of Albert King efforts ("The Hunter" and "Wild Woman") work with tough guitar by Tumatoe and piano from John Casella on the latter. Tumatoe's own writing efforts tend to blur with boogie beat layered beneath growling vocals and obligatory guitar solos. The Duke sounds a little confined by the studio and would probably benefit from the interaction a real live dancing audience provides. Perhaps an on-location recording would prove beneficial. (Blind Pig, dist. by Flying Fish, 1304 W. Schubert, Chicago, IL 60614)--John M. Johnson

23 SKIDOO: Urban Gamelan A definite departure from the 23 Skidoo of a few years back, but quite similar in tone to their excellent 12", Coup. The new group pursues a percussive-leaden brand of danceable dub. Pieces like the political "Fuck You GI" and "Fire" set a groove with strong funky bass lines propelling them while various percussives and chanted voices bubble in the mix. Generally side one is pretty subdued, but always interesting, melodic and exotic. Side two is, however, quite a surprise, being dedicated almost entirely to unaccompanied percussion. The Eastern spirituality of 23 Skidoo's past efforts is captured here. Unlike the material on side A, there is no concession to commercialism here. All of the pieces present some percussive interaction with bells, cymbals, various skins, and occasionally a distant ritualistic chant. Gone is the

ferocious rhythmic interplay of past efforts, having been replaced with a delicate sense of ambience and dynamics. A truly engaging LP. (Illuminated, 452 Fulham Rd., London, SW6, UK)--Paul Lemos

UNDER THE COCONUT TREE: Music from Grand Cayman and Tortola This is a charming record of apparently rare recordings of the indigenous music of Grand Cayman and Tortola. According to the liner notes, only a couple of recordings exist of these islands' folk music, and they were recorded in the '30s! So get this record...it's hot. Many of the songs have been handed down in written form and performed in a strictly amateur setting for the purpose of relating incidents that happened on the island. Many of the lyrics are about bootlegging runs to St. Croix during the U.S. Prohibition, fishing trips, relatives, and other bits of island history. They call it song journalism. This music is unique in the Caribbean, because it has more purely British influences surviving than African ones. While most island music is based on calypso or reggae, much of this record shows the influence of Scots-Irish fiddle playing. One song, "The Devil's Dream," sounds like a jig with a little African drums thrown in. There's a lot of laughter and informality on the record, and several acappella stories sung in charmingly untrained tones. (Original Music, R.D. 1 Box 190, Lasher Rd., Tivoli, NY 12583)--Pasquali Babalugets

DOUGLAS WOODFULL-HARRIS AND MARGARET EDMONDSON The two young musicians, Edmondson (cello) and Woodfull-Harris (classical guitar), perform works by Renaissance composers Dowland and Ortiz and Baroque composers Telemann and Marais. The selection of works is problematic. They sought to present works that were not standards in the repertoire; however, some selections, particularly those by Marais, are weak. The choice of Ortiz is problematic, as the cello is too heavy and rich for the light tone required of Renaissance music. The Telemann sonata is lovely, if not distinguished. The most successful works are those by Dowland where the two instruments are co-equal, with some interesting contrapuntal textures. It gives Woodfull-Harris an opportunity to display his fine tone, as in most of the other works he functions simply as an accompanist. Edmondson, on the other hand, has some problems with intonation on a few pieces. (Arioso, 714 Prospect Blvd., Pasadena, CA 91103)--Dean Suzuki

LINK WRAY & THE RAYMEN: Rumble It's been said many times before, but it's absolutely true, that Link Wray is one of the coolest rock guitarists ever, and maybe the best primarily instrumental rocker of all time as well. Here's a collection of 17 performances from his peak years, 1957-65. Every one has that inimitable dirty reverb growl, borrowed as a keystone for surf musicians, mid-'60s British guitar heroes, the Cramps, and many others. Perhaps most interesting here are several late '50s tracks with a definite Latin influence; "Tijuana" even has a rockin' flute solo from brother Doug (usually the drummer). Unfortunately, seven songs are duplicated from Ace's great **Early Recordings**, though overall it's still a fine introduction. Incidentally, this is identical to Charly's **Rock'n'Roll Rumble** set, which may still be available as well. (Line, Postfach 60 52 20, B-2000, Hamburg 60, W. Germany)--Richie Unterberger

EPs

THE ANTIDOTE: Thou Shalt Not Kill EP These guys are "Krishna punks," a movement that doesn't bother me much, but I hope it doesn't catch on. Fortunately the Antidote's lyrics don't reflect their beliefs, unlike Christian punk band Circle 1, but this polarizing of punk scenes is going to get out of hand if this continues. What's next--military punks, Ayn Rand punks, vivisectionist punks and Mormon punks? (Box 5353, Grand Central Station, NYC 10163)--Chris Stigliano

BEAT TEMPTATION: 4-song EP Melodic, rhythmic '80s guitar pop of the Boston-Hoboken-Winston Salem-Athens school. Shades of the Neats,

REM, Let's Active, etc. and very nicely done. (Big Monkey, 1297C Rock Springs, Atlanta, GA 30306)--Bob Sled

BONE CABAL EP An intriguing bizarre cover. As soon as I put this on my turntable it caught my attention. What strength and purpose. Great production without ignoring the raw value. According to inner sleeve information, a lot of work and rewarding effort went into the making of this EP on all levels --sounds like it. Rhythmic in a way that grabs you. Influenced by David Bowie and the Talking Heads. I found substance to the lyrics. The whole project has actually impressed me. (Mystic, 6277 Selma Ave., Hollywood, CA 90028)--Deborah Wigger

DOAA: Fifth Anniversary 4-song EP In celebration of their longevity, DOAA presents their most coherently structured music to date. Although they have somehow been lumped into the industrial scene, the group continues to refine their very unique brand of experimental pop. It's rather difficult to accurately describe their music because it is definitely out of the mainstream, yet often maintains a lightness and melodic sensibility not usually associated with experimental material; yet there is an ethereal, improvisational quality that distorts it and makes it so very alluring. In a sense the music on this EP may be likened to that of Wire during their 154 period; nothing terribly outrageous or abrasive, just thoughtfully constructed songs that demonstrate a very high degree of creative energy. (Illusion Productions, 15 rue Pierre-Curie, 14120 Mondeville, France)--Paul Lemos

DUMB ARTISTS COLLECTIVE Cargo of Despair EP This EP is more oriented towards the traditional song format than are some of the other releases on this label, but the EP is still very much in the same vein of humorous noise band weirdness. (4 Headaches, 172 Chestnut St., Rm. 209, Springfield, MA 01103)--Bob Morris

ELEVEN SONS EP Worth giving a listen to. Use of military beats with dark bass lines and continuous guitar. Ambivalence shown in lyrics; deep, written in times of thought. Rather poetic. Interesting emotional qualities--anger and sadness, disillusion with good musical fire and execution. Slight similarity in vocals and certain riffs to U2. Lyrics included. (Mystic, 6277 Selma Ave., Hollywood, CA 90028)--Deborah Wigger

IRON CURTAIN: Tarantula Scream The dark side of techno-pop, but not the sort of boring, gloomy synthesizer music produced by those emotive, angst-filled artistes forever digging up Joy Division. There's a sense of sound mixing that doesn't overplay any ingredient (especially not the vocals) and an understated but compelling hook to each of the tracks. The four songs are a bit too uniform taken together, but there's good promise here. I look forward to what's next. (c/o 205 W. Carillo, Santa Barbara, CA 93101)--Brent Wilcox

MORTAL MICRONOTZ 5-song EP Some people consider this band to be Godhead and deeply mourn their breaking up. Other people regard them as a moderately competent neo-punk band with a few good buzz-saw riffs. (Fresh Sounds, Box 36, Lawrence, KS 66044)--Bob Morris

MYSTERY GIRLS: Missing in Action 6-song 12" EP I could imagine Cosey Fanni Tutti's kid sister being in an outfit like this. Gritty, high energy rock and drool garage music with leanings toward industrial passages. Pretty basic guitar/bass/drums arrangement (some keyboard augmentation), but Debbie Valenti's buzzsaw approach is delightfully unsettling. Not bad at all--much more biting than one would expect. (Casino, 40-14 Forley St., Elmhurst, NY 11373)--Jeff Jobson

NEGATIVE TREND Negative Trend's 1978 7" EP has been re-released as a 12" 45 for all of you hardcore, angst ridden, anarchistic, punk/garage band politicians. Actually, it's pretty forward looking considering the 1978 recording date. (Subterranean, 577 Valencia St., S.F., CA 94110)--Dean Suzuki

RALPH NIELSEN AND THE CHANCELLORS: Scream EP This one comes from '59 and '61 so it dates back, along with the Wailers and Link Wray, as the earliest punk rock ever waxed. "Scream" is a quick, frantic little ditty that was miles ahead of the slick wimp rock that contemporaries like Frankie and Bobby were spewing forth. The two songs on the flip are ones that seem to be over before they start, and like "Scream" they're pounding numbers that harken back to Ritchie Valens and other late '50s luminaries, as well as the future surf and garage sounds. This is a great record to hear if you want to know about the genesis of a sound that grew into the biggest phenomenon in rock and roll. (Crypt, POB 9151, Morristown, NJ 07960)--Chris Stigliano

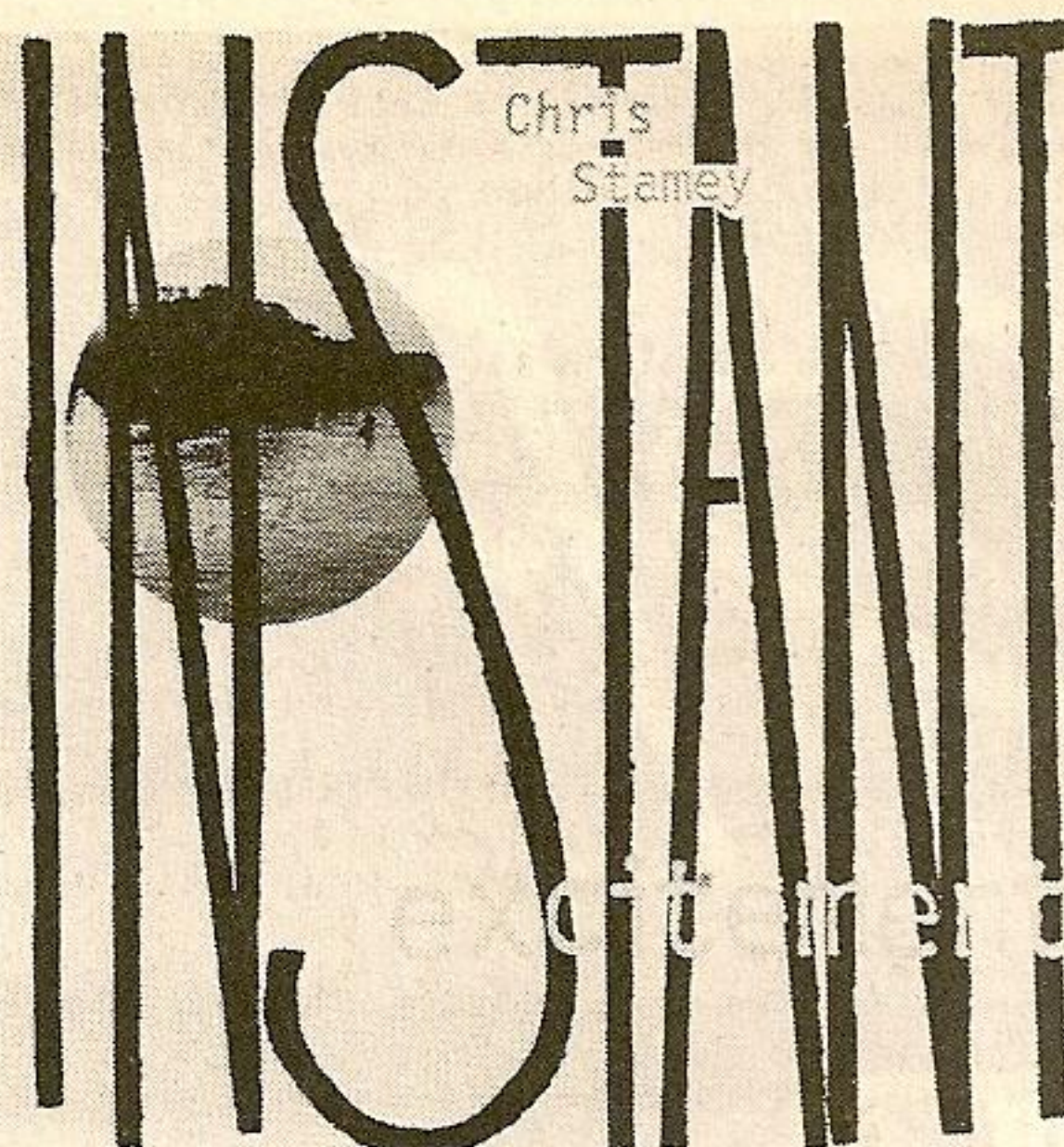
OFFBEATS: Why Do You Hang Out? 7" EP Essential hardcore. None of this goes any slower than a supersonic jet pushed into overdrive. Given that fact, it's strange that they ask "do we play fast enough" in the song "Look at Them Go." Lyrically, practically every song is marked by rebellious anger or depression over a world unchanging. The Offbeats seem to be most put out by those who choose to be followers of mass appeal trends and typical lifestyles. (Oops, 6405 Meldon, Mentor, OH 44060)--John L. Basalla

OGDEN EDSEL: At Home 3-song EP Ogden Edsel is a comedy improvisational group whose personnel fluctuate around the creative countenance of Bill Frenzer (vocals). Like the Bonzo Dog Band, OE (their full name is the Ogden Edsel Wahaha Blues Ensemble Mondo Bizarro Band) shoot for lunacy. Rhino Records included OE's "Kinko the Clown" (about a pedophile clown) on their World's Worst Records compilation. Incensed child advocate groups who wanted the song banned would have been further outraged if they knew OE's repertoire included other such gems as "Dead Puppies (Aren't Much Fun)" or "The Nazis Are So Trendy." If you like the irreverence of filmmaker John Waters (Pink Flamingos and Polyester), you'll probably like Ogden Edsel. The perky "Rainbow Bar" and lounge lizardish "Pinecones" counterbalance the throwaway "Idi Amin," so you have an interesting peek at a wacky creative outfit. (Real Gone, 2724 Sumner, Lincoln, NE 68502)--Mark Sullivan

SOCIAL LITES: Social Lies 5-song EP This concept EP is divided into His/Hers sides, with songwriting and vocals being done by the respective sex on their respective side. The women win this one, but not by much. Grown on one with repeated listening. (Lite Records, 1312 N.E. 70th, Seattle, WA 98115)--Bob Morris

SOUTHERN CULTURE ON THE SKIDS 4-song EP Obviously Cramps-inspired, with its basic rockabilly sound and titles like "Voodoo Beach Party" and "Swamp," but it's more polished, accomplished and accessible. I'll probably be in the minority in this, but I actually prefer these guys' approach to the Cramps; it's more human, not as camp. I also like their approach to recording, which is "live two tracks using the highest possible in the lowest available production values. Each song one take, no dubs, no enhancing." (c/o Stan Lewis, 119B Pine St., Carrboro, NC 27510)--Richie Unterberger

CHRIS STAMEY: Instant Excitement 12" EP I hate to kick a man when he's down, but...some may remember Stamey as singer-songwriter for the dbs (big in England but never got a break in these parts) and North Carolina's Sneakers. Unfortunately, Instant Excitement is no way to resuscitate a career. Stamey's in his anglophile element here, but his element isn't very interesting. "Excitement," "When We're Alone," and "Ghost Story" are uninspired pastiches of '60s English pop riffs, from the Small Faces to "Ferry Cross the Mersey," and his version of Lennon's "Instant Karma" is positively anemic. But something personal to Stamey appears on "Something Came Over Me," a quasi-Lou Reedish folk-rock lament, and he should move more in this direction. Chris Stamey has an expressive voice when he wants it, and he plays guitar well; too bad he can't find something better to do with his talent than pretend the '60s never ended. (Coyote, POB 112, Uptown Hoboken, NJ 07030)--Steven Grant



THE UNTOUCHABLES: Live and Let Dance 6-song 12" EP What ever happened to all the ska bands from just a few years ago? Considering the other "limited" genres around today, I'm surprised ska fizzled. Never fear, though; mods abound in L.A., and the Untouchables are their institution. This collection is a great batch of dance tunes, especially for long legged folks like myself. Great, uplifting beat with thoughtful lyrics...so what, the stuff works! And that's what's important. Be sure to catch their guest appearance in "Repo Man"--and get this record! Essential dance/party/exercise music! (Twist, 1800 S. Robertson Blvd. #138, L.A., CA 90035)--Jeff Jobson

ZOO MUSIK 3-song EP Modern, synth & percussion-heavy pop music. The lead singer sounds like a dozen others, and, mostly, the music isn't especially distinctive. It has moments, though: "Candy Store" has an involving Caribbean percussive drive, though its synthesizer lead is undistinguished, and "Contact Sport" is peppy, if shallow. (c/o 14 Edgehill St., Princeton, NJ 08540)--Brent Wilcox

SINGLES

THE ARMS OF SOMEONE NEW "The Holy Dance"/"Whitefriars" Spare, wistful and wonderfully melodic. Two tunes played at a languorous tempo with just organ, piano, bass and vocals. The style is modern but the sound is peaceful and plaintive. (Office Records, Box 2081 Sta. A, Champaign, IL 61820)--Bob Sled

ATTACHMENTS "A Little Time"/"How Do You Feel About Me" Iepid mainstream pop that comes perilously close to dentist office music. Shouldn't songs that deal with relationships, especially uncertain relationships, have at least a little feeling in the delivery and execution? (A+E, Box 85508, Seattle, WA 98145-1508)--Bob Morris

AXMINSTER "Rock and Roll Infection"/"Teenage Livin'" Yet another heavy metal band singing about what badasses rock and rollers are. If all you headbangers can't come up with something new after 15 years, could you at least get another set of cliches? (Thor, 461 Albermarle Rd., Newtonville MA 02160)--Bob Morris

CHRISTMAS "The Invisible Girl"/"Wilhelm Reich" The first thing I have to say about this Boston band's single is--it grows on you. There is a country sound to "Invisible Girl." Good control of changes of sound and meter in "Wilhelm Reich." Good studio mix. The single really doesn't move me, though it is interesting and fun. They're a real fine "pick-me-up" when in moods other than happy. (Iridescence, POB 3556, Culver City, CA 90230)--Deborah Wigger

DAIRYLAND JUBILEE: "Baby Nein Nein Nein"/"Witchcraft" Shades of garage punk and

psychobilly with an identity of its own. Heard it twice and couldn't get it out of my ears. (Foundations of the Universe, Box 624, Stuyvesant Sta. NYC 10009)--Bob Sled

JUST GUISE "Gimmicks"/"Great Big Almost" Pounding country rocker with strong guitar break bordering on modernized rockabilly. Lyrics a little obtuse--there may be a deeper political meaning here that eludes me. Not far removed from Nashville Scorchers and Rank & File, but this was recorded in '82, which puts them in forefront of trend. Flip is dispensable. (Swell, Box 20440, Cleveland, OH 44120)--John M. Johnson

MOD FUN "Happy Feeling"/"I Am With You" As you may have already guessed from the name, Mod Fun take their inspiration from the Jam and mid-sixties originals like the Who; you can especially hear echoes of the Action in their high, full harmonies. Derivative, but a confident performance and half-decent compositions place them a notch above the usual slavish '60s revivalist outfit; maybe they'll find more of their own voice on their forthcoming mini-LP. (Midnight, POB 390, Dept. O, Old Chelsea Sta., NYC 10011, \$3.50 postpaid)--Jimmy James

THE OTHERMOTHERS "Party Topics"/"Travelling in Circles" Mainstream new wave with above average verve. More melody would help. (Chad Records, Box 10437, Greensboro, NC 27404)--Bob Sled

PRIMITIVE ROMANCE "The Spirit's Still There"/"Missionary Plan Failed" Two guitar-based, angst driven tunes in the post-punk mode, i.e. slightly arty rock'n'roll akin to the Mission of Burma sound. (Ashamed Records, 1619 Comm. Ave., Brighton, MA 02115)--Bob Sled

SABOTEN: "Shima no Seikatsu," "Burenko"/"Mirai no kioku," "Golf" Saboten is a pop trio consisting of three Japanese women. Their influences range from Erik Satie to Fred Frith. The light, spare and intentionally simple textures are a manifestation of the Satie influence. They also invoke Satie's humor in "Golf" (pronounced gaw-rdu-fu), which sounds like a candidate for Ralph Records. "Mirai no kioku" begins like a pop version of Massacre, especially in the laswell-like bass part, before breaking into light, tuneful song. It's easy to see why Frith will be producing their upcoming album on Celluloid/OAO. (Saboten, 1203 Nishiogi No. 2, Lions Mansion, 2-27-8 Nishiogi Kita, Suginami-ku, Japan)--Dean Suzuki

JOHNNIE TAYLOR "Lady My Whole World is You" 7" single Veteran soul crooner is in excellent vocal form on this gospel-tinged ballad. Taylor has abandoned his disco flirtations and returned to strong early '70s Stax form. Good backing band, though the strings and vocal chorus tend to detract from the song and Taylor's singing. Delete those items and you've got classic Deep Southern soul. (Malaco, 3023 W. Northside Dr., Jackson, MS 39213)--John M. Johnson

TIME ZONE "World Destruction" 12" Afrika Babaataa, John Lydon, Bill Laswell, Bernie Worrell et al. stretching out on two versions of this "message" song. One side is more hard rock-based and the other side is funkier and sparer. Which is not to say that either is very interesting. (Celluloid, 155 W. 29th St., NYC 10001)--Bob Sled

BRENT WILCOX: Leisure with Dignity True creativity in a single. Translucent feeling, disjointed moving into tangible backup. Excellent use of effects with traditional instruments. Clean recording (always appreciated by knowing and unknowing ears). Melodies fade as non-existent or new ones take over. The arrangements follow well. Some portions are "discombobulated." It is necessary to call upon your cerebral processes to fully enjoy. And so I enjoyed. (Happy Squid, 2430 Federal Ave., L.A., CA 90064)--Deborah Wigger

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ONE MAN'S TRASH...

by Kristan Lawson

Every day, as modern musical history marches forward, thousands of old records fade further into the shadowy realm of lost music. Some even become "extinct" as the last known copies of them are broken or lost. Not that anybody cares. Untold millions of people are willing to shell out \$7.98 for the latest Police or Prince release, but you'd have trouble finding a dozen people in the whole country who'd be willing to take a scratched-up Thurl Ravenscroft record, even if you gave it to them for free. The sad fact is, our rich musical heritage is slowly being broken in half, thrown away, used as frisbees and for target practice, melted down for sculptures, or sold on the front lawn to anybody stupid enough to spend ten cents to buy it. It is those records in the last category that will be the subject of this column. I am one of those inscrutable collectors who haunt garage sales, thrift stores and flea markets looking for interesting records on sale for a quarter or less. "Interesting" is the key word there, for my musical taste knows no bounds. I will buy a record for practically any reason, including a provocative song title, a bizarre label design, a weird band name, or a record that for some indescribable reason "looks valuable". Records that appear to have been played every day for the last 25 years are especially attractive: if it isn't a good song, then why did it get played so much?

As extensive as my range of preference is, I refuse to spend any more than a quarter on any one record. I do have my limits.

THE ALL NIGHT WORKERS "Don't Put All Your Eggs In One Basket"/"Why Don't You Smile" (Round Sound 45) Mid-60s white soul, much along the same lines as the Rascals or the Soul Survivors. Typically cliché lyrics, but a not half-bad hook that keeps you listening. Actually, the only reason I ever play this one is to look at the spinning label—Round Sound Records has a fascinating swirling magenta and yellow design that looks great in motion. A record's desirability doesn't always lie solely in the music it contains. ["Why Don't You Smile" was written, with three others, by a pre-Velvet Underground Lou Reed and John Cale!-RU]

STEVE ALLEN "Disc Jockey's Theme Song"/"Gotta Have Something in the Bank, Frank" (Coral 45) One of the classic expositions on a popular comic novelty theme of the '50s—the studio band that refuses to cooperate with the announcer. In this case Steve plays a frustrated DJ trying to get his Top 40 show on the air, and a group of unknowns play "The Four Fatheads", the studio chorus that won't let him talk. The highlights come near the end: Fatheads (singing): "Teenage of fossil,

don't be a jerk, turn off the program, and get back to work!"

THE AVONS "Bonnie"/"Baby" (Hull Records 45) High-spirited uptempo lyrical ballad from yet another of those innumerable '50s vocal groups. What puts this a cut above other similar songs is its excellent bop-rock guitar break in the middle—and the disc's relative obscurity. I found this record for a dime at a garage sale, and I've never seen another copy of it or seen any other records by the Avons, though a quick glance at my record guide tells me they made several other records for Hull. Speaking of labels, some lovesick bobby-soxer named Bev wrote "Dick, I'm truly, truly yours" all over both sides of my copy of the record. Considering where I found it (a garage sale), Dick obviously didn't reciprocate.

ALTENITA Y FIERRO CON EL MARIACHI ACUNA "Amor de Los Dos"/"Cosas Del Destino" (Discos Imperiales 78) Typical Mexican musical fare from the '40s or '50s. Waltz-based and rather uninspiring. This song could easily have been entitled, "The Oompa-Loompas Go South of the Border." The lyrics are over my head. Maybe this means something to music historians, but to people like me who judge music solely on the basis of how it sounds, this is a flop. This proves that not all the old ethnic music you find in musty thrift stores is any good.

LEE ANDREWS AND THE HEARTS "Nobody's Home"/"Try the Impossible" & "The Clock"/"Long Lonely Nights" (Chess 45) Records like these baffle me. Lee Andrews and the Hearts' two big hits were "Try the Impossible" and "Long Lonely Nights." Both songs are uninspired and tedious love ballads. These are the only two Lee Andrews songs that ever get reissued on those "Best of the '50s"-type collections. The problem is, the band only made ballads because it was traditional back then to have a slow song on one side of a single and fast one on the other. The flip sides of these two boring hits are among the best R&B rockers I've ever had the pleasure to hear. One listen to "Nobody's Home" and you'll realize that the ballads are simply filler. Lee Andrews was not cut out to make slow songs—he wanted to rock. Why those ballads became the hits is a sad comment on the taste of the American public.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION: *The American Revolution* (Flick-Disc LP) Pseudo-paisley power from that great era of youth movement exploitation—the late '60s. The American Revolution are basically silly, effeminate, ugly, longhaired Monkees imitators, but with one telling difference: whereas the Monkees had top-quality songwriters writing their songs for them, the American Revolution either wrote their own songs or had their producers write them; unfortunately, neither they nor their producers had any songwriting talent.

Flick-Disc was MGM's subsidiary for "psychedelic" bands. I think the American Revolution was signed to this label solely on the basis of their neato name.

LEE ALLEN AND HIS BAND "Walking With Mr. Lee"/"Promenade" (Ember 78) Fats Domino's sax player out on his own trying to capitalize on his name's notoriety after the Bobbettes hit with "Mr. Lee," "Mr. Lee Got Married" and "I Shot Mr. Lee." These are sax-dominated rock instrumentals that aren't as exciting as you might think. Not great, but paved the way for people like the Champs and Booker T. and the M.G.s.

BLINKY ALLEN AND HIS ORCHESTRA "Blow Robbie Blow"/"Say When" (Flair 78) Frenzied instrumental back from the golden days when bebop and R&B were sometimes combined to make a pan-musical amalgam with unbeatable zing. Solid, breankneck rhythm section supports a screeching, honking, uncontrollable saxophone. Complete with phony dubbed-in screaming crowd, one of the earliest examples of this tacky ploy. There is no mention of who Robbie (the sax player) is. "Say When" is a more traditional sax instrumental—again, nothing too thrilling, but as good as anything Earl Bostic ever put out.

ALBERT AMMONS: *Albert Ammons* (Boogie Woogie LP) Boogie Woogie is the name of an independent company that reissues classic recordings by the most famous proponents of that style. I've never seen any of their records for sale in a store—I found this one at a flea market and got quite a surprise when I brought it home. Not only was the sound quality excellent, but they managed to include all of Ammons' hits as well as some of his more obscure recordings that should have been hits, and even some songs with Ammons playing backup to his own jazz combo.

Ammons was neither a great boogie woogie innovator nor improviser, but he was technical virtuoso who just happened to be in the right place at the right time and rode the crest of boogie woogie's wave of popularity in the late '30s and early '40s. Ammons' solo piano boogies are the quintessential, prototypical expositions of the style. His versions of "Boogie Woogie" and "Boogie Woogie Stomp" didn't start any trends; they simply summed up and laid down in basic form all that came before them. His left hand pounds out a driving rhythm and his right hand's improvisations, though not dazzling, sum up, almost like an instruction manual, what the basics of boogie are. "Mr. Bell Boogie" contains the only string bass boogie solo I know of. "Margie," recorded in 1949, witnesses the awkward collision of boogie woogie and the newly-emerging style of "cool" lounge jazz—with peculiar effects. This well-produced album is a thorough and intriguing document of a master of one of the lost arts in American music.

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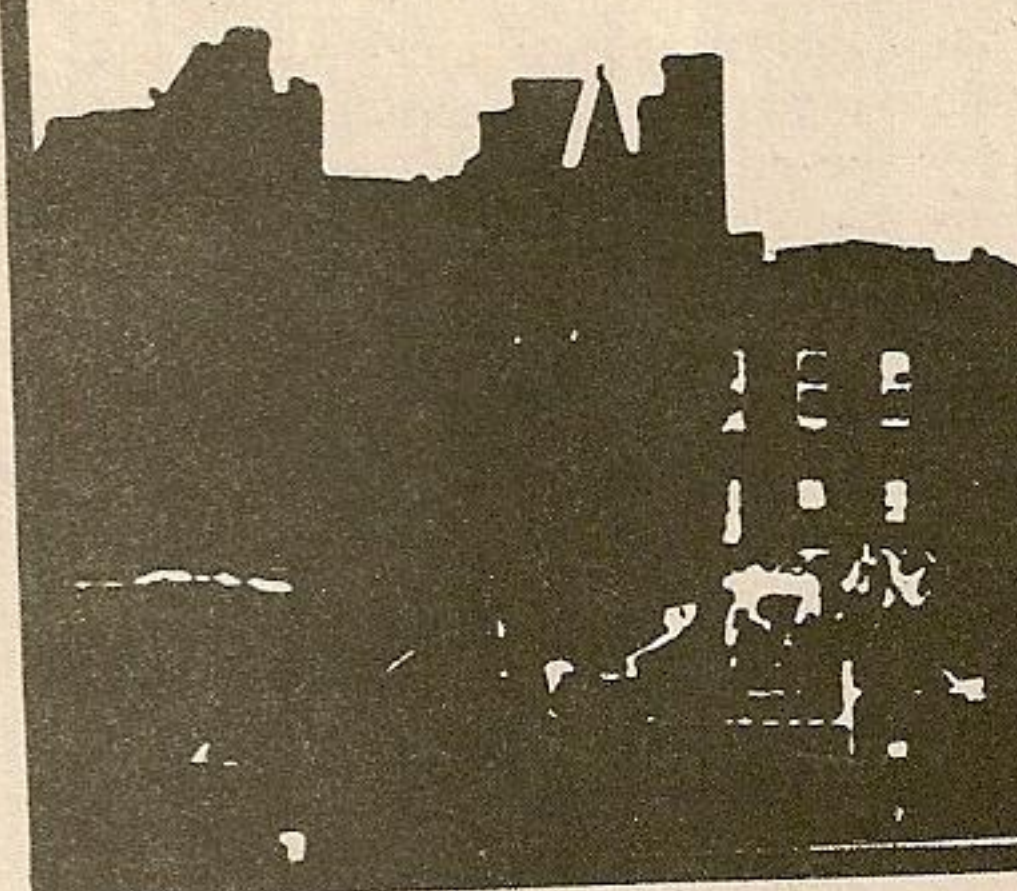
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being the most similar to his own. Now 18 and having played
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2. "A RECENT DANCE"
60-minute cassette
24 songs + experiments
"They get the most out of
every sand-making
device in the neighborhood"
- OP mag

3. "STATE OF THE HEART"
12" E.P. 8-Songs
"Sensitive Pop and the
Spirit of experimentation"
- OP

READING MATTERS

SPECIAL INTEREST

We'll try to list all publications sent to us for review (and some that aren't) on a semi-regular basis; we'd appreciate a corresponding mention of **Option** in anything we list in this section. BM is Bob Morris, MS is Mark Soden, SMB is Scott Becker, ST is Stacy Taylor.

BOOKS

Minna Lederman: The Life and Death of a Small Magazine (Modern Music, 1924-1946) Minna Lederman was the sole editor of *Modern Music* from its inception in 1924 to its final issue in 1946. *Modern Music* and Henry Cowell's *New Music Quarterly* were extremely important periodicals that chronicled the development of avant garde or experimental music in America in the second quarter of this century; a very fertile period, the importance of which is becoming increasingly clear.

Lederman's current book contains articles from her magazine written by and about composers such as Antheil, Cage, Cowell, Virgil Thompson, Copland, Stravinsky, Bartok et al. It is a magnificent compendium of important ideas concerning the state and future of music in our century. There are many fine examples of early writings by various composers, setting down some of their aesthetics in their formative stages. As examples, there is an early and very forward looking article by Cage titled "For More New Sounds" wherein he discusses the possibilities of percussion, electronically generated sounds, recorded sounds and noise in music. To choose just a few other articles, one can find Colin McPhee extolling the virtues of gamelan music, Conlon Nancarrow discussing swing, jazz and boogie woogie, and an insightful review of the first full performance of Ives's *Concord Sonata*.

However, the heart of this book is in Lederman's reminiscences and correspondence with the various writers and composers, and her documentation regarding the birth, growth and final demise of her journal. There is more than a dash of polemic, and it makes for some very entertaining reading. For example, both Copland and Cage gave Antheil some very negative reviews to which he responded vehemently to Lederman, requesting in one instance space for a rebuttal, which Lederman summarily and wisely refused.

This is a wonderful document that is both informative and entertaining. Highly recommended. (Institute for Studies in American Music, Conservatory of Music, Brooklyn College of the City University of New York, Brooklyn, NY 11210)—Dean Suzuki

GENERAL INTEREST

Austin Chronicle Your basic "hip" city-wide tabloid. Calendar listings, ads, music, art, film, local stuff. (Box 49066, Austin, TX 78765, free locally)—BM

Chicago Soundz Oriented toward HM guitarists; even looks like *Guitar Player*. One column worth noting: Indy Labels by Stiv Jones, who reviews Flipper, Sci Ams & mentions *Op* in Aug. '84 issue. Some blues. Monthly 4-color mag. (Box 1387, Homewood, IL 60430, \$10/yr, \$1 issue)—ST

City Limits An "independent cooperative" weekly mag. Lots of articles and reviews on the arts with progressive taste and a leftist slant. Excellent source for London and vicinity listings. 60 pence. (313 Upper St., London, N1 2XQ, UK)—SMB

Express Large local tabloid for East Bay area. Music, art, theatre news plus tons of ads. (Box 3198, Berkeley, CA 94703, free in area)—BM

Jet Lag Well-written regional magazine. #49 had Meat Puppets, Herbie Hancock, Plan 9, REM, Belushi, Black Flag. (Mailman Bldg., 8419 Halls Ferry Rd., St. Louis, MO 63147, \$12/12 issues)—BM

Option Sprawling, unfocused mag with a silly "alphabet" theme. Sort of the "trash-masher" approach to music. Too many articles about musicians you never heard of and endless reviews of obscure recordings. (P.O. Box 491034, L.A., CA 90049, \$12/6 issues)—SMB

The Rocket Clearinghouse for NW/Seattle bands, indies. Comprehensive, good reviews/articles, cartoonists Lynda Barry and Matt Groening. Monthly tabloid, 44 pp. (The Rocket Towers, 2322 2nd Avenue, Seattle, WA 98121, free locally, \$11/yr mailed sub.)—ST

Schlager Commercial, pop-oriented (Schlager means "hit"), professionally printed magazine in Swedish. #98 has XTC, John Cleese, Violent Femmes, Leonard Cohen. (Box 1332, Stockholm, Sweden)—BM

Wavelength Feature articles for Sept.: interviews w/fans of local bands, reviews of S. African musics, interview w/local Creole-Cajun Chef/Entrepreneur. Covers all types of music. Monthly tabloid. (POB 15667, New Orleans, LA 70175, \$12/yr, \$20 foreign)—BM

Airtight Free program guide of CJSR. Interesting cross-section of articles & reviews. (Rm. 224, Students' Union Bldg., U. of Alberta, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T6G 2J7)—SMB

Alternative Rhythms Articles & reviews on new wave etc., plus locals (a good So. FL band index) and a flexi for subscribers. (8951 SW 53rd St., Cooper City, FL 33328, free or \$5 for six by mail)—SMB

The Backroom Buzz Getting bigger by the issue. This one's 12 pages; the first one was 4. Besides listings for Backroom's TV shows, it carries local indie reviews, list of publications, a review of the modern "Metropolis," blurbs from about local college radio stations, ads and more. Out of Albany, NY. (Real George Prod., POB 724, CP, NY 12065, \$6 6 issues)—ST

Berserker #2 had great interview with the doorman at Danceteria, lots of networking addresses, poetry, politics, punk and lots more. (Box 961, N. Elizabeth Sta., Elizabeth, NJ 07208-0961, \$5 yr)—BM

The Blues Connection A newsletter published for the Blues Foundation. Highlights upcoming festivals, awards programs and asks for money. (c/o The Blues Foundation, POB 161272, Memphis, TN 38186-1272)—MS

Book Dealers World Publication for small, independent book dealers, writers, mail-order houses. Lots of ads and short news blurbs, but not much in the way of real news. (Box 2525, La Mesa, CA 92041)—BM

Brave Ear Vol. 2, #1 signalled a switch from heavy music coverage to heavy leftist politics coverage. May or may not publish further issues. Back issues are available. (Box 3877, Berkeley, CA 94703, \$1.50)—BM

Breakthrough A nifty mag concentrating on the mid-sixties era, with informative articles on the Myddle Class (Goffin King proteges) and the Trashmen, as well as non-rock concerns like the Jetsons and character actor Percy Helton. And of course it wouldn't be a fanzine without something on Pro Wrestling! (POB 212, Gillette, NJ 07933)—Chris Stigliano

Bwana Art An art publication where you pay your money and your two dimensional item appears in the splendor of newsprint. Anything can happen as long as it's not advertising or promotion. (Box 140387, Dallas, TX 75214)—MS

Cadence Established magazine covering mainstream jazz and blues in the *Sing Out* style and format. Also has a large record sale section. (Cadence Bldg., Redwood, NY 13679)—BM

Come for to Sing 50 pg. magazine that covers "folk music in Chicago and the Midwest." Regional info, festival news, reviews, etc. Nicely done. (917 W. Wolfram, Chicago, IL 60640, \$7.50 yr)—BM

Concertina Serious, informative magazine with articles about history repair and playing tips for concertina buffs. (Concertinas are relatives of accordions). (Rte. 1, Box 718, White Stone, VA 22578, \$10 4 issues)—BM

Contact List of Electronic Music (CLEM) Their flyer says: "Full of info...on records, cassettes, mags, fanzines, distr., organizations active in EM, indie EM cassette releases" and much more. 80-page booklet. (POB 86010, North Vancouver, B.C., Canada V7L 4J5, \$4 U.S. & Canada)—ST

Creator or Liar? Mini-"comic" book portraying man's relationship with God. Illustrated. Some amusing translations interpretations of Bible passages, such as Jesus' crucifixion as a deposit of righteousness in (humanity's) overdrawn account. (Chick Publications, POB 662, Chino, CA 91710, send \$5 for sample assortment & price list)—ST

Flipside Hardcore and networking magazine. #42 features Basic Math, Dr. Know, Neighborhood Watch, Outer Circle, Subhumans, TSOL, Whipping Boy and much more. As always, lots of reviews of publications, records, tapes & films. Great Unclassifieds. (POB 363, Whittier, CA 90608)—ST

High Performance Excellent quarterly devoted to innovative experimental arts, exhaustive coverage and first-rate design. There's too much here to really give justice to, but #27 included the Nihilist Olympics (with reviewer Mark Soden participating in the "U-turn in a Crowded Intersection" competition), filmmaker Penelope Spheeris ("Suburbia"), a minimalist music quiz, lots of book, art, film, music reviews and articles. (240 S. Broadway, 5th Fl., L.A., CA 90012, \$5 issue, \$12 yr)—Richie Unterberger

Interface For those who believe that the division between art and science does not exist. A scholarly approach to questions that fall on the borderline between music and physical sciences or related technologies. Vol. 11 #3 is devoted to monophonic sound resources for the oboe. Vol. 13, #2 features the Analysis of musical meaning, a theory and an experiment. Printed in English and German with full bibliography. (c/o Swets Publishing Service, 347b, Herreweg, 2160 Ah Eisse, Netherlands)—MS

Jazzscene The magazine of the Jazz Society of Oregon provides event listings and features on the likes of Big Bang and the Calvin Walker Band. Nice neat layout. (POB 968, Portland, OR 97207, \$20 yr)—MS

ZINES

The Livin' End This new sixties rag comes from Oz and covers the punk-active sixties scene there very well. The highlights of their second issue are the articles on the Pink Finks (classic R&B punks who were rawer than any other garage group in the Antipodes) and rare garage bands who unfortunately had limited discographies but were very crazed in their outlooks. Hopefully, Dean Mittlehauser will keep up the good deeds and maybe even explain to us why the Aussie scene's so Stooges MC5 oriented. (Dean Mittlehauser, Box 1005, Geelong 3220, Victoria, South Wales, Australia) —Chris Stigliano

Living Blues The biggest, best and oldest of all the blues magazines. History, concert reviews, records. (Center for Study of Southern Culture, Univ. of Miss., University, MS 38677, \$3) —BM

Maximum Rock'n'Roll Thick, dense monthly. Everything you always wanted to know about punk rock plus an ongoing debate on record distribution. (Box 288, Berkeley, CA 94701, \$1) —SMB

Mobius Newsletter Newsletter announcing describing upcoming events for Boston performance art space of same name. Vol. 2, No. 1 covered events for Sept. Oct. '84, included a call for performance proposals. (Mobius, 354 Congress St., Boston, MA 02210) —ST

The Mole The second issue features a Chesterfield Kings discography as well as stuff on John Otway and more local bands. They do keep up their adoration of Van Halen with an entire column on those overblown "musicians". The **Van Halen Enquirer** spoof was funny, though. (169 Locke St. S., Hamilton Ontario, L8N4B2, Canada) —Chris Stigliano

New Music Chicago Directory 16-page directory of NMC members w category listings to specialties interests. 250+ members, good contact list. Most in Chicago; some on W. Coast. School and gallery connections, too. (NMC, Box 10742, Chicago, IL 60610) —ST

New York Pinewoods Folk Music Club Newsletter From the appearance of this newsletter this must be a very organized club. They ought to be, they've been preserving traditional folk music and dance since 1915. There are live listings, radio listings, festival listings, record reviews, book reviews. (505 8th Ave., NYC 10018, \$12 yr) —MS

Objekt #16, the Xmas issue, is bigger and better than ever. Lots of reviews, contacts and news about industrial and experimental bands. Rapidly becoming indispensable. (Box 967, Eureka, CA 95502, 50 cents) —BM

The Offense Newsletter #52 was a double issue. Note price increase. May be going to a monthly schedule soon. Chock full of the usual letters, concert and record reviews with a heavy post-New Wave English focus. (Box 12614, Columbus, OH 43212, 60 cents) —BM

Praxis M Serious, well-produced arts journal. #5 dealt with Australian cultural identity and the arts. (Box 536, Fremantle, W.A. 6160, Australia) —BM

Recordings of Experimental Music Meaty reviews of many genres: electronic, compositional, avant jazz, tape manipulation plus stuff like Kip Hanrahan, Minutemen & Raincoats, Who's Who in Electronic Music, and a directory of mail order services which carry music ranging from very experimental to new rock. Bi-monthly, roughly 50 pages. (104 Fern Ave., Collingswood, NJ 08108, \$9 yr)

Southern Calif. Blues Society Newsletter The SCBS sponsors a lot of blues concerts and, in general, does its best to keep blues alive and kicking in SoCal. (9000 Fairview, San Gabriel, CA 91775, \$5/yr) —BM

Thrillseeker Hefty newsprint zine from DC. Lots of performance reviews. Mostly (not all) punk stuff. (12009 Maycheck Lane, Bowie, MD 20715, \$2) —SMB

Unsound A provocative bi-monthly from the jagged edge of musick and kulture. #5 had Test Dept., ROVA, "Entertainment Thru Pain," fine grafix and a circular saw on the cover. (801 22nd St., S.F., CA 94107) —SMB

The Victory Music Folk & Jazz Review An outstanding publication in the realm of folk & jazz. Not just features and reviews of records and live dates: the calendar of events can only be described as packed. A must for the folk, jazz enthusiast. (Box 7518, Bonney Lake Dr., Sumner, WA 98390, \$12 yr) —MS

Vox Pop Covers Bridgeport-New Haven scene ad assorted groups like Hoodoo Gurus, REM, OMD. Some metal. Submissions gladly accepted. 20-page tabloid. (Box 8161, Brewster Station, Bridgeport, CT 06605, free locally, \$8 yr sub.) —ST

Warning Fast growing, influential fanzine covering the thriving Alaska punk scene. Further proof that punks can survive anywhere. (Box 102993, Anchorage, AK 99510, \$1) —BM

Yellow Silk Subtitled "Journal of Erotic Arts." Stories, poems, reviews, essays, illustrations on erotic themes. Beautiful, clean design. All materials are submissions from readers/writers. Some good, some lacking and in Autumn '84 issue, one magnificent pearl by D.B. Rahtjen that has the depth and range of Anais Nin. Quarterly magazine. (POB 6374, Albany, CA 94706) —ST

Bang 26-page punkzine with New Wave coverage too. #4 featured Violent Femmes, Johnny Angel. Salem 66, (77 Newbern Ave., Medford, MA 02155, \$1.25) —BM

Crooked Beat Sheet 4 page Canadian reggae tip sheet for radio stations. (c/o CFRU-FM, Univ. Centre Rm. 210, Univ. of Guelph, Guelph, Ontario, N1G 2W1 Canada) —BM

Dangerous Rhythms Many reviews of records and concerts. #4 had interviews with Gun Club and Meatmen. Lively and fun to read. (Gene Temesy, 439 Rivercrest Dr., Piscataway, NJ 08854, 50 cents) —BM

Eddie Pix the Hits Sept. '84 issue has wild'n'crazy Eddie spewin' off at the mouth about everything: Pja Zadora, R'n'R trends, Tupelo Chain Sex, the Lyres and John Cale, plus even a column dedicated to cable sports. 3 xerox pages in this premiere ish. (Eddie Flowers, 3369 Overland Ave. #5, L.A., CA 90034) —ST

The Famine Lie Cryptic zine with reviews of Poison Girls, SPK, Swans, Annie Anxiety, live thrash shows, lots of xerox art, and a political bent that's not spelled out clearly, but sincere and probably strongly felt. Intricate and collage-like, w/ drawings & cuttings of words and pix. (Jim Groebner, 1403 E. St., #105, Lincoln, NE 68508) —ST

Inside Joke "A newsletter of comedy & creativity." Generally good essays on lots of different themes. Baboon Dooley, Mr. Fix & some brief appearances by Rev. Bob, but not all humor along these lines. Hexaweekly (every six weeks). (c/o Elayne Wechsler, POB 1609, Madison Square Station, NYC 10159, \$1/issue, contributors can send 37 cents postage) —ST

LMNOP Magazine 16-page booklet w/stories, comix, etc. by musical group LMNOP (believe it or not, no relation to the Lost Music Network). First issue was Oct. '84; bi-monthly schedule. Overall tone is degenerate kiddie humor ("Christopher Robin is a prostitute!") (POB 90803, Atlanta, GA 30364-0803, free) —ST

The Monthly...Bulletin 8-page pamphlet with assorted fun things: #21 has a "Find the Hidden Pictures" page, International Cartoon test (great!) and a humorous essay from The Monthly...Bulletin laboratories, now dismantled. (2510 Bancroft Way #207, Berkeley, CA 94704, free, send SASE) —ST

The Noise Monthly Boston pub. servicing the extensive local scene there. Strong coverage, clean layout; typewritten. Worth subscribing. 12 to 20 pages. (74 Jamaica St., J.P., Boston, MA 02130, free locally, \$8/yr sub.) —ST

Not Bored! A quarterly journal with essays by the editor on a variety of themes from a negationist perspective, which he describes as "radical critique of consciousness." Chock-full of neat ideas or ways of seeing things. #5 covers Tom Monaghan's proposed "Disneyland" tribute to F.L. Wright in Ann Arbor, and MTV's inability to criticize itself. (Destroy All Frontiers, POB 7252, Ann Arbor, MI 48107, 35 cents) —ST

Protong "NON-FOOD ITEM"—8 1/2" X 11" with obscene plays on the Flintstones. Also another collage on sex theme: 1940's shaving/eating girl on roller skates. (435 N. Paterson, Madison, WI 53703) —ST

Rebel Rouser Calling itself "The Rockin'est Rag Around," Rebel Rouser features articles on Sleepy LaBeef and Paul Burlison. Rock-a-billy's the theme here. Club listings too. (c/o John Seminerio, Box 125, 2067 Broadway Rm. 41, NYC 10023) —MS

Roots Connection A newsletter telling where to find Reggae and African music in the Vancouver area (generally). There are club, radio and TV listings as well as playlists for Soca and Lagos. (POB 488778, Bentall Centre, Vancouver, BC V7X 1A6, \$10/yr) —MS

Spastic Culture Black and white fanzine containing strange articles and interviews and cartoons. Informative ads. Strong messages (you decipher it for yourself). Food for thought. (Box 1243, 2000 Center St., Berkeley, CA 94704, \$1) —Deborah Wigger

Suburban Relapse Regional and national punk coverage. #12 had good interviews with the editors of **Maximum Rock and Roll** and **Flipside**. (Box 610906, N. Miami, FL 33261, 95 cents) —BM

Swill Handout Strange little zine with humor, local gossip and a few reviews. (55 Sutter-375, S.F., CA 94104, 22 cent stamp) —BM

Talking in the Dark Elvis Costello zine with trivia, discographies, reviews and reprints. (Box 453, Chelsea, MI 48118) —SMB

Umezowea Tweaked. Way too much fun. Contains the usual things—interviews, articles, collages; what's really great are their comics, contests, and graphics. It's free, but you must send away for it. (Ask for the one with the dead giant on the cover). (POB 291244, L.A., CA 90029) —Deborah Wigger

Willig Comic Humor, punk, skateboards, concert reviews. (4970 Lowell Blvd., 202, Denver, CO 80221, 22 cent stamp) —BM

Words & Music Xerox zine which is also a playlist and program guide. Reviews, etc. Funky. (WCBN, 530 SAB, Ann Arbor, MI 48109) —SMB

RADIO ACTIVITY

by Brent Wilcox

Welcome to the **Option** Radio Listings! They're the result of surveying (and often, decoding) several dozen playlists. They'll all play independent releases, some more than others. I've tried to get to their vital statistics: where they are and what they play. I've thrown their playlists into generalized categories that are, I hope, useful, but by no means absolute.

A few warnings about Radioland. Small, public, and college-run stations have small budgets, just like independent record producers do. Most any station will listen to an unknown record that arrives for free in the mail, fewer will shell out money for an unknown, unheard record if asked to. Their budgets are going to the transmitters and electric bills, and most of their staff are probably volunteers. So it's better to go ahead and send that promo copy, rather than ask if they want it first. But proceed with care. Also, Music Directors are a strange breed: they run the gamut from totalitarian types to benign figureheads. At some stations, the MD decides everything, at others the individual program host chooses the music. You might want to address records to specific programmers. The best thing to do is to research the station before you send your record. Send them a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and ask for a playlist and a program guide. That will tell you where you stand. Our "Featured Listings" should do this for you, but the "General Listings" are shakier. If you can afford a mass-mailing of promo copies, go ahead (and address one to me, while you're at it!). But if you're on a shoestring budget, do your homework.

These listings are an aid, I hope, and I'm open to ways of improving them over the next issues. We'll try to mention radio stations that stay in touch with us on a semi-regular basis. Good luck!

FEATURED RADIO STATIONS: These are stations **Option** has received descriptive and informative listings from, specifically for our "Featured Listings" section. They all show considerable interest in independent releases. You other stations take note: you're welcome to submit, too.

KPFT-FM (90.1), 419 Lovett Blvd., Houston, TX 77006 (100,000 watts). Program Director Randy Wynne describes KPFT thusly: "40 hours weekly of experimental/alternative rock; 20 hours of folk/ /trad/bluegrass; 10 hours weekly of electronic/avant garde. Specialty programs include Tex-Mex (10 hrs.); Blues (7 hrs.); Reggae (6 hrs.); Cajun, soca, salsa, rockabilly, Latin "New Song," hardcore, African, heavy metal. Seeking independent releases from the whole spectrum of music." (One of the best, most interesting playlists I've seen—BW)

KZSC-FM, University of California-Santa Cruz, Santa Cruz, CA 95064. Music Co-Director Das says, "Just a note to let you know that we at KZSC really care about keeping up on all independent releases, and we have several shows that specialize in small labels. I myself have a weekly cassette-only show and present the only independent bulletin board in Northern California, where we spotlight new releases on small labels, give concert/tour data, review musics, announce contests and compilations looking for submissions. So please keep in touch with me as I will continue to be liason with all independent correspondence."

WDPU-FM (640 AM), DePaul University, 2323 N. Seminary Ave., Chicago, IL 60614. Through carrier current, and therefore providing a limited audience, they describe themselves this way: "We play rock with the following specialty shows: Hardcore, Jazz, Blues, and Experimental. We get very few independents, but they get heavy play. So, we are looking for them. Records or cassettes are fine." Their Top Playlist includes: Minuteman, apb, The Fall, Dream Syndicate, Test Department, Vels.

WUOT-FM/WUTC-FM (91.9 FM), 232 Communications Bldg., University of Tennessee, Knoxville, TN 37916. WUOT is a 100,000 watt Public Radio station, and WUTC is a 50,000 watt slave station. Together, they cover a large portion of the South. They play Jazz and Classical, and in particular, we heard from Paul Parris, who hosts a program called "UNRADIO," which he describes as "a mish-mash of everything from Hardcore to Traditional Jazz." It's Knoxville's longest-running alternative music show, and airs from 11 PM Sat. to 7 AM Sun.

LA VOIX DU LEZARD (92.6 FM, Paris, France) Contact: Jean-Benoit Vaxelaire, 90 Ave. Emmanuel, 10200 Bar-sur-Aube, France. A semi-underground FM station in Paris, **LA VOIX DU LEZARD** is interested in all types of music, and in exchanging program tapes with other radio stations internationally.

CJSR (88.5 FM, University of Alberta, Room 224 Student's Union, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T6JG 2J7). Plays new to avant garde rock, some jazz.

CFUV-FM (University of Victoria, Student Union Bldg., Box 1700, Victoria, B.C. Canada, V8W 2Y2). Plays new rock, some reggae.

KAOS (89.3 FM, CAB 305, Olympia, WA 98505). Plays all types of music, and is heavily committed to independents.

KALX (90.7 FM, University of California-Berkeley, 2311 Bowditch St., Berkeley, CA 94720) Plays new to avant garde rock, reggae, punk, new and experimental music.

KBVR (88.7 FM, Memorial Union East, Oregon State Univ., Corvallis, OR 97331). Plays new to avant rock, punk, some metal. Many indies.

KCRW (89.9 FM, 1900 Pico Blvd., Santa Monica, CA 90405) Plays all types, lots of indies. May be best to address records to specific program hosts. Programs of note: "FRGK," unusual, experimental and hard-to-classify new music (Brent Wilcox); "SNAP," new rock and new music (Deirdre O'Donoghue); "CITYBILLY," urban country music (Rene Engel)

KCSN (88.5 FM, 18111 Nordhoff St., Northridge, CA 91330) Plays new to slightly avant rock, punk during appropriate shows.

KGNU (88.5 FM, Box 1076, Boulder, CO 80306) Plays "Artists of Every Tune." Lots of indies.

KJHK (91 FM, 200 Flint Hall, University of Kansas, Lawrence, KS 66044) Plays new rock, punk, industrial, jazz, blues, "ethnic cowboy". Lots of indies.

KNPR (89.5 FM, 5151 Boulder Hwy., Las Vegas, NV 89122). Plays jazz, bluegrass, classical. Program of note: "MIDNIGHT RAMBLE" (Rusty J. Laminack) plays art rock, electronic, new and progressive jazz, humor, and "other interesting music." He wants indies.

KPFK (90.7 FM, Box 8639, Universal City, CA 91608) Plays all types of music, lots of indies. Best to address records to specific program hosts. Programs on note: "IMAGINARY LANDSCAPE", new, unusual, and experimental music (Carl Stone); "RADIO COLLUSION", experimental rock and jazz (Tom Recchion); "12 O'CLOCK ROCK", new and alternative rock, post-punk (Andrea 'Enthal).

KRCC (91.5 FM, Colorado College, Colorado Springs, CO 80903) Plays jazz, some reggae, some bluegrass. Lots of indies.

KTRU (91.7 FM, Rice University, Box 1892, Houston, TX 77251) Plays new rock, punk, reggae, "sixties", classical, folk, blues.

KXCI (91.7 FM, 145 E. Congress St., Tucson, AZ 85701) Program of note: "THE PLEASURE GARDEN" (Shelia Key) plays "avant/power/industrial/katatonik/electronics."

KXLU (88.9 FM, 7101 W. 80th St., L.A., CA 90045) Plays new to avant rock, punk, reggae. Voted "nation's favorite college radio station" in 1984 by CMJ. [*Who "voted"?—ed.*]

WAUP (88 FM, Akron, OH 44325) Plays new to avant rock. Lots of indies.

WBFO (88 FM, State University of New York-Buffalo, 3435 Main St., Buffalo, NY 14214) Plays jazz, some classical, latin, bluegrass, polka, folk.

WBRS (91.7 FM, 415 South St., Waltham, MA 12254) Plays new to avant rock and jazz, some reggae, third world, folk.

WCBN (530 S.A.B., Ann Arbor, MI 48109) Plays new to avant rock, jazz/improv, soul. Publishes nifty "Words and Music" fanzine, too.

WCCX (104.5 FM, 221 N. East Ave., Waukesha, WI 53186) plays new to avant rock.

WCSB (89.3 FM, Cleveland State Univ., University Tower:Room 956, Cleveland, OH 44115) Plays all types of music, lots of indies.

WCUW (91.3 FM, 910 Main St., Worcester, MA 01610) Plays all types of music, mostly indies.

WESU (Box 2300, Wesleyan Station, Middletown, CT 06457) Plays new rock, punk, mainstream to new jazz.

WICN (90.5 FM, 75 Grove St., Worcester, MA 01610) Plays new to avant rock.

WIUS (620 AM/95.1 FM-Cable, 815 E. Eighth St., Bloomington, IN 47401) Plays new to avant rock, some reggae.

WMFO (91.5 FM, Box 65, Medford, MA 02153) Plays new to avant rock, mainstream to new jazz, indies of all types.

WFMU (91.1 FM, Upsala College, East Orange, NJ 07019) "Free Form Radio", everything from Bing Crosby to Black Flag.

WMWM (91.7 FM, Salem State College, 352 Lafayette St., Salem, MA 01970) Plays new to avant rock, punk, some jazz.

WREK (91.1 FM, Box 32743, Atlanta, GA 30332) Plays new to avant rock, jazz, new music, industrial, experimental, and ethnic music. Lots of indies.

WUNH (91.3 FM, University of New Hampshire, Durham, NH 03824) Plays new to avant rock, some jazz, reggae.

WXYC (89.3 FM, Box 51: Carolina Union, Chapel Hill, NC 27514) Plays new to avant rock, lots of indies.

WZBC-AM/FM (McElroy 107, Boston College, Chestnut Hill, MA 02167) Plays all types of music, mostly new to avant rock, many imports.

CHANNEL 36: "COLOR RADIO" (Box 5518, Richmond, VA 23220) Plays new to avant rock, some experimental, some jazz.

Note: Option also seeks your thoughts on the state of non-commercial radio, from the perspective of programmers, listeners and those trying to get their music played on the air. Hopefully we can establish this column as a forum for an ongoing dialogue on radio.

ETC.

Listings are a free service of O'ption. Starting with our B2 issue, we will offer classified advertising as a service to anyone who might find it helpful—sort of a bi-monthly bulletin board. We would prefer that classifieds be used by individuals and organizations for networking purposes and that those with products or services to sell use display advertising. Rates are \$10.00 for 30 words and 25 cents for each additional word. Next deadline: April 1.

SOURCES

Below are a few sources for independent music and publications. We only have room to list a few each issue, but we'll try to list most of them over the course of the next several months, as well as continuing to mention previously listed sources on a semi-regular basis.

Aeon. 604 Princeton, Fort Collins, CO 80525, 303-484-0963, is a mail-order service specializing in independent record and cassette releases of experimental, avant garde and electronic music from around the world.

Alcazar. Box 429, Waterbury, VT 05676, has an extensive catalog of traditional and/or folk; also includes some rock, jazz, reggae, and books on traditional music.

Cause and Effect. 5015 1/2 N. Winthrop, Indianapolis, IN 46205, (317) 283-5214, is an international mail-order distribution service specializing in high-quality cassettes by independent recording artists everywhere. Mostly electronic/experimental rock/new music, but catalog includes some other stuff as well.

Downhome Music. 10341 San Pablo Ave., El Cerrito, CA 94530, (415) 525-1494, has huge inventory of blues, folk, vintage rock and jazz, ethnic, gospel, country, and more. Mail-order and retail store.

Greenworld. 20445 Gramercy Pl./POB 2896, Torrance, CA 90509. Distributes imports, new rock, progressives; also has mail-order dept. (Paradox) and local music division/label (Enigma).

Gut Level Music. 83 Intervale St., Brockton, MA 02402 has large mail-order catalog of indie records and cassettes, mostly recent rock or experimental; also carry some publications.

Homestead Pickin' Parlor. 6625 Penn Avenue South, Minneapolis, MN 55423, (612) 861-3308, has large mail-order catalog specializing in traditional folk music and some jazz, rock, music instruction tapes. Also a retail store w/folk music accessories.

Ipanema Records. Box 49452, Austin, TX 78765, (512) 442-3430, does mail-order of Latin American music with some African stuff too; latest catalog has a newly added book section.

Ladyslipper. POB 3124, Durham, NC 27705, recently put out 1985 mail-order catalog of all types of recordings by women; also do wholesale.

Midnight Records. POB 390, Old Chelsea Station, NYC 10011, (212) 675-2768, has large mail-order catalog, strongest in '60s rock, but with extensive selection of new indie rock and '50s rock/R&B as well. Also a retail store, distributor, and label.

Music of the World. POB 258, Brooklyn, NY 11209 has small, growing selection of world music tapes available by mail-order.

New Music Distribution Service (NMDS). 500 Broadway, NYC 10012, (212) 925-2121, carries many small avant garde/electronic/new classical/avant jazz labels available by mail or wholesale; are now offering limited number of cassettes on an experimental basis.

Recommended Records. 387 Wandsworth Rd., London SW8, UK, does wholesale, mail-order, and retail distribution of progressive/experimental music from around the world.

ROIR. 611 Broadway, Suite 725, NYC 10012, (212) 477-0563, offers over thirty cassette-only releases, mostly of indie rock bands. Mail-order.

Roundup Records. POB 154, N. Cambridge, MA 02140, has mail-order catalog of several hundred records, somewhat oriented towards "roots" folk, blues, rock'n'roll, jazz, etc., but with plenty of more modern-styled stuff in these categories, as well as some new age, reggae, and more. Catalog includes review section.

Systematic Record Dist. 1331 Folsom St., S.F., CA 94103, (415) 431-9377, does wholesale and mail-order of rock and experimental indies.

Wayside Music. POB 6517, Wheaton, MD 20906-0517, does mail-order specializing in progressive musics, but also includes some jazz and rock.

NETWORKING

Alan Duffy is putting together a compilation of Syd Barrett songs recorded by admirers of the original Pink Floyd leader's work: a collection "by Syd fans for Syd fans." Anyone interested in recording any of Syd's songs for the tape should get in contact with Alan c/o Acid Tapes, 28 Hopwood Ave.,

Hopwood, Heywood, Lancs. O1102AX UK.

Mr. Zan is "very into" music and mail art networks, and has a contact list of people he trades music and mail art with available upon request. He also runs a small tape label (available for sale or trade) and plans to do some work in the super 8 medium. If you're into any of the above, he'd love to hear from you. You can contact this versatile cat at 132 Council Rd., Louisville, KY 40207.

Music On Line (POB 14431, Chicago, IL 60614) is a computerized referral service (\$50/yr) for Chicago-based musicians and anyone wishing to book/hire same; also refers instructors of musical instruments, composers, arrangers, songwriters and lyricists. Contact Andrea Meer, (312) 327-3996 for more info.

The **National Association of Artists' Organizations, Inc.** (NAAO, 930 F St. NW, Wash., D.C. 20004, (202) 737-8493) is a service organization for non-profit organizations dedicated to the creation and presentation of contemporary visual and performing arts in all medium. Membership benefits include a bulletin, directory, national and regional conferences, surveys of artists organizations, more.

New Music Chicago (Box 10742, Chicago, IL 60610-0742) is a coalition of composers, performers and music enthusiasts banded together to promote New Music. Membership (\$15/yr individual, \$30 organizations) includes issues of *New Music Chicago in Print* newsletter, calendar, access to NMC computerized mailing list, listing in NMC directory, various other services and discounts.

Polish DJ **Jan Pawul** (see feature in "Z" Op) writes that there are some very good Polish bands ready to send master tapes of rock, blues, reggae, pop, and punk to U.S. indie labels which are interested in releasing their music. Contact Jan at 41-709 Ruda Slaska 9, Skrz., Poland.

The **Performing Artists Network (PAN)** is an on-line computer service with literally dozens of features, such as musician ads, contact lists, booking info, radio listings; users can also send information to and receive same from other subscribers. Membership \$125/yr. PAN, POB 162, Skippack, PA 19474, (215) 489-4640.

Pollution Control (1725 E. 115th St., Cleveland, OH 44106, (216) 791-7286) distributes promotional recordings of independent labels only to indie-oriented radio, also puts out a newsletter with record, tape, publication listings and brief reviews.

The **Portland Folklore Society** (POB 8154, Portland, OR 97207) is a non-profit educational organization dedicated to the preservation, presentation, and promotion of interest in folk music, dance and arts. Membership includes newsletter with calendar of events.

PRO/AM Music Resources, Inc., which distributes music books to educational institutions and musical organizations, is establishing a special distribution arm for small press and other non-mainstream publishers of music books. In return for appropriate discounts and exclusive or semi-exclusive distribution rights, they do institutional and retail promotion, some advertising, and order fulfillment. They can also do this with some music journals. PRO/AM is located at 63 Prospect St., White Plains, NY 10606, (914) 761-6667.

The newly formed **Washington Composers Forum** (747 N. 87th St., Seattle, WA 98103, (206) 789-4439) was founded by a group of active composers to provide a forum for new music by Northwest composers and encourage the creation and performance of new music. Plans include a concert series, lectures, workshops, a referral service, and a quarterly newsletter. Membership \$15/yr, \$30 organizations, \$10 student, senior citizen and low income.

EVENTS

Opus 1 is a concert series of new music by Northwest Composers at the Broadway Performance Hall on 1625 Broadway, Seattle, WA 98122. For more information, call (206) 587-4166.

The **Bob Wills Museum** is due to open in Fort Worth, Texas during 1985, featuring memorabilia, instruments, biographical info, audio-visual presentations, and movies of Bob Wills and his Texas Playboys. Those interested in providing financial assistance for the completion of the project are advised to contact The Bob Wills Museum c/o Delta Records, POB 225, Nacogdoches, TX 75963.

OTHER

Traditional American Folk Songs compiles almost 200 of the songs collected by renowned folklorists Anne and Frank Warner, including music, history behind the songs, and the backgrounds of the singers. It's \$25.95 (plus \$1.50 postage) from Syracuse Univ. Press, 1600 Jamesville Ave., Syracuse, NY 13210.

The unstoppable **C.W. Vrtacek** writes: "In the 'Z' issue of *Op* under the 'Notes' section, it was reported that I am writing for a local music paper. I was, but I quit already to write for THIS publication. Sorry to those who sent tapes and LPs, which I will review for THIS publication. Send anything you want to me at the same address (POB 337, New Milford, CT 06776)."



Live Music at McCabe's Guitar Shop, 3101 Pico Blvd., Santa Monica / 213-828-4497

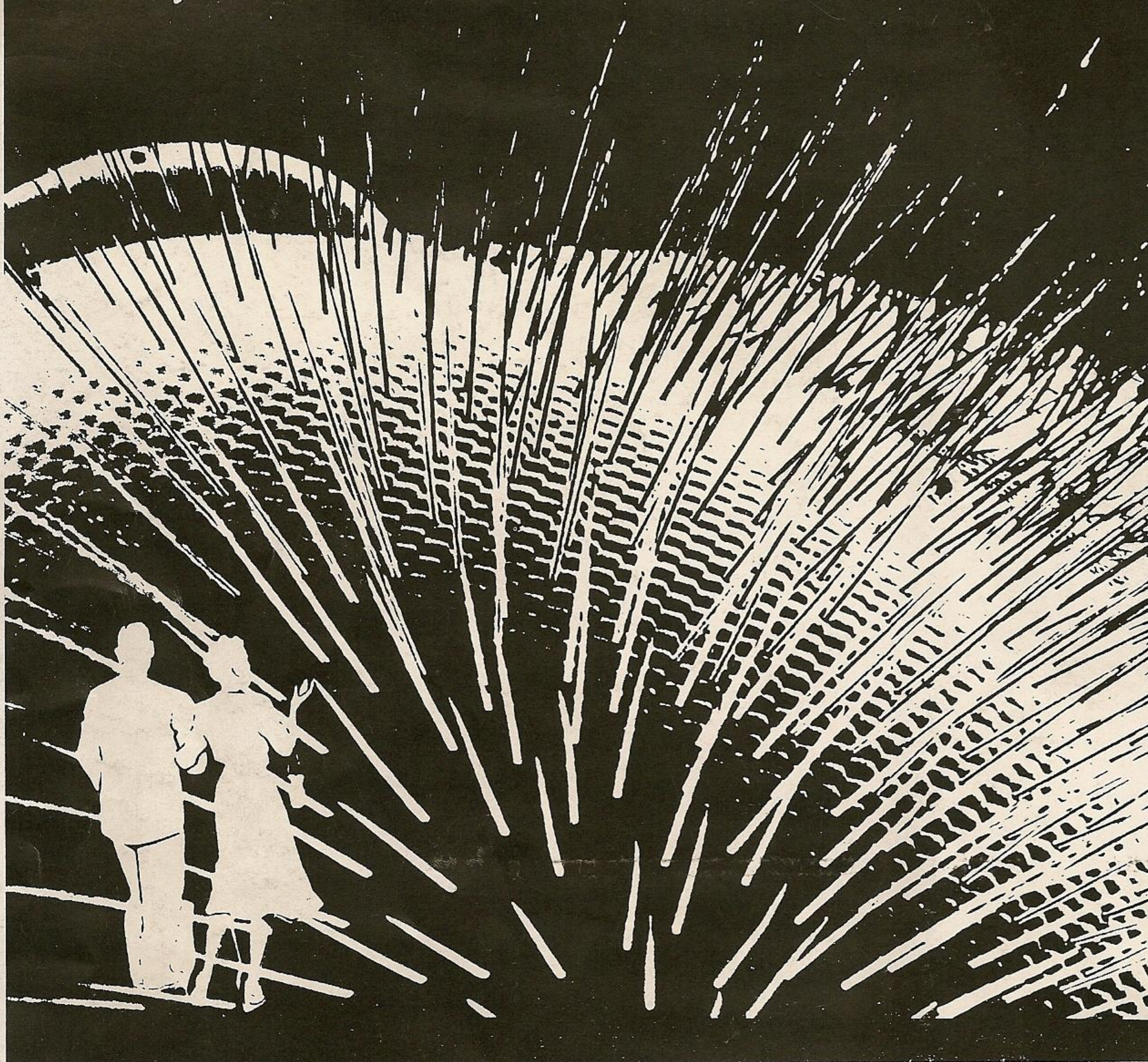
The Minutemen with Charlie Haden. Photo: Dennis Keeley

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